







THE  
WORKS  
OF  
LUCIAN  
VOL. II.





THE  
WORKS  
OF  
LUCIAN,

FROM THE GREEK,

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V O L. II.



Tantum obtinet in dicendo gratia, tantum in inveniendis felicitatis, tantum in jocando lepōris, in mordendo aceti, sic titillat allusionibus, sic seria nugis, nugis seriis miscet, sic ridens vera dicit, vera dicendo ridet, sic hominum mores afficit, studia, quasi penicillo depingit; neque legenda, sed p. a. i. e. spectanda oculis exponit, ut nulla comædia, nulla satyra cum hujus dialogis conferri debeat, seu voluptatem spectes, seu spectes utilitatem.

ERASMUS.

L O N D O N,  
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND,  
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T H E  
F I S H E R M A N,  
A D I A L O G U E.

*The excellent Satire of the preceding Dialogue, apparently aimed at the false Philosophers of Antiquity, who, to speak in the Language of Scripture, professing themselves to be wise, became Fools, had so alarmed the whole indignant Race, that they fell upon LUCIAN, we may suppose, as the Heroes of the Dunciad did on Pope, with no small Degree of Acrimony and Resentment. In the following Answer to their Accusations, he defends himself in such a Manner, as must convince every impartial Reader, that he was an Enemy, not to true, but false Philosophy. This Dialogue is called the FISHERMAN, from a very laughable Circumstance, introduced towards the End of it. The whole abounds with good Sense, Wit, and Humour.*

S O C R A T E S.

**P**ELT, pelt the rascal with stones upon stones; at him again with clods; cover him with shells, bruise him with staves: do not let him get away from you: at him, Plato; at him, Chrysippus; and you, and you:

## 2 THE FISHERMAN.

let us make a phalanx of shields, and fall upon him all together :

Let staves on staves, on pouches pouches fall,  
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.

He is our common enemy, and there is not one of us whom he hath not abused. Now, Diogenes, if ever, use your club, and do not spare him : let the blasphemous wretch suffer the punishment he has deserved :

† Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,  
Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own.

Aristotle, make more haste : that is right : the wild beast is taken : we have got you, rascal, and will teach you soon who it is you have calumniated. What shall we do with him ? Let each of us find out a different way of killing him, so we shall all be revenged : he ought to suffer \* seven deaths from every one of us.

P L A.

\* *Let slaves, &c.*] A parody on that verse in Homer,

Ως φητεση φητεσηφιν αετηγη, φυλαα δε φυλοις.

Il. book B'. 363.

In tribes, and nations, to divide thy train,  
His separate troops, let every reader call,  
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.

Pope's Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 431.

† *Now call to mind.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xi. l. 287.

\* *Seven deaths.*] That is, seven deaths from each of the seven philosophers whom he had abused : thus each man was to revenge, not only his own cause, but that of every one

P L A T O.

† Let him be crucified.

S O C R A T E S.

But first, by Jupiter, I will have him whipped.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Dig out his eyes.

P Y T H A G O R A S.

Better pluck his tongue out.

S O C R A T E S.

What say you, Empedocles?

E M P E D O C L E S.

Throw him into the furnace of mount *Ætna*, that he may take heed for the future how he abuses his betters.

P L A T O.

O, best of all! like Orpheus, or Pentheus,

one of his brethren, who had suffered the same indignity : this, no doubt, was the summum jus, which is so often and so truly called summa injuria.

† *Let him, &c.*] The transcribers of Lucian have here, in my opinion, much injured the original, by putting all the punishments into the mouth of Plato, as the satire is certainly more pointed by dividing them, as I have done in the translation : Plato is for hanging, Socrates for whipping, Chrysippus for digging out his eyes, and Pythagoras (who the reader will remember enjoined silence to his followers), is for cutting out his tongue : whereas, by making Plato speak the whole, all the humour and propriety is lost.

Swift had probably this passage of Lucian in his view, in his humorous account of the poisoning Edmund Curl.

#### 4 THE FISHERMAN.

let him be torn to pieces amongst the rocks,  
that every one of us may take a bit of him be-  
fore we go.

L U C I A N.

O do not, do not! spare me, I entreat you,  
by suppliant, befriending Jove.

S O C R A T E S.

It is decreed, and nothing can save thee.  
Hear what † Homer says— and expect no-  
thing but

Such leagues as men and furious lions join.

L U C I A N.

Let Homer, then, speak for me also; per-  
chance you will revere his words, and not de-  
spise the reciter.

\* Spare a good man, and, for the life I owe,  
Rich heaps of brags shall in thy tent be told,  
And steel, well-temper'd, and persuasive gold;  
Which ev'n the wisest love.

P L A T O.

Homer will supply us with an answer too:  
for instance,

Think not to live, tho' all thy gold be shown †:

‡ *Homer says.*] Part of Achilles' furious speech to Hec-  
tor, when he is going to kill him. See Pope's *Homer's Iliad*,  
book xxiii. l. 338.

\* *Spare a good, &c.*] See Homer's *Iliad*, book xi. and  
other places; the words, "Which ev'n the wisest love,"  
are not in Homer, but added by Lucian.

† *Think not to live.*] From Diomed's speech to Dolon.  
See Pope's *Iliad*, book x. l. 517.

Shall

Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife,  
To risk, more bravely, thy now forfeit life?

L U C I A N.

Wretch that I am! even my best hope, my  
Homer, fails me. I must fly to Euripides; he,  
perhaps, may save me.

O save the suppliant man! for him, thou know'st,  
'Tis impious to destroy.

P L A T O.

And does not the same Euripides say,  
Shall not the evil-doer suffer ill?

L U C I A N.

And must I then be killed for a few words  
only?

P L A T O.

By Jove, you shall; for, as he says in another place,

‡ The sure reward of an unbridled tongue,  
And impious pride, is misery, and woe.

L U C I A N.

If by no art, or subterfuge whatever, I can  
escape, and you are determined to make an end  
of me, at least inform me what irremediable injury  
I have done you, that you should thus seize  
upon, and condemn me.

P L A T O.

Ask thyself, villain, what thou hast done;  
ask those \* fine books thou hast written, where

‡ *The sure reward, &c.*] See the Bacchæ of Euripides.

\* *Those fine books, &c.*] The Sale of Philosophers.



## 6 THE FISHERMAN.

thou hast traduced Philosophy herself, and shamefully abused us; putting up to public sale philosophers, and, what is more, freemen: incensed at this, as well we may be, we have got leave of Pluto to leave the infernal mansions; Chrysippus here, and Epicurus, and myself, and Aristotle, and silent Pythagoras, and Diogenes, and all those, whom thou, in thy writings, hast so inhumanly torn to pieces.

L U C I A N.

Now I begin to breathe again; for I am sure you will not kill me when you know how I have really behaved towards you; therefore, throw away your stones, or rather, if you please, keep them for those who deserve them better.

P L A T O.

Nonsense: I tell you, die you must, and this very day,

† Prepare for death, thy deeds have well-deserv'd it.

L U C I A N.

And would you, good men as you are, kill your familiar friend, one who wishes you well; one whom you ought rather to commend, who thinks with you; one, who if it is not too much arrogance to boast of it, may be called the pa-

† *Prepare, &c.*]

Δαίμονι ἴσσο χιτῶνα, κακῶν ἐνέκ' ὅσσα βεργας.

Homer's Iliad, book iii. l. 57.

tron

tron and promoter of your studies, and has laboured so much in your service. Take heed you do not act like the philosophers of these our days, who are angry with, and ungrateful to, the man who has deserved every thing from them.

## P L A T O.

What impudence ! as if we were indebted to you for your abuse, and you really thought you were conversing with slaves, and all your calumny and reproach, it seems, is a favour conferred upon us.

## L U C I A N.

Where, and when, have I ever abused or reproached you ? I, who, through all my life, have praised and admired philosophy ; always extolling you, and studying your works : whence have I borrowed every thing I say, but from you ? tasting, like the bee, your flowers, and producing the honey to mankind : they know from whom it comes, distinguish every flower, and admire, praise, and envy him, who gathered it : though, in truth, their praises are due to you alone, and to that fertile meadow which produces them in such infinite numbers and variety, as requires a skilful hand, so to blend and unite them, that they may recommend and adorn each other. And can he, who thus en-

joys your bounty, speak ill of those to whom he is so much obliged; those, to whom alone he is indebted for his character, and reputation? unless he were of the same disposition with \* *Thamyris*, or † *Eurytus*, of old, who pretended to vie with the very Muses, that inspired him; or contend with Apollo himself, and aim a dart at him, who taught him the use of the quiver.

## P L A T O.

This is all rhetorical declamation, directly contrary to the truth, and only makes your insolent behaviour more unpardonable; to the injury, you have done us, it adds ingratitude also; for receiving, by your own confession, arms from us, you turned them against us; made us your butt, and said every thing you could against us. This was the reward we met with, for opening our field, and permitting you to

\* *Thamyris*.] *Thamyris* was so renowned for his skill in music, as to rival his master Apollo, who, growing jealous, took his eyes and lyre away from him.

† *Eurytus*.] *Eurytus* was king of Oechalia, and famous for his skill in archery. He proposed his daughter, *Iole*, in marriage, to any person that could conquer him at the exercise of the bow. This, probably, gave rise to the story of his rivalling Apollo, and being slain by him. Homer calls him, vain *Eurytus*,

— whose art became his crime,

Swept from the earth, he perish'd in his prime.

See Pope's *Odyssey*, book viii. l. 257.

fill

fill your bosom with our spoils : and for this, you but the more deserve to perish.

L U C I A N.

Observe, now, how you give ear to resentment alone, unmindful of justice. Little did I think that ever anger would thus subdue Plato, Aristotle, Chrysippus, or any of you ; you, whom, of all men, I looked upon as far from such weakness. Surely, however, my most venerable adversaries, you will not kill me unheard, and unconvicted : do not determine any thing by force, or violence ; but hear the arguments on both sides, and decide according to equity and truth. Appoint, therefore, a judge, let all accuse me, or any one of you whom you shall choose by vote, and I will answer to the crimes alleged against me. If it appears that I have done you any wrong, and justice condemns me, I am content to suffer the punishment deserved : and you will do no violence. If, on the trial, I shall be found innocent and irreprehensible, the judge will acquit me, and you will turn your resentment towards those who deceived, and set you against me.

P L A T O.

What ! turn the \* horse into the field ; so you  
may

\* *Turn the horse.*] A proverbial expression, (see Erasmus),

may deceive the judges, and escape. It is well known you are an able orator, a subtle pleader, and rather too knowing in disputation: what judge can we have whom you will not bribe (for you are capable of any baseness), to give sentence in your favour?

L U C I A N.

Be satisfied with regard to that: I want no partial, or suspected judge, none who will sell me their opinion; for, behold I have brought with me, and here appoint your own Philosophy, herself, to be our umpire.

P L A T O.

But, if we are judges, who is to be the accuser?

L U C I A N.

You shall yourselves be both; nor am I fearful of the event: so much have I the better of the cause, and infinitely more than is necessary in my favour.

P L A T O.

What say you, Socrates and Pythagoras? The man desires nothing unreasonable, when he thus provokes the trial: how must we act?

S O C R A T E S.

What can we do, but proceed to the trial, as much as to say, "Turn a horse loose, and catch him again if you can." The proverb, we see, is very applicable to the occasion.

bunal,

bunal, and, taking Philosophy with us, hear what he has to say in his defence: for to condemn without trial, becometh not men like us, but fools alone, the slaves of anger, and those who measure justice by the strength of their arm: if we stone him unheard, and unconvicted, we shall give our enemies occasion to speak ill of us; we, more especially, who profess ourselves lovers of equity: what shall we say of Anytus and Melitus, of my accusers, or of my judges, if this man is condemned by us, without giving him the chance of the † hour-glass?

P L A T O.

Socrates, you are right: let us go in search of Philosophy; she shall be the judge, and we will abide by her determination.

† *The hour-glass.*] In the Athenian courts of judicature, the plaintiff, being placed on the left hand of the tribunal, and the defendant on the right, both of them spoke set orations in their own behalf; and lest, by the length of their speeches, they should weary the judges' patience, and hinder them from proceeding to other business, they were limited to a certain space of time, which was measured by a *κλεψύδρα*, or hour-glass, differing from ours in this, that, instead of sand, they made use of water. To prevent fraud, there was an officer appointed to distribute the water equally to both sides; when the glass was run out, they were permitted to speak no farther. If other business intervened, the glass was stopped for the time; and if any person had finished his speech, before all his water was run out, he might make over the remainder to another.

L U.

## L U C I A N.

This, O wise and prudent men, is certainly the best and most legal method: keep your stones, however, as I advised you, for you will want them soon at the tribunal. But where shall we find Philosophy? for I do not know where she lives; though I have been looking out for her house a long time, in hopes of meeting with her there. In my way I lit on several men with long beards, and cloaks, who said they had just come from her; imagining, therefore, that they must know her place of abode, I enquired of them, but they, who knew no more than myself, either gave me no answer, in order to conceal their ignorance, or directed me from one door to another, so that to this day I could never find the house. Many a time, either led by my own fancy, or following some guide, I visited certain places, where I thought myself sure of catching her, attracted thither by the multitude of comers and goers, who all appeared with severe countenances, grave habits, and looks, that carried with them the appearance of deep thought and meditation. With these I crowded myself in, unobserved, and gained admission. There saw I a woman, who, though she seemed to have dressed herself with a kind of studied neatness, had not the true air  
of

of simplicity about her. Her hair, it was too visible, which she wished to appear loosely flowing, she had taken care to adorn, nor was her robe put on without affectation: her whole dress was plainly an artful imitation of easy negligence; the paint and varnish, notwithstanding, appeared through all; her discourse was loose, like that of a harlot; she seemed happy when her lovers praised her beauty, and, if they made her any present, accepted it with greediness: would sit always near the rich, but took no notice of the poor amongst them. When she was uncovered, I observed a gold necklace, as thick as a dog-chain: when I saw this, I retired immediately, not without pitying those miserable wretches, who suffered themselves thus to be led by her, not by the nose, but by the beard, and, like Ixion, embraced a cloud for a Juno.

## P L A T O.

So far you are right; for the door is not easily found, nor open to every one: neither, indeed, is there any necessity of going to her house, for we shall meet her here in the Ceramicus, on her return from the Academy, when she comes to walk in the portico, as she usually does every day: and behold! here she is: observe her decent habit, the mildness of her aspect, how  
slow



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slow she walks along, and seems wrapped in thought.

L U C I A N.

I see several, whose gait and habit are the same, and yet but one of them can really be Philosophy.

P L A T O.

True : but when she comes to speak, you will soon know which it is.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Ha ! Plato, Chrysippus, Aristotle, and all of you, my best and noblest followers, here ! What brought you again to life ? Who has injured you in the regions below ? for ye all seem angry : who is this prisoner you are dragging along with you ? Is he a murderer ? Has he stripped the dead, or robbed a temple ?

P L A T O.

O Philosophy, he is worse, and more wicked than all of them ; for he has dared to asperse thy most venerable character, and abused us all, for what we learned of thee, and left in our writings to posterity.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

And are you so highly enraged at him for speaking evil of me ? Know you not what I suffered from Comedy, at the \* feast of Bacchus,

\* *Feast of Bacchus.*] Alluding to the Comedy of the Clouds,

chus, and yet I never called her to account, or reproved her for it; she is at liberty to sport, it suits a festival; and well I know, that nothing truly good and valuable is ever the worse for the ridicule thrown upon it, but comes out, like gold from the hammer, only more bright and splendid. You are angry and provoked, ye know not why. What makes you pull him so tight? you will strangle him.

P L A T O.

We have got leave for a day, and came up on purpose to inflict on him the punishment which he deserves, as soon as we heard what he had published against us.

P H I L O S O P H Y:

And would you put him to death unheard, and before any trial? He seems as if he wanted to say something in his own defence.

P L A T O.

No: we have referred every thing to you; your opinion must decide the controversy.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

What say *you*?

L U C I A N.

To you, my divine mistress, I submit, for Clouds, by Aristophanes, represented during the solemnity of that festival, when Philosophy suffered so much in the person of Socrates, from the indecent raillery of that celebrated poet.

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you alone can discover truth ; but, with much intreaty, scarce could I prevail on them to refer the cause to your determination.

P L A T O.

Now, rascal, you can call her your mistress : but a little while ago, in a full assembly, you pronounced her most contemptible, and would sell all her doctrines for two pence.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

But, suppose he meant only to expose, not Philosophy, but some impostors, who committed bad actions in my name.

L U C I A N.

That you shall soon be assured of, if you will attend to what I shall say in my defence : but let us step aside a little to the \* Areopagus, or rather to the Acropolis itself, whence, as from a watch-tower, we may see every thing about the city.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

You, my friends, in the mean time, may walk about the † Portico ; I will come to you

\* *Areopagus.*] The great Athenian court of judicature, called the Areopagus, or Mars's Hill, as fables tell us, from the arraignment of Mars, who was the first criminal tried in it.

† *Portica.*] The Ποικίλη, or Pœcile, so called from the VARIETY it contained of curious pictures, done by the greatest masters, was the famous Portico where Zeno taught philosophy, and instituted the Stoic sect, so called from *στοα*, *stoa*, another name for this portico.

again,

again, as soon as this affair is determined.

LUCIAN.

Who are these? by their mein and deportment they seem to be most truly respectable.

PHILOSOPHY.

That masculine figure is, Virtue; the other, Wisdom, the other, Justice; she who goes before them is, Education; that colourless, and almost imperceptible form, is, Truth.

LUCIAN.

I cannot see her.

PHILOSOPHY.

Do not you observe that simple, unadorned figure, naked, and that seems to withdraw itself, and slide away from you?

LUCIAN.

Now, I have just a glimpse of her: but why not carry them with us, as assessors? it will make the court more full and complete: Truth I would wish above all to appear as an advocate for me.

PHILOSOPHY.

Come then, follow me: one cause will not be much trouble to you, especially where I am so nearly concerned.

TRUTH.

Go you along: there is no occasion for me to hear, again, what I am already so well acquainted with.

L U C I A N.

But to me your presence will be highly necessary, to point out every thing to them.

T R U T H.

I must bring, then, my two attendants, who are my best friends.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Carry as many as you please.

T R U T H.

Follow me then, Liberty, and Freedom of Speech, that we may save this little man, my friend, and admirer, who is brought into peril without a cause. You, Conviction, may remain here.

L U C I A N.

By no means, my honoured mistress; she, if any, should certainly come with us: for I must contend, not with beasts, but with the most insolent of men; men who will not easily be argued out of their opinion, but are perpetually finding some subterfuge, or evasion. Conviction, therefore, will be necessary.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Most certainly: it will be still better if you take Demonstration also.

T R U T H.

Follow me, all of you, as your presence will be necessary at the trial.

A R I S-

A R I S T O T L E.

Observe, Philosophy, he has gained over Truth against us.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

And are Plato, Aristotle, and Chrysippus afraid that Truth herself should bear false testimony in his favour?

P L A T O.

By no means: but he is an artful flatterer, and may over persuade her.

T R U T H.

Take courage, for nothing unjust can be done, where Justice herself, is present: let us be gone.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

But tell me first, what is your name?

L U C I A N.

My name is Parrhesiades, or, the Free Speaker, the son of Alethion and Eleuxicles, or, Truth and Conviction.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Of what country are you?

L U C I A N.

I am a Syrian, and born near Euphrates; but that is nothing to the present purpose, for many of my adversaries here, I know, are Barbarians as well as myself; their learning and their manners, however, are not from Solea, from Cyprus, from Babylon, or Stagyra: besides,

that, with you, a foreign accent is no fault, where the opinion is just and good.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

True : I need not have asked you those questions. But what is your profession ? For that it much imports us to know.

L U C I A N.

I am a hater of pride, imposture, falsehood, and ostentation : I hate, in short, all wicked men, of whom, you well know, there are but too many.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

By Hercules, a most invidious occupation your's.

L U C I A N.

It is indeed : you see what hatred I incur by it, and what dangers I am liable to : but I have another business also, the very opposite to that ; the business I mean, of love, esteem, and approbation. I am the friend of truth, of honour, beauty, of simplicity, of every thing that is amiable and good ; but few there are who deserve this love : whereas, of those who merit my hatred there are millions. Thus, there is no little danger of losing all my skill in one profession, for want of opportunities to exercise it ; and of being too great a proficient in the other.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Never fear : you may do both, without dividing

viding the business; they seem, indeed, to be two different professions, but in reality are but one.

LUCIAN.

You are the best judge of that: my maxim, however, is to hate the bad, and to love and praise the good and virtuous.

PHILOSOPHY.

Well: we are at the place appointed, we will determine this affair in the temple of Minerva. Do you, priests, dispose the seats: we, in the mean time, will pay our adorations to the goddesses.

LUCIAN.

Come, now, O guardian of Athens! to my assistance, against these proud and wicked men; thou, who, every day, art witness to their perjuries, thou alone, who seest all things, hast beheld their actions; now is the time to punish them. But, if I should be overcome, and the black balls prevail, O throw in thy suffrage, and preserve me.

PHILOSOPHY.

Now, we are seated, and ready to hear your pleadings. Choose one amongst you, who has the best hand at an accusation, to make out the indictment; do you put your arguments together, and prove his guilt: but you must not



all speak at once. You, Parrhesiades, must afterwards endeavour to defend yourself.

P L A T O.

Which of us is most fit for this undertaking?

C H R Y S I P P U S.

That sublimity of sentiment, that truly Attic eloquence, so full of grace, and persuasion; that prudence and sagacity, that power of words in demonstration, so attractive and commanding, which all unite in Plato, sufficiently point out the proper person: you, therefore, must open the cause, and speak for us all. Now call to mind, and bring together, all the good things you have said against Gorgias, and Polus, and Prodicus, and Hippias: for this man is more formidable than either of them. Sprinkle, withal, a little irony, and some of those pretty interrogatories, in which you so abound. Add, moreover, if you please, that inexpressible charm, which will put the great Jupiter, who drives the swift chariot, into a passion if he is not condemned.

P L A T O.

By no means appoint me, but rather one of these much sharper orators, Diogenes here, or Antisthenes, or Crates, or you, Chrysippus: we do not want elegance or strength of style upon  
this

this occasion, but a regular judicial process. We will leave oratory to Parrhesiades.

D I O G E N E S.

Well then : I will begin the accusation ; nor will there be need of any long speeches about it. I have most reason, for he has treated me worse than any of you, and sold me for two oboli.

P L A T O.

Diogenes, O Philosophy, will speak for us all : but, remember, my worthy friend, in your accusation, to have an eye, not only to yourself alone, but to the common cause : if we happen to disagree amongst ourselves in opinion, you are not to enter into examination, or determine which is in the right ; but confine your resentment to the injuries done to Philosophy herself, abused and calumniated by Parrhesiades : and, leaving our dissensions untouched, defend strenuously what we have in common one with another : remember, we have appointed you alone to act for us, we trust our all to you, and on you it will depend, whether what we do shall appear fair and honest, or be deemed what he has thought fit to call it.

D I O G E N E S.

Never do you fear : I shall omit nothing, but speak as well as I can for you all : if, perchance, Philosophy, overcome by his eloquence, for she

is of a mild and gentle disposition, should, after all, acquit him, it shall not be my fault; I will stick close to the cause, and endeavour to convince him, that I do not bear the \* staff in vain.

## P H I L O S O P H Y.

We want not your staff here, but your arguments; let us have ~~no more~~ delay: for the water is already poured out, and the court waits for you.

## L U C I A N.

Let Diogenes alone accuse me; the rest may fit with you, and give their ballot.

## P H I L O S O P H Y.

Are not you afraid they will give it against you?

## L U C I A N.

Not at all: but I would wish to carry it by a great majority.

## P H I L O S O P H Y.

Nobly said: come sit ye down: do you, Diogenes, begin.

## D I O G E N E S.

Who, and what we are, you, O Philosophy, well know; words, therefore, are unnecessary

\* *Staff.*] Diogenes is always described as carrying a large club, or staff in his hand: this, says he, which, in his new character of first counsel in the cause, he considers as a staff of office, I shall not carry in vain, i. e. in case of conviction, he should exercise it on the delinquent.

on this occasion ; for, to say nothing of myself, who can be ignorant of how much benefit to mankind have been the works of Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, and the rest of us ? Against characters thus respectable, I will now proceed to shew what this execrable Parrhesiades has wickedly suggested : renowned for oratory, in which it seems he excelled, he left the courts of justice, and the reputation he acquired there, to summon all his forces against us, whom he is perpetually employed in calumniating, calling us hypocrites, and impostors, and persuading the multitude to laugh at and despise us, as men of no account or estimation. Already he has brought upon us, and on you, O Philosophy, universal hatred ; calling all you do madness and folly. What you had taught us to look upon as serious, he has turned into jest and laughter ; only to insult us, and gain applause to himself from the spectators : for such is the nature and disposition of the vulgar, that they are ever delighted with the scoffer and calumniator, especially when things the most sacred and respectable are laughed at by them : and therefore was it that formerly they were so pleased with Eupolis and Aristophanes, who brought our Socrates on the stage, to ridicule him, and invented so many strange fables concerning him :  
all

all this they did against one man, at the feast of Bacchus; it was part, indeed, of the solemnity : he is a laughter-loving god, and rejoices, perhaps, in this kind of diversion. But this man, with malice prepense, and after long preparation, calls all the great people together, makes up a large volume of abuse, and, with a sounding voice, pours it forth upon Plato, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Chrysippus, myself, and all of you, without any specious excuse of a public festival, or the least provocation from us ; had he been injured, indeed, it had been more pardonable : but, which is worse than all, he pretends to do these things in your name, and, taking Dialogue, our intimate friend and acquaintance, makes use of him as a brother-actor, and fellow-combatant against us. Moreover, he has prevailed on our companion, Menippus, to join in farces with him : you will please to observe, that he alone, of all our companions, is not here to assist in the accusation, but has betrayed the common cause, and absented himself on purpose.

For all these crimes, most noble judges, it is meet he should suffer condign punishment. What, indeed, can he say in his defence against the proof of so many witnesses ? Besides, that it will be right to make an example of him, and deter

deter others from the like contempt of Philosophy hereafter : whereas, if you quietly submit to the injury, it will be deservedly called, not temperance and moderation, but indolence and folly. For who would bear such an affront as the last, which he put upon us, when he brought us into the market-place, like so many slaves, appointed a crier, and sold some of us for an Attic mina, some for more ; me, in particular, the rascal disposed of for two oboli, to the no small diversion of the spectators. These, O Philosophy, are the reasons of our returning thus to earth, to shew our indignation against him, and, affronted as we have been, to request that you will revenge us.

P L A T O.

Well argued, Diogenes ; you have said every thing, and most excellently, that could be said for every one of us.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Let us have no encomiums, but \* pour in for the defendant. Parrhesiades, it is your turn to speak : your water flows now ; therefore, without farther delay, begin immediately.

† P A R R H E S I A D E S.

Know then, O Philosophy, that Diogenes  
has

\* *Pour in.*] i. e. Pour the water into the hour-glass. See note on the clepsydra.

† *Parrhesiades.*] i. e. Lucian, who had taken upon him  
the

has not advanced every thing against me which he might have done, but, for what reason I know not, has passed over many accusations, much heavier than any he has yet produced: for my own part, so far am I from denying any thing I have said, or thinking that it stands in need of a defence in this place, ~~that I had resolved, before I came here,~~ that whatever he might forget to mention, or I had not thought of before, I would now take the opportunity to add, that you might be a better judge what kind of men I put up to sale, and branded with the name of boasters and hypocrites: above all, I must beg you to observe, that I have said nothing of any man but what is true: ~~and,~~ if the reflections appear harsh or cruel, those who do the evil are to blame, and not I, who accuse them of it. At my first setting out in the law, I perceived so much deceit, lying, impudence, noise, quarrelling, and a thousand more things, necessarily attendant on the profession, that, disgusted at them, as I must naturally be, I threw it aside, turned my mind, O Philosophy, towards thy beauties, and resolved, like one escaped from storm and tempest, into a

the name of Parrhesiades, or the Free Speaker. Seneca, in like manner, calls Demogares, Parrhesiades, "ita, says he, sob nimiam & procacem linguam appellatus." See Seneca de Tran. lib. iii.

peaceful

peaceful haven, to spend the rest of my life under your patronage and protection. No sooner did I become acquainted with, but I admired both you, and these guides to happiness and virtue: stretching out their hands to all who are willing to meet you; inculcating the best and most salutary precepts in the minds of those who will not depart from them, but, keeping their footsteps firm, and their eyes always fixed on the rules prescribed by you, direct their lives according to them, which, indeed, but few, even of your followers, are able to perform. But when I beheld such numbers, not smitten with the love of Philosophy, but from a thirst after that glory and honour, which accompany her; by those external appearances, which all may easily put on, aping the good and great in their beard, their habit, or their walk; and, at the same time, in their lives and manners, belying their profession, debasing its dignity, and acting in direct opposition to your precepts; I must own, I could not look upon them without indignation. They seemed to me like some tragic actor, who, though soft and effeminate himself, should play the part of Achilles, or Theseus, or Hercules, without any thing of the hero, either in his voice or gait, and delicate and enervated, under the mask of strength and valour,



valour, Helen and Polyxena, would never bear such base resemblances, and the victorious Hercules would soon, with his club, destroy the hero, for thus ignominiously making a woman of him.

In the same manner, when I saw you misrepresented, I could not bear ~~such~~ shameful acting; to behold our ~~apes~~ thus putting on the appearance of heroes; to see them imitating the as of \* Cumæ, who, putting on the lion's skin, and roaring dreadfully, thought he might pass among the Cumæans for a real lion, till the stranger, who often had seen both, and could distinguish one from the other, discovered, and drove him off with a good threshing. But what appeared to me, O Philosophy, of all things most intolerable, was, that when these men acted foolishly, wickedly, and unbecomingly, every body laid the blame on you, and immediately abused Chrysippus, Plato, Pythagoras, or whatever philosopher's name they had assumed, or whose precepts they had pretended to adopt: from the bad lives of these men,

\* *The as of Cumæ.*] Cumæ was an ancient town of Campania, in Italy, where Tully had a seat, called Prædium Cumanum. Lucian here alludes to the known fable of the as in the lion's skin, which we meet with in Æsop, who, however, has not, as I remember, honoured him so far as to mention the place of his nativity.

the

the world formed a resemblance of your's. Had you been alive this would never have happened; but you were long since departed, and these they every day saw living in a most shameful and dishonourable manner; thus you are accused with them, and brought under the same condemnation. These things I could not suffer; I attacked them, therefore, and endeavoured to discriminate you from each other; and for this, instead of thanking me for it, you bring me to justice. Were I to see any of the initiated dancing unseemly † out of his place, and revealing the mysteries of the ‡ goddesses, and, being incensed, should fall upon and reprove him, would you call me impious? that would be the highest injustice. When any actor represents Jupiter, Neptune, or Mi-

† *Out of his place.*] See Lucian's Treatise on Dancing.

‡ *The goddesses.*] Ceres and Proserpine. Lucian here alludes to the Thesmophoria, or Feasts of Ceres the Legislatress, celebrated every five years. Cicero calls them *μυστήρια*, and *initia*, usually divided into the great and the little, the former in honour of Ceres, the latter of Proserpine. The person who initiated to the mysteries, was called the hierophantes, or chief priest, whose business, and whose alone it was, *τα Ελευσινια ἀνοίξειν*, i. e. to reveal the mystery of Eleusis: he had likewise the title of *mystagogus*. If any person divulged the mysteries of these sacred rites, it was accounted unsafe to abide under the same roof with him.

nerva, and does not perform his part suitable to the dignity of the character, those who preside over the sacred festivals frequently chastise them for it, nor are the gods angry with the executioners for punishing those who thus misrepresent them, but rather favour and applaud their defenders: for to act vilely the part of a servant or messenger, is a small fault; but to give the spectators a false idea of a Jove, or a Hercules, is most shameful and abominable.

The most absurd thing of all is, that most of these men, who so diligently apply themselves to the study of your doctrines, live, at the same time, as if they only read and admired, with the design of acting directly contrary to them. When they tell us, for instance, that they despise glory and riches, that nothing can be good that is not honest, that we should never be angry, that we should hold the great in contempt, and treat them as our equals, all this is right, and wise, and worthy of admiration; and yet the very men who teach these things, are paid for it, are perpetually gaping after wealth, and paying their court to the rich; more curst than lapdogs, more timid than hares: asses are not so lewd, cats so rapacious, or gamecocks so quarrelsome. How truly ridiculous it is to see them hunting one another from great  
men's

men's doors; present at every good supper, and finding fault with every thing at it, and philosophising in their cups, and saying the most foolish and disagreeable things, when the wine is too much for them: whilst the guests laugh, and are heartily sick of such philosophy.

But the worst of all is, to hear them crying out that they want nothing; that the wise man alone is truly rich: and, a little after, asking for money, and being highly offended if you do not give it them: just as if a man with a tiara, a diadem, and all the ensigns of royalty about him, should go a begging. When they receive any thing themselves, you are sure to have an oration about the equal partition of every good, and the vanity of riches: for what, say they, are gold and silver, are they not like the sand on the sea shore? But if an old friend or acquaintance comes to ask them for any thing, then it is all poverty, silence, or denial, and every thing they had said is retracted: all their fine speeches about friendship and virtue are gone, we know not where, like so many birds, all fled; as if words were only meant to fight sham battles with, in their schools and public meetings. As long as there is no gold or silver before them, they are very good friends; but shew them a single farthing, and the peace is

broken immediately; there is no longer any order or agreement amongst them: they are just like the dogs; throw but a bone, they all fall out, bite one another, and bark at him that carries it off.

Once, upon a time, a certain Egyptian monarch, we are told, taught some apes to dance the \* Pyrrhic dance; the beasts (for they mimic every human action), soon learned their lesson, and skipped about in masks, and purple robes, and the sight pleased for a long time; till an arch fellow, who came as a spectator, took some nuts out of his bosom, and threw a handful amongst them, when the performers immediately forgot their profession, and, from Pyrrhic dancers, returned to mere apes again, tore off their masks and cloaths, and went to fighting for the fruit: thus was the celebrity at once dissolved, to the great diversion of the spectators. And just in the same manner do these men act. These I have exposed, nor will I ever cease to detect their frauds, to laugh at, and to ridicule them: but of you, and such as resemble you (for many still there are who follow true philosophy, and observe your laws), I were mad indeed, to utter any thing severe,

\* *Pyrrhic dance.*] For an account of this, see Lucian's *Treatise on Dancing*.

or disrespectful. What, indeed, could I say, or what is there in your lives similar to theirs? But, surely, to detest those who are insolent to men, and hateful to the gods, is memorable. What is there in you, Pythagoras, or Plato, or Aristotle, or Chrysippus, that has the least similitude with them? As the proverb says, it is † Hercules and the ape: do they imagine themselves like you, because they wear long beards, put on austere faces, and philosophize? I could even bear all this, if they acted their parts well; but a vultur more resembles the nightingale, than they do the real philosopher.

I have done; and now, O Truth, I call on thee to bear testimony for me, whether these things are so.

## P H I L O S O P H Y.

Parrhesiades, retire a little. — And now, what are we to do? How do you think he has acquitted himself?

## V I R T U E.

I must own, O Philosophy, whilst he spoke I was ready to sink into the earth, so true was every thing he said, and all the time knew very well whom he alluded to; such a one, I said to myself, did this; and another, that:

† *Hercules, &c.*] A proverbial expression, to signify two things as different as possible from each other.

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he pointed out the men, as clearly as the painter who draws a perfect likeness, and with his pencil expresses, not only the features and limbs of the body, but the very souls of those whom he would represent.

### PHILOSOPHY.

In good truth, Virtue, I blush'd also : but what is your opinion ?

### PLATO.

What can it be, but that he stands acquitted of the crimes imputed to him, and deserves to be publicly acknowledged as our common friend and benefactor. Like the Trojans of old, we have rais'd up this tragedian against us, to sing concerning our misfortunes ; but let him sing on, and declaim against those who are hateful to the gods.

### DIOGENES.

Philosophy, I join my suffrage also in commendation of him, retract my accusation, and henceforth shall place him in the number of my best and worthiest friends.

### PHILOSOPHY.

Parrhesiades, well done : you are unanimously acquitted, and now we admit you as one of us.

### PARRHESIADES.

I began in an humble and beseeching style,  
I must

I must now rise to tragic sublimity, as more becoming my condition : therefore,

\* Now, splendid vict'ry, know me for thy own,  
And with thy flow'ry wreath my brows adorn.

V I C T O R Y.

Let us now taste of the other cup, and punish those who have abused us. Parrhesiades shall indict them one after another.

P A R R H E S I A D E S.

That is right : you, young Syllogism there, turn towards the city, and call up the Philosophers.

† S Y L L O G I S M.

Silence, there ! Do you hear, Philosophers ? You must come immediately to the Acropolis, to take your trials at the tribunal of Justice, Virtue, and Philosophy.

P A R R H E S I A D E S.

You see how few of them obey the summons ; they are afraid of Justice ; besides, that most of them are so busy about the great, they cannot find time to come. If you have a mind to bring them all together, you must harangue them thus —

\* *Now splendid, &c.*] See the Orestes of Euripides, last speech.

† *Syllogism.*] Making a person of Syllogism, and employing him as a crier, to summon the Philosophers together, has no small degree of humour in it. Lucian is remarkably happy in his dramatic personæ.



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## PHILOSOPHY.

Well, do you call them then yourself.

## PARRHESIADES.

Nothing so easy. Silence, there! Let all those, who call themselves philosophers, and go by that name, repair immediately to the Acropolis, to partake of a public donation. To each man will be given two minæ, and a cake of Indian corn. Whoever has a very long beard, shall be intitled to a basket of figs into the bargain. Of wisdom, temperance, or justice, they need not bring any with them, as these things are totally unnecessary; provided every one of them has at least five syllogisms, without which it is impossible to be wise:

\* Before them, lo, two golden talents lay,

Who wrangles best, shall bear the prize away.

Look what a heap of them there is, shoving one another on, only at the sound of the two minæ: some are got about the † Pelasgicon,

\* *Before them, &c.*] A parody of two lines in Homer's description of Achilles' shield, in the 19th book of the Iliad, l. 507. Lucian has changed the words of the second line, from

Τῷ δοῦναι—ὅς μετα τοῖσι διχην ἔθνητα σιπῇ

To Τῷ δοῦναι—ὅς μετα πᾶσιν ἐριζέμεν ἐξοχος ἐστ.

Qui reliquos rixa superaverit omnes.

† *The Pelasgicon.*] The north wall, or Pelasgicon, so called from its founders the Pelasgi, close to the citadel, which was adorned with innumerable edifices, statues, and monuments.—See Potter's Description of Athens.

some

some about Æsculapius's temple, some round the Areopagus, and some to † Talus's sepulchre, others are planting ladders against the temple of the § DioscURI, and swarming up like bees, or so many clusters of grapes: to speak with Homer,

|| Thick, as in spring, the flow'rs adorn the land,  
Or leaves the trees —

In a very little time the Acropolis will be full; what a bustle they make! Beards, flattery, scrips, impudence, clubs, gluttony, syllogisms, and avarice, all crouding together. The few that were come up at the first summons are scarce to be seen; having no particular mark, they are lost in the croud, and from the similitude of habit, are easily concealed. This, indeed, is shameful, and what most people blame you for, Philosophy, that you put no mark on these men, to distinguish them by: the impostors, to say the truth, to all outward appearance look most like philosophers.

#### P H I L O S O P H Y.

This may be done by and by; in the mean

† *Talus's sepulchre.*] See Οεχ, cap. 49. and Φιλοφ, cap. 29.

§ *DioscURI.*] The Αἰαντιον, or temple of the DioscURI (Castor and Pollux), who were called Αἰαντες. In this place slaves were exposed to sale.

|| *Thick as, &c.*] See Pope's Homer, book ii. l. 551.

time let us receive a few of these gentlemen.

A Croud of PLATONICS.

We, Platonics, ought to be taken first.

PYTHAGOREANS.

No: we Pythagoreans; for Pythagoras was first in order of time.

STOICS.

Nonsense and folly: we, from the Portico, are better than all of you.

PERIPATETICS.

No such thing, when money is concerned; we \* Peripatetics, are certainly the first to be considered.

EPICUREANS.

Give us Epicureans, the cakes; we will wait for the minæ, and you may give them to us the last.

ACADEMICIANS.

Where are the two talents? we, Academicians, will soon convince you we are the best disputants.

STOICS.

Not whilst we Stoics are present.

PHILOSOPHY.

Let us have no quarrelling: you, Cynics,

\* *We Peripatetics, &c.*] Because riches were by this sect ranked amongst the bona, or most valuable things in this life: for the same reason the Epicureans, who were fond of good eating, take the cakes.

there,

there, do not croud so, nor beat one another with your clubs; you are called here for a very different purpose. Virtue, Truth, and myself shall now examine you, and see which of you are true philosophers: those amongst you who shall be found to live according to our dictates, shall be happy, and meet with our approbation; but the wicked, and the hypocrite, who do not belong to us, we shall treat as they deserve, that they may not for the future, from pride and affectation, pretend to such things as are above them.—How is this? By Jove, they are all fled, jump'd, I know not how many of them, down the precipice, and gone off; the Acropolis is empty, and none left but two or three, who are not afraid of Justice. Boy, take up that scrip the Cynic dropped in his flight: let us see what it contains, some lupines, perhaps, or a book, or a scrap of black bread.

## PARRHESIADES.

No such thing; but some gold, a box of ointment, a \* knife for a sacrificial feast, a looking-glass, and a pair of dice.

\* *A knife, &c.*] The Cynics, like our modern Methodists, pretended much to self-denial, abstinence, and sobriety; but, as Lucian intimates, were, like them, mere pretenders; who indulged privately in the gratification of every sensual appetite.

## P H I L O S O P H Y.

Well done, Philosopher; are these the implements of your profession? thus provided, you think yourself enabled to instruct your pupils, and abuse every body else.

## P A R R H E S I A D E S.

Such they are in general: but as this is not known to every body, it lays upon you to distinguish and point out which amongst them are really good men, and which the contrary: you, O Truth, must find this out; for it concerns you nearly, to prevent Falsehood's prevailing against you, and the bad, through ignorance and error, mingling with the just and honest.

## T R U T H.

With your leave, Philosophy, we will let this office devolve on Parrhesiades, who has shewn himself our trusty friend, and your most faithful admirer: let him, therefore, taking Proof and Conviction along with him, judge and determine concerning these men, who call themselves philosophers: whenever he finds one really and truly so, crown him with an olive garland, and call him to the † Prytaneum: if, on the other hand, he should light on a rascal, (and many such there are, who only

† *Prytaneum*.] The common-hall, or court of justice, near the senate house at Athens.

play the part of philosophers), let him take off his cloak, and with a knife, such as they shave goats with, slice off his beard close to the skin, then put a mark on his forehead, or burn it in between his eye-brows; and let the impression be, a fox, or an ape.

PHILOSOPHY.

An excellent method! the proof, then, *Parhesiades*, will be, like that of the eagles before the sun; not that I mean they should look against it, or be tried by that; but by gold, glory, and pleasure; if, when you place these before them, you find any one that shall seem to despise, or is not attracted by them, let him be crowned with an olive-branch: but, if you see one fixing his eyes upon the gold, and grasping at it, be sure you first cut off his beard, and then cauterise him.

PARRHESIADES.

It shall be done as you direct: you will soon see three parts of them marked with a fox, or an ape; and a few, perhaps, crowned with laurel: but, if you please, I will produce two or three of them.

PHILOSOPHY.

What! bring those back again that are run away?

PARR.

# 44 THE FISHERMAN.

PARRHESIADES.

Yes: if your high priests there, will lend me that hook and line, which the fisherman left as an offering in the \* Piræum.

PRIESTESSES.

There, take them, rod and all.

PARRHESIADES.

Cannot you give me a few figs too, and a little gold?

PRIESTESSES.

There is some for you?

PHILOSOPHY.

What is he going about?

PRIESTESSES.

He has baited his hooks with the gold and the figs, sits o' top of the wall, and lets it down into the city.

PHILOSOPHY.

Parrhesiades, what are you fishing for? Stones from the Pelasgicum?

PARRHESIADES.

Silence, I beg, and mark what I shall catch. Do thou, O fishing Neptune; and thou, dear Amphitrite, grant me good sport! I think I see a fine wolf, or rather a † chrysophrys.

\* *Piræum.*] The great Athenian haven, by the lower city.

† *Chrysophrys.*] A gold-fish, or, perhaps, what we call a crufian, from the colour of it resembling gold.

E L-

E L E N C H U S.

No, it is a sea-dog: he gapes at the hook, he smells the gold: he comes near, he has got it, we have him: let us draw him up.

P A R R H E S I A D E S.

Put your hand upon the line: here he is! Now, my noble fish, what are you? let us see, O Hercules! this is a dog: what teeth he has got! So, I have caught you, my honest friend, feeding deliciously amongst the rocks, where, I suppose, you thought you might lie hid with safety: but you shall be seen now, for I will hang you up by the gills: we will take off the bait: O ho! the hook is bare, the fish devoured, and the gold is gone down into his belly.

D I O G E N E S.

Then, by Jove, he shall give it us up again; the bait may serve for another.

P A R R H E S I A D E S.

What say you, Diogenes, do you know who he is? Does he belong to you?

D I O G E N E S.

Not he, indeed.

P A R R H E S I A D E S.

What is he worth? I valued him, I think, before, at two oboli.

D I O G E N E S.

It was a great deal too much: for he is not  
fit



## 46 THE FISHERMAN.

fit to eat, horribly ugly, very harsh, and, in short, worth nothing : throw him down head-long from the rock, and try for another : but take care you do not break your rod.

P A R R H E S I A D E S.

O, never fear : they are light enough, they do not weigh more than a tad-pole.

D I O G E N E S.

True : they are, as you say, † most tad-pole-like creatures, indeed : up with them, however.

P A R R H E S I A D E S.

Here comes a fine broad \* flat-fish, that looks as if he was cut in two : he gapes at the hook like a sparrow ; he has swallowed it, we have him : draw him up ; who is it ?

D I O G E N E S.

He calls himself a Platonic.

P L A T O.

What, do you bite at the gold ? rascal.

† *Most tad-pole like.*] *Των αβρων λαφροταροι*, says Lucian ; to which Diogenes replies, *αφαιρεται γι*. The original, we may observe, as the learned reader will perceive, is a pun on the words, and, consequently, untranslatable.

\* *Flat-fish.*] Lucian calls it, *ο πλατυς*, platys, which he meant for another pun, as bordering on Plato. The fish alluded to was, probably, what the Germans call hal-besche. With us, I believe, it goes by the name of a hollybutt, not unlike a turbot.

P A R.

THE FISHERMAN. 47

PARRHESIASES.

Well, Plató, what shall we do with him?

PLATO.

Throw him down the same rock.

DIOGENES.

Come, now, let down your hook for another.

PARRHESIASES.

Yonder is a beautiful one coming, one may see him quite at the bottom, spotted all over with various colours, and scales of gold upon his back : see there : O this is an Aristotelian : here he comes, now he swims back again : observe him carefully ; he is returned, he bites, he is caught : pull him up.

ARISTOTLE.

Do not ask me about the fellow, I know nothing of him.

PARRHESIASES.

Then I shall down with him after the others.

DIOGENES.

See, see, yonder is a heap of them together, all of the same colour, prickly, monstrous ugly, and harder to catch than † crab-fish. We must have a drag-net for them ; but there

† *Crab-fish.*] The echinus, or erinaceus. Lucian says they are prickly, alluding to the thorny subtleties of the Stoics. Severitatem & spinosas Stoicorum subtilitates carpit, says the commentator.

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is never a one at hand : well, let us catch one, that will be sufficient: the boldest of them, perhaps, will bite.

E L E N C H U S.

Let down your line, but you had better cover it first with iron, or they will snap it in two with their teeth.

P A R R H E S I A D E S.

There it goes : now, Neptune, be propitious. Oho ! they are fighting for the bait: some are gnawing the figs; others lay hold of the gold: very well : look, one of the strongest of them has got the hook in him ; let me see, what do you call yourself ? but I am a fool to expect a fish will talk to me; for they are all mute. Tell me, Elenchus, who is his master ?

E L E N C H U S.

Chrysiippus.

P A R R H E S I A D E S.

True. I see it is ; one might know that, indeed, by the \* name. Do you, therefore, O Chrysiippus, by Minerva, I intreat you, tell me, do you know these men, or did you teach them to act as they do ?

C H R Y S I P P U S.

You affront me, Parrhesiades, by that ques-

\* *By the name.*] Another pun. Chrysiippus, from χρυσος, chrysus, gold ; alluding to the bait they were so easily caught with.

tion ;

tion; can you imagine I have any thing to do with such fellows as these?

PARRHESIADES.

Well said, Chryippus, spoke like a man: so down he goes headlong with the rest. It is a prickly rogue, and would break any man's teeth who should attempt to eat him.

PHILOSOPHY.

We will bait for no more, Parrhesiades, for fear one of them should run away with the hook and gold together; and then you must apply to the † priests again. Come, we will even take our walk: do you return to the place from whence you came, that you may not stay beyond your limited time: you, Parrhesiades and Elenchus, must go about to them all, and either crown or stigmatise them, as I commanded you.

PARRHESIADES.

It shall be done: most noble friends, fare ye well. You and I, Elenchus, must go down and do as we are ordered. Which way shall we steer our course first? to the Academy, or the Portico? we will begin at the Lyceum: but it is no matter where; all I know is, wherever we go, we shall want very few crowns, but a number of hot irons to mark with.

† *The priests.*] The reader will recollect, that the gold they baited with was lent them by the priests, as well as the rod and line, which Lucian tells us some fishermen had left as an offering in the Piræum.

# T H E T Y R A N T,

## A D I A L O G U E.

*In this Dialogue, which is one of LUCIAN's best, the Cruelty, Extravagance, and Insensibility of the Rich and Great, with their fond Attachment to Life, and all its Follies, are painted in the liveliest colours. The Characters of MICYLLUS is a fine Contrast to MEGAPENTHES. His Burlesque of the Tyrant's Lamentation, personifying the Bed and Lamp, and bringing them in as Evidence, with several other Strokes of Humour, must divert the most phlegmatic Reader. This Dialogue is likewise called Καταπλες, or THE PASSAGE (from one World to the other), but, as the TYRANT is the principal Personage concerned, and one Title is sufficient, I thought it most proper to retain that only.*

C H A R O N, C L O T H O, M E R C U R Y,  
and Others.

C H A R O N.

**W**ELL, say no more, Clotho, for my boat is ready to put off; the pump is clean, the mast raised, the sails spread, the oars all hang in their proper places, and nothing, as far as I  
am

am concerned, prevents our weighing anchor immediately : but Mercury is tardy, who ought to have been here long ago. There are no passengers, you see : by this time we might have been thrice over and back again. It is almost dark already, and not a farthing have I taken yet. Pluto, I know, will think it is owing to my neglect, when somebody else is in fault : but this excellent conductor of the dead having tasted, I suppose, some Lethean water above, the same as we drink here below, has forgot to come back to us : he is wrestling with the boys, playing on his pipe, teaching rhetoric, shewing some of his tricks, or, perhaps, pilfering, for that is one of the arts he professes ; and this is the reason why he thus plays loose with us ; though he is, properly speaking, at least \* half our own.

C L O T H O.

How do you know, Charon, but he may be

\* *Half our own.*] Charon seems to have had a fair right to call him so, as half Mercury's business was to conduct the shades to hell and back again, and carry on the intercourse between Jupiter and Pluto : in consequence of which there are figures of him, representing his face half white and half black, to signify that he was sometimes employed in heaven or earth, and sometimes in the infernal regions. He had more business than all the gods put together, had a variety of offices, with names expressive of them, and was, indeed, a perfect *Mungo* amongst the deities of antiquity.

detained about business. Jupiter, perhaps, may want him on some particular occasion in the regions above; and he, you know, is his master.

C H A R O N.

I grant you, he is; but that is no reason why he should perpetually employ a servant that is in common to us both: we never keep him back when he has done his business here; but I know the bottom of it: we have nothing for him but asphodelus, and libations, and \* salt cakes, and funeral offerings, with clouds and darkness: whilst, in heaven, all is light and chearful: there he has good ambrosia, and nectar in plenty, and there he likes to stay longest: away he flies from us as from a prison; but when he is to come down again, he paces it very slow, and it is with much ado we can get him at last.

C L O T H O.

Do not be in a passion, Charon, for here he comes, with a large tribe for us, driving them before him with his rod, like so many goats: but what is here? one of them I see bound, another laughing, another with a satchel on his

\* *Salt-cakes.*] The ~~crumena~~ were round broad and thin salt-cakes, which usually made a part of the funeral offerings to Hecate, or the Moon. No oblation, it is observable, was thought acceptable to the gods without salt.

shoulder,

shoulder, and a club in his hand, looking fiercely, and pushing on the rest: and yonder is Mercury himself, all over in a sweat, puffing, and blowing, his feet covered with dust, and half out of breath. What is the matter, Mercury? Why all this bustle? You seem mightily disturbed.

M E R C U R Y.

How should I be otherwise, when this rascally run-away has so harassed me in pursuing him, that I had like not to have reached you to-day.

C L O T H O.

What could he mean by endeavouring to escape you?

M E R C U R Y.

The meaning is plain enough: he wanted to continue longer in the land of the living: he is some king or tyrant, I suppose, by his crying and lamenting the great happiness he has been deprived of.

C L O T H O.

And so the fool thought, by flying, to return to life again, after his thread had been spun by

M E R C U R Y.

and had got off too, if that brawny fellow there with the club had not helped me to catch and bind him. All the way he came,



from the time when Atropos delivered him to me, he struggled, and hung back, held fast by the earth, and could scarce be dragged along; sometimes would endeavour, by supplications, and mighty promises of what he would give, to persuade me to let him go for a little while: but I, as it was my duty, remained inflexible, when he asked what was impossible to be granted. As soon as we came to the mouth of hell, where Æacus, according to custom, called over the dead, from the list which your sister had sent him, all on a sudden we discovered that the rascal had stole away, one of our shades was wanting; when Æacus, frowning severely at me, cried, Mercury, you must not practise your thieving every where, you have played tricks enough already in heaven, we are more regular and exact here below, nor can things be so easily concealed; the account, you see, says, one thousand and four, you have brought me one less; and now, I suppose, you will tell me it is the mistake of Atropos. Blushing at this speech, and recollecting what had passed on our journey, I looked about for my king, and finding he was decamped, pursued him as fast as I could, in the path leading towards earth; my good friend there, of his own accord accompanied me, till, running like prisoners

prisoners broke out of goal, at last we overtook him just at \* Tænarus : so near was he getting clear away from us.

C L O T H O.

And all this while, Charon, we were blaming Mercury for it.

C H A R O N.

But what do we wait for now ? We have had delays enough already.

C L O T H O.

Very true ; let them come aboard. I will take my book, as usual, sit on the ship's ladder, mark them down as they enter, and enquire who they are, and whence they come, and what they died of ; do you, Mercury, put them together, and sort them : throw me in those children first who cannot give me an answer.

M E R C U R Y.

There, take them, Charon ; three hundred in all, including the deserted and exposed.

C H A R O N.

A noble capture, indeed ! and a fine cargo of unripe fruit you have brought us.

M E R C U R Y.

Now, Clotho, shall we send you in those of our dead whom nobody laments ?

\* *Tænarus.*] A promontory in Laconia, from whence the ancients supposed there was a descent to Tartarus.

## C L O T H O.

The old folks you mean : aye, aye, in with them. I shall ask no questions, we trouble not ourselves about what was done \* before Euclid. You that are above sixty there, come forward : hei, hei ! how is this ? they hear me not : all deaf, I suppose, from old age. Come ; off with them too.

## M E R C U R Y.

There is four hundred of them for you, wasted, withered, and not gathered, you see, till they were rotten ripe.

## C L O T H O.

So it seems, for they look like so many dried grapes. Now, Mercury, hand me those who died of their wounds ; but stay, I will examine them by the list here : yesterday, in Media, were to be killed in battle eighty-three, and amongst them Gobares, the son of Oxyartes.

## M E R C U R Y.

Here they are.

\* *Before Euclid.*] The thirty tyrants, who ruled over Athens after the Peloponnesian war, were expelled, and the kingdom restored to its ancient freedom, in the archonship of Euclid ; and, that the memory of so shameful a slavery might be obliterated, a law was made, that whatever had been done before the time of Euclid should be *αὐτοῦ ἢ ἀνεσταῖτον*, totally void, and of no force or validity. The reader will find this law again alluded to in the *Hermotimus*.

C L O T H O.

Seven, aye, let me see, seven died for love; besides Theagenes the philosopher, who killed himself for a harlot of Megara.

M E R C U R Y.

Here.

C L O T H O.

Where are the two heroes who slew each other in fighting for a kingdom?

M E R C U R Y.

There they are, close to you.

C L O T H O.

And he that was slain by his wife and the adulterer?

M E R C U R Y.

You have them.

C L O T H O.

Now give me the condemned malefactors, those who were beat to death with clubs, and those who were crucified. Sixteen, I think, were murdered by robbers: where are they?

M E R C U R Y.

There they are, covered with wounds, as you see. Shall I bring the women now?

C L O T H O.

By all means, and those who were shipwrecked, for they all perished together, and in the same manner. Now, give me those who died of fevers, and with them Agathocles the physician :

fician : but where is Cyniscus the philosopher, who was to die for eating Hecate's supper, sacred eggs, and raw onions ?

C Y N I S C U S.

I have been here some time : but wherefore, Clotho, would you leave me so long upon earth ? my thread was well nigh spun, I often endeavoured to cut it, but, I know not why, could not succeed.

C L O T H O.

I had left you to take care of mankind, and cure them of their wickedness : but come along ; you are welcome here, and, happy may you be !

C Y N I S C U S.

I come ; but let me first deliver safe to you our prisoner here : I am afraid his intreaties will over-persuade you to release him.

C L O T H O.

Let me see him : who is he ?

M E R C U R Y.

Megapenthes, the tyrant of Lacidos.

C L O T H O.

Come along.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

Spare me, good Clotho, and let me return to the other world, only for a short time. I will come to you again presently, without sending for.

C L O-

C L O T H O.

What do you want to go back for ?

M E G A P E N T H E S.

Only to finish my house, that is but half-built.

C L O T H O.

Ridiculous ! come along, I tell you.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

I ask but for a little time, only permit me to stay one day, to give orders about some money to my wife : I have a treasure hid, and would let her know where it is.

C L O T H O.

Your fate<sup>e</sup> is determined ; it is impossible.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

And must so much gold be lost ?

C L O T H O.

It will not be lost, never fear : your relation, Megacles, will take care of it.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

O dreadful ! my worst and most inveterate enemy, whom I was so idle as not to destroy :

C L O. T H O.

The very man : who will survive you forty years and upwards, possess your concubines, be clothed in your apparel, and enjoy all your treasures.

M E-

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MEGAPENTHES.

It is very unjust, thus to bestow all I had on my greatest foes.

CLOTHO.

Did not you do the same thing by Cydimachus, when you took all he had, killed him, and slew his children before his face, whilst he was breathing his last.

MEGAPENTHES.

They were mine then, however.

CLOTHO.

And now they are your's no longer.

MEGAPENTHES.

I have something to say to you, Clotho, that no body must hear; please to step on one side. If you will let me go, I will give you a thousand talents of stamped gold this very day.

CLOTHO.

Still thinking upon gold and talents? ridiculous!

MEGAPENTHES.

I will make you a present, moreover, of two cups, which I took from Cleocritus, when I slew him, both of the purest gold, of a hundred talents weight.

CLOTHO.

Lay hold on him; for he seems not very willing to come in.

M E.

MEGAPENTHES.

I call you all to witness there : my walls and my haven are yet unfinished ; if I were permitted to live but five days, they might be completed.

CLOTHO.

Do not concern yourself about them, they will be finished by another.

MEGAPENTHES.

One thing, however, I have to ask, which I am sure you will not think unreasonable.

CLOTHO.

What may that be ?

MEGAPENTHES.

Only that I may live till I have subdued the Pisidæ, imposed a tribute on the Lydians, and made them promise to erect a monument to me, on which shall be inscribed the many noble military exploits I have performed in my lifetime.

CLOTHO.

So, so ; now you are for asking, not one day, but, perhaps, twenty years.

MEGAPENTHES.

I will give you security for my immediate return, you shall have my only son as a hostage.

CLOTHO.

What ! him whom you have so often prayed that he might survive you ! O thou wretch !

ME.



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MEGAPENTHES.

Formerly, indeed, I wished it might be so ;  
but now I know better.

CLOTHO.

He must follow you soon himself, for he will  
be taken off by the present reigning tyrant.

MEGAPENTHES.

Grant me then, O Fate, but this one thing.

CLOTHO.

What is it ?

MEGAPENTHES.

That I may know how my affairs will go after  
my decease.

CLOTHO.

You shall hear : but it will only make you  
more unhappy. In the first place, Midas will  
enjoy your wife, he who was formerly her gal-  
lant.

MEGAPENTHES.

That villain, whom I made free but to ob-  
lige her.

CLOTHO.

Your daughter will be one of the succeed-  
ing tyrant's concubines : the images and sta-  
tues of you, which the people had set up, will  
be all pulled down, the laughing-stock of the  
gaping multitude.

MEGAPENTHES.

And have I no friend that will resent the in-  
jury ?

CLO-

C L O T H O.

What friends have you ever had, or how could you expect any? Know you not that all those flatterers, who praised every thing you said or did, were actuated by their hopes or fears, time-servers, and lovers not of you, but of your power and empire?

M E G A P E N T H E S.

And yet at our banquets they would roar out health and happiness to me, pray for every good, and promise even to die for me, if required of them. I was their god, and they swore by me.

C L O T H O.

And supping, yesterday, with one of them, you perished: the last cup you drank of sent you hither.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

It was that then that tasted so bitter. What did they do it for?

C L O T H O.

You ask a thousand questions, instead of coming in.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

There is one thing which hurts me more than all, and makes me wish I could return to life.

C L O T H O.

What can that be? something, I suppose, very extraordinary.

M E-

M E G A P E N T H E S.

My servant, Cario, came, the very evening I died, into the chamber where I lay, and seizing the opportunity, as nobody attended me, shut the door, and took possession of my mistress, Glycerium, whom, I believe, he was before pretty well acquainted with; when he had sufficiently diverted himself with her, he cast his eyes upon me, and cried, Many a time, rascal, have you beat me for nothing; so saying, he pulled me by the nose, and flapped my face; then, spitting on me, and bidding me get away as fast as I could to the habitations of the wicked, departed. I was not a little enraged, you may suppose, but, cold and lifeless as I was, could not revenge myself. The wicked jade, hearing a noise of people coming up, wetted her eyes with spittle, and pretended to cry, and repeating my name, as if in the greatest distress, took her leave also.

\* If I could once catch them again ——

C L O T H O.

Let us have none of your threats, but come along: it is time for you to appear at the tribunal.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

And who will dare to accuse a king?

\* *If I could, &c.*] This is exactly the  
Quos ego —— of Virgil.

C L O.

C L O T H O.

Nobody will accuse the king ; but the dead man Khadamanthus will take in hand, who, you will soon find, is a just judge, and determines impartially concerning every one. Let us therefore have no more excuse or delay.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

Reduce me to a private station, let me be a poor man, nay a slave, so as I do but return to life again.

C L O T H O.

Where is that fellow with the club ? Drag him in, Mercury, with his feet foremost : for he does not chuse to come of his own accord.

M E R C U R Y.

Come along, you run-away : here, Charon, lay hold on him, and to make all sure, let him be tied to the mast.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

I expect to sit in the first seat.

C L O T H O.

Why so ?

M E G A P E N T H E S.

Because I was a king, and had ten thousand guards.

C L O T H O.

And was not Cario right in pulling you by the nose, such a tyrant as you have been ? but

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you shall now have a better kingdom, and taste of the club.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

Shall Cyniscus dare to lift up his stick against me? When thou wert bold and impudent, slave, and offered to find fault with me, was I not near beating thee to death?

C L O T H O.

And for that very reason you shall now be tied to the mast.

M I C Y L L U S.

Pray, Clotho, why must I be treated so contemptuously? because I am poor I must come aboard last.

C L O T H O.

Who are you?

M I C Y L L U S.

Micyllus, the cobbler.

C L O T H O.

And are you sorry to be detained from us, whilst the tyrant, here, makes such liberal promises, if we will but spare him ever so short a time? I wonder the delay is not more grateful to you.

M I C Y L L U S.

But, my dear good Fate, attend a little: I never admired that Cyclop's generosity, who  
promised;

promised \* *Outis*, he should be the last devoured; for first or last, the same teeth must make an end of him. Besides, we differ greatly from the rich; our way of life, indeed, is † diametrically opposite. The tyrant, whilst he lived, seemed happy, the dread and the admiration of all; but, when deprived of his treasures, his fine cloaths, his sumptuous entertainments, his horses, and his beauteous concubines, had reason to complain, and might well lament his being so suddenly snatched away from them. The soul, I know not how, sticks like bird-lime to these things, and cannot easily part with what it took so much delight in: the chain that binds them together is not to be broken: if they are separated by violence, the sufferer will cry out in agonies, and, brave as men may be in other things, when they travel towards these regions, they are all cowards: like unsuccessful lovers, they still turn back to look on the desired object, and wish for what they left behind; as this fool just now

\* *Outis*.] Alluding to that passage in the ninth book of Homer's *Odyssey*, where Ulysses calls himself *Outis*, Nobody, and Polyphemus tells him,

When all thy wretched crew have felt my pow'r,  
No man shall be the last I will devour.

† *Diametrically*.] A literal translation of the original *διαμετρικῶς*.

did, who, in his journey hither, tried to escape, and, ever since he came, has been wearying you with perpetual prayers to release him. But I, who have left nothing dear behind me, who had no lands, nor houses, nor feasts, nor honours, nor statues, was ready prepared for you. At the first nod of Atropos, I leaped up with joy, threw aside my knife and my leather, slipshod as I was, my last in my hand, and without so much as washing off the black, I followed immediately, or rather led the way hither, never once looking behind me. Every thing here is agreeable to me, and, above all, the equality of condition, which I find in this place, where one is not above another : here no tribute is demanded, no creditors gather in their debts, here is no starving in winter, no sickness, no beatings ; but peace on every side of us : things, in short, are totally reversed ; for here the poor laugh, the rich groan and are tormented.

C L O T H O.

This, I see, diverts you, Micyllus : but what is it that moves your laughter most ?

M I C Y L L U S.

I will tell you : when I was upon earth I lived near the tyrant, watched him attentively, and thought him, I own, most like a god. When I saw his purple garments, his numerous household,

hold, his gold, his cups inlaid with gems, and his gilt beds, I deemed him the happiest of men: the very smell of his pompous suppers overcame me: surely he must, I imagined, be more than mortal, handsomer, and taller by a royal cubit than the rest of mankind, walking with such solemnity, and striking terror into all beholders: but after death, when stripped of all his finery, how ridiculous did he appear! how did I laugh at my own folly in admiring him, in esteeming his felicity by the smell of his kitchen, and pronouncing him happy, because the blood of a \* shell-fish had stained his garment.

No less am I diverted with Gnipho, the usurer, that poor miserable creature, who never, whilst living, enjoyed his riches, and now has left them to the extravagant Rhodochares, his heir at law. I could not refrain from laughter, when I called to mind his meagre, dirty face, and forehead, wrinkled with care, rich only in those fingers which handled his thousand thousand talents; scraping up those treasures which will soon be squandered away by his happy successor. But why do not we set sail? We

\* *A shell-fish.*] The murex, from which was extracted the purple dye. The kings of antiquity, and after them, every Dives was clothed in purple.



may laugh at these wretches as we go along.

C L O T H O.

Come in then, that Charon may cast anchor.

C H A R O N.

Holla, there ! where are you coming ? The boat is full. You must stay behind : we will carry you early to-morrow morning.

M I C Y L L U S.

It is using me very ill, Charon, not to take me now, when you know I died yesterday. I will bring an indictment against you before Rhadamanthus. They are setting sail, and I shall be left here by myself : but why should not I swim after them ? I think I am strong enough, and, being dead already, I need not be afraid of suffocation : besides, I have not a half-penny left to pay the ferryman.

C L O T H O.

What are you about ? Stay, Micyllus, you must not come that way.

M I C Y L L U S.

Perhaps, I may be over as soon as you.

C L O T H O.

No, no, that must not be : we'll put in for him : help him in, Mercury.

C H A R O N.

And where can he sit now ? You see we are brim full.

M E R.

MERCURY.

O, clap him on the tyrant's shoulders.

CLOTHO.

A good thought of Mercury's: come, get astride, and kick the rascal's neck, and now a good voyage to us!

CYNISCUS.

Charon, I must even tell you the plain truth, I have not a half-penny to pay you for my passage; I have nothing but this pouch, which you see here, and my staff. I will pump for you, however, if you please, or row, if you will help me to a good strong oar.

CHARON.

Row away, then: I will ask nothing more of you.

CYNISCUS.

Shall I give the rowers a catch to encourage them?

CHARON.

By all means, if you have ever a sailor's song.

CYNISCUS.

I know a great many: but these people here will only answer me with tears and groans, and my song will be sadly interrupted.

One of the PASSENGERS.

O my riches, my riches!

ANOTHER.

O my lands!

A N O T H E R.

How many talents of mine will my heir squander away !

A N O T H E R.

O my poor infants !

A N O T H E R.

Who shall gather my grapes, and take care of the vineyard I planted last year ?

M E R C U R Y.

Micyllus, have you nothing to moan after ? We must not carry any body over that does not cry.

M I C Y L L U S.

Ridiculous ! What should I cry for, when I am glad to go ?

M E R C U R Y.

But you must lament a little, if it is only for decency's sake.

M I C Y L L U S.

Well, if you insist upon it, I will. O my bits of leather ! my old lasts ! my rotten shoes ! Wretch that I am ! no more shall I go from morning to evening without victuals ; no more shall I ramble about half naked all the winter, my teeth shaking with cold : who shall inherit my knife, and my awl ? 'But, come, now we have cried enough. We are almost over.

C H A R O N.

Give me my fare for your passage, every one  
of

of you : come, Micyllus, your half-penny.

M I C Y L L U S.

You are in jest sure ; you \* write upon the water, as they say, Charon, to ask Micyllus for money. I do not know whether a half-penny is round or square.

C H A R O N.

I shall make a fine day's work of it, I see ; but come, away with you : I must go for the oxen, dogs, and horses, for they must be brought over too.

C L O T H O.

Here, lay hold o' these : I must return to the other shore, to look after Indopates and Heramithres, who died in a contest about the limits of their empire.

M E R C U R Y.

Let us proceed : follow me, all of you.

M I C Y L L U S.

How dark it is here ! Where is now the beautiful Migyllus ? Who can tell in this place whether Phryne or Simmica is the handsomest ? All are on a level, all of a colour ; there is no such thing as beauty, nor different degrees of it ; the torn and ragged garment, that once was so disgustful, has equal honour here with

\* *You write upon, &c.*] A Greek proverb, to express any thing impossible.

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the royal purple; for neither can be seen, where the same darkness conceals them both. Where are you, Cyniscus?

CYNISCUS.

Here am I, Micyllus; if you please, we will walk together.

MICYLLUS.

So we will; give me your hand: and pray now, tell me, you are initiated, it seems, into the Eleusinian mysteries, does not this place put you in mind of them?

CYNISCUS.

It does: and see, yonder comes a female with a torch in her hand, with a terrible and threatening aspect! is not that one of the Furies?

MICYLLUS.

By the appearance it must be.

MERCURY. [Supposed to be speaking to Tisiphone.

Here, take these thousand and four.

TISIPHONE. [To the Shades.

Rhadamanthus has expected you some time.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Bring them along there: you, Mercury, must be crier, and call them up.

CYNISCUS.

By thy great \* father, I intreat thee,

Rha-

\* *Great father.*] Rhadamanthus, we are told, was the son of Jupiter and Europa: he reigned in one of the islands of

Rhadamanthus, let me be first examined.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Why so ?

C Y N I S C U S.

Because I have something to say against a certain criminal, and could not expect to be credited before it appears who I am, and how I have lived myself.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Who are you ?

C Y N I S C U S.

Cyniscus, the philosopher.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Come this way : you shall be tried first. Do you, Mercury, call in the witnesses against him.

M E R C U R Y.

Whoever has any thing to allege against Cyniscus the philosopher, let him appear.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Nobody appears. That, however, is not sufficient : Cyniscus, strip yourself, that we may see if you have any marks.

C Y N I S C U S.

Where should they be ?

of the Archipelago, and being a prince of remarkable probity and virtue, was, after his death, raised to the rank of one of the lord chief justices in Tartarus, where he presided with universal approbation.

R H A.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Whoever amongst you is guilty of any crimes during his mortal life, bears about him certain marks of them in his breast not publicly seen.

C Y N I S C U S.

There then : now I stand naked before you : look, if you please, for the spots you talk of.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

He is entirely innocent, except a few little blemishes, which are scarcely visible : but stay, here are some remains of a few spots, that seem as it were to have been burned in, and now are, by some means or other, almost blotted out and obliterated : what is the meaning of this ? how happens it, Cyniscus, that you are thus wonderfully recovered ?

C Y N I S C U S.

I will tell you how ; formerly, from the want of education, I was very guilty, and contracted many stains ; but from the time I took to philosophy, by degrees I washed them all out.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

You made use of the best and most powerful remedy. When you have given in your evidence against the tyrant, you may retire, and associate with good men in the habitations of the blessed. Call up the rest.

• M I.

M I C Y L L U S

With me, Rhadamanthus, you will not have much trouble ; a very short examination will suffice ; for I have stood naked before you some time : look and see.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Who are you ?

M I C Y L L U S.

Micyllus, the cobbler.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Very well, Micyllus : you are clear, not a spot about you : you may join Cyniscus. Now call the tyrant.

M E R C U R Y.

Megapenthes, of Lachys, come into court : where are you going ? You, tyrant, there, I call upon ; stand forth. Tisiphone, throw him headlong into the middle here : he comes ; now, Cyniscus, accuse and convict him.

C Y N I S C U S.

There is no necessity of saying much on this occasion ; you see already, by the marks upon him, what he is ; I will open him, however, to you a little : passing over, therefore, the crimes he committed whilst a private man, I shall observe to you, that when he had raised an army of villains, as bold and impious as himself, he attacked the city, took possession  
of



of the throne, and, without trial, put ten thousand to death; and growing immensely rich, by seizing all they were possessed of, indulged in every species of luxury and vice, behaved in the most shameful and cruel manner to the citizens, debauched their virgins, corrupted their youth, and, intoxicated with power, trampled on all beneath him: for all his pride, insolence, and oppression, there was no calling him to account, or procuring any satisfaction; as soon might you gaze upon the mid-day sun, without winking, as dare to fix your eyes upon him. His ingenuity in devising new torments who can describe? He spared not even his most intimate friends and acquaintance. To prove the truth of my assertion, and that this is no idle calumny against him, you need only call in those whom he has murdered; and, behold, here they are, standing round, and torturing him: all these, Rhadamanthus, were cut off by that execrable villain; some for the sake of their handsome wives, others for resenting his ill treatment of their sons, others because they were rich, others because they were sensible and ingenious, or too wise and honest to approve of his actions.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

What answer, wretch, canst thou give to this accusation?

M E-

M E G A P E N T H E S.

The murders I acknowledge; but my ill treatment of the young men, debauching virgins, adultery, and the rest are all falsehoods of his own invention.

C Y N I S C U S.

Rhadamanthus, I can bring witnesses to prove them all.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Where are they?

C Y N I S C U S.

Mercury, call in his bed and lamp: these shall bear testimony against him.

M E R C U R Y.

Megapenthes's bed and lamp, make your appearance. O, very well; here they are.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Come, let us hear; what do you know of Megapenthes?

B E D.

All that Cyniscus has affirmed is true: but such, Rhadamanthus, were the actions he committed on me, that \* modesty forbids me to reveal them.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

The guilt of his actions is too plain when

\* *Modesty forbids me.*] Crebillon, who probably founded his famous Conte Moral, or rather immoral tale of the Sopha, on this thought of Lucian, seems to be of a different opinion,

they

80 THE TYRANT.

they will not bear even to be mentioned; now Lamp, for your evidence.

L A M P.

What he did by day-light I know not, and his nightly works I should be sorry to repeat; I was witness to some transactions beyond expression infamous: often would I have wished not to drink the oil poured in upon me, and rejoiced to be extinguished; but he would make me a witness of his deeds, and prostituted the light I lent him to every kind of wickedness and pollution.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

We have evidence enough against him: take off, however, your purple robes, and let us see what number of spots you have. O heaven! he is all over<sup>r</sup> livid, black and blue with spots. How must we punish him? Shall we cast him into \* Phlegethon, or throw him to Cérberus?

C Y N I S C U S.

No: let me propose a new kind of punishment for him, one that shall be equal to his crimes.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Mention it, I shall be much obliged to you.

*Phlegethon.*] A burning lake or river in the ancient hell, that surrounded the habitations of the damned.

C Y.

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CYNISCUS.

It is usual, I think, for all your dead to drink the water of † Lethe.

RHADAMANTHUS.

It is.

CYNISCUS.

Let him then be the only one not permitted to taste of it.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Why so?

CYNISCUS.

Thus shall he suffer in the severest manner, by calling to remembrance what he was, the power he had whilst upon earth, and all the pleasures which he once enjoyed.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Good; very good indeed: thou art condemned: bind him, and away with him to Tantalus, with the full remembrance of all that passed in his whole life.

† *Lethe* ] The punishment of the tyrant, by not permitting him to forget his former condition, is an excellent stroke of poetical justice.

O N  
D E P E N D A N T S  
I N  
G R E A T F A M I L I E S.

*The Title in the Original is Περὶ τῶν ἐπὶ μισθῷ συνου-  
των, De mercede conductis potentium famili-  
aribus, or, those who are Domestic Companions for  
Hire. In the Time of LUCIAN, it was custom-  
ary for the great Men of Rome, who, as the  
Poet says,*

— Borrow'd arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd,  
to keep in their Houses some indigent Greek Phi-  
losopher, or Rhetorician, by way of Preceptor to  
their Children, or humble Companion for them-  
selves. In the following Essay, handed down to  
us in the Form of a Letter from LUCIAN to his  
Friend, the Satirist describes, with infinite Hu-  
mour, the miserable State of Dependants in great  
Families, and the Indignities which they were  
forced to submit to. The many judicious Reflections  
in it, as they are founded on Experience, and the  
Knowledge of human Nature, may convey Instruc-  
tion and Entertainment, as well to modern as an-  
cient Times, and afford very good Lessons to all the  
led Captains, Toad-eaters, and domestic Tutors of  
the present Age.

WHAT

WHAT \* first, what last, my friend, shall I relate? As the poet sings, whilst I describe all that the hired dependants on the great are forced to suffer and to act, to gain their friendship, if slavery like that deserves the name. I am well acquainted with many circumstances, with most, indeed, of those which happen to men of this kind, not from my own experience (for never was I driven to it, and grant heaven I never may), but from numbers who have fallen into this way of life; from some, who long inured to it have still lamented their misfortune; and from others, who, having escaped the dreadful prison, have related their sufferings to me, not without some degree of satisfaction: for happy were they in recounting the miseries which they were delivered from. Those witnesses, however, seemed most deserving of credit, who were skilled, as I may say, in all the mysteries, and had seen every thing from beginning to end. Not incuriously, therefore, nor unattentive did I listen to those who, saved as it were from shipwreck, related their adventures, like those happy few whom we behold in the temples, with † shaved crowns,

\* *What first, &c.*] See the beginning of the ninth book of Homer's *Odyssæy*.

† *Shaved crowns.*] Those who were so fortunate as to escape

## 84 ON DEPENDANTS.

crowns, talking over their perils by waves and storms, promontories, throwings overboard, broken masts and rudders, telling, withal, how † Castor and Pollux appeared propitious to them (for these are necessary attendants on tragedies of this kind), or some other god descending from his car, as they do on the ‡ stage, perched on the top-mast, or stood at the helm, and guided the vessel to some soft shore, where it was soon freed from every danger, and the

escape from a shipwreck always cut off their hair as an offering to the deities of the sea, who were supposed to have preserved them, probably, because they thought a few hairs no improper returns for saving the whole head, or, perhaps, for the reason assigned in the following epigram, which we meet with in the *Anthologia* :

Γλαυκῶ καὶ Νέρεϊ, καὶ Ἰνώ, καὶ Μελικερτῇ  
Καὶ σὺθίῳ κρονιδῇ καὶ Σαμοθ, ἡξί θεοῖς  
Σώθεις ἐκ πειλαγῆς Λυκίλλιος, ὡς κεκαρμῶι  
Τῆς τριχῆς ἐκ κεφαλῆς. — Ἄλλο γὰρ ἡδὲν ἔχω.

Which may be thus translated, leaving out the names,  
To those kind gods, who deign'd his life to spare,  
Lucilius offers up his votive hair ;  
He hopes this little boon they will receive,  
For, in good truth, 'tis all he has to give.

† *Castor and Pollux.*] Supposed to be the tutelary deities of mariners, who always addressed their prayers to them in times of danger and distress.

‡ *On the stage.*] According to the practice of the ancient dramatists, of calling in some deity at the end of the play to untie the knot, and bring on the catastrophe, alluded to by Horace,

Nec deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

passen-

passengers, saved by their protecting deity, returned to their homes in peace; where they tragedize most abundantly, and relating all their sufferings, and how, with all their calamities, they seemed to be peculiarly favoured and beloved by the gods. In like manner did these men frequently entertain me with their domestic storms and tempests, their three-fold, five-fold, aye, and ten-fold waves. Shewing how, when they first set off, the sea was placid; and afterwards, what difficulties they went through in the voyage, from the salt water, thirst, and sickness; how they bulged on rocks, flaved their vessel, and swam naked to shore, and in want of every necessary. I observed, moreover, that all this time they seemed purposely to conceal many circumstances, which they were ashamed to relate, and wished to bury in oblivion. But these, and a great deal more, which I have collected on this subject, I shall make no scruple of imparting to you, my good Timocles, as I understand you have for some time past had an inclination to enter into this course of life: for, frequently, when the conversation turned upon it, and any of the company extolled the happiness of those who lived with any noble Roman, when he observed what elegant entertainments they partook of, with-



out any expence, lived in fine houses, travelled with ease and pleasure, lolled in chariots drawn by white horses, and, with all this, were paid well for their company, men who neither \* sow nor till, and yet enjoy every thing; how often, my friend, have I seen you gaping at these, and such like stories, with your mouth wide open to swallow the bait! That you may not, therefore, lay the blame on me, or say, that when I saw you bite at this fig-baited hook, I did not endeavour to draw it back before you had swallowed it, but waited till nothing but mere force could extract it, and then stood still, and only cried at your misfortune, lest, I say, you should bring this argument against me, which I could not refute, and my silence should thus be injurious to you: I will tell you every thing from first to last, that you may remember there is but one way out of the net, and when you have considered that the hook is sharp, and bent withal, and do not find, if you try it on your cheek, that it is intolerably painful, and hard to draw out, then mark me down

\* *Who neither sow, &c.*] Alluding to that passage in the *Odyssey*, where Homer describes the land of Cyclops,

Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe, or sow,  
They all their products to free nature owe.

See Pope's *Odyssey*, book ix. l. 121.

as a fool, and as hungry after this bait as yourself, continue in your resolution, and, if you will, gorge down the whole bait like a sea-wolf.

Though my discourse is designed principally for your service, it will not be confined to philosophers alone, or men of serious and grave professions; but extend itself to grammarians, orators, musicians, all those, in short, who think it not beneath them to become hirelings and dependants, under the character of teachers and companions. The same, indeed, is the treatment of all; but when philosophers meet with it, it is certainly more reproachful and ignominious, as their masters seldom use them better than they do other men. In the course of my remarks it will appear, that those who do the injury, and those who suffer it, are equally to blame. I shall, however, remain guiltless, unless truth and freedom are unpardonable. The vulgar herd of sycophants and parasites, who have low and little minds, I shall not attempt to dissuade from this way of life, nor would they, indeed, easily be dissuaded by me: if such do not leave their masters after the worst treatment, they are not worthy of reprehension; they are fit for, and deserve the usage which they generally meet with; they have no other way of employing them-

selves, and if you take this business from them, they must remain idle, listless, and superfluous members of society : nor do I think such creatures suffer any thing degrading to them, nor are their masters barbarous or tyrannical : it is only putting the vessel, as we say, to its \* proper use : for this they entered into the service ; and to bear every indignity is their calling and profession. But with regard to those whom I first mentioned, the men of liberal education, I cannot behold it without indignation, nor help endeavouring, if possible, to regain their liberty.

It may not be improper, therefore, previously to consider the causes generally assigned for embracing this course of life, and to shew that they are neither cogent nor satisfactory : this will at once destroy their first great argument in favour of voluntary servitude. Most men plead poverty, and the want of necessaries, as a specious reason for thus flying to shelter from them, and think it a sufficient excuse to say, that they endeavour to avoid penury, which of all things is the most oppressive : then

\* *Its proper use.*] Greek, *εἰς τὴν ἀμύδα ἐνερπείας*, si in matulam immingant : this explains the matter to the learned reader, the unlearned may easily guess the meaning, or, if he pleases, get it construed for him.

comes in Theognis to back them, who is always ready with his,

† The man, by poverty subdu'd, &c.

To which they will add all the terrible things that lazy poets have said about indigence. If I could perceive that their poverty was in reality removed by these means, I would not have the least dispute with them concerning liberty: but since, as a famous ‡ orator says, their food is only like a sick man's diet, and they remain still in the same state, will it not follow, that they are sadly mistaken? For penury still accompanies them; they are always receiving, and yet never lay by any thing, but, let what will be given, expend every farthing on their immediate exigencies. Surely it would better have become them to find out the means, not of thus prolonging poverty, by mere temporary relief, but of entirely removing it. As it is, they might as well, indeed, \* Theognis, take  
your

† *The man, &c.*] The verses on poverty, by Theognis, from which this is quoted, are still extant, and inserted in the notes in the original; but contain only a few commonplace observations, not worthy of much attention. Lucian, indeed, seems to have treated them as such, and only quotes to ridicule them.

‡ *A famous orator.*] Demosthenes. See the end of the third Olynth.

\* *Theognis.*] Who says in his two last verses,

your advice, and leap into the deep ocean, or hurl themselves down from the steep precipice! Most certain, however, it is, that he who is always poor, always begging, and always a slave, and yet fancies, all the time, he is escaped from poverty, can only be imposing on, and deceiving himself.

Some allege that they should not be under any fear of poverty if they could get their bread by labour, like other men; but that being incapable, from age and infirmities, they are forced to let themselves out in this manner. Let us see, then, whether this be really so, and what reward they have for their labours, which are at least as great, if not greater, than any other set of men whatever. To get money without toil, or trouble, would doubtless be most desirable; but this is not the case here, for it is impossible to describe the toil and labour they are obliged to go through in connections of this kind, that wear out the body and mind, and require a greater share of health and spirits than any other employment. We shall make mention of these when we come to enumerate all their distresses. At present

Τέθναται ——— πεινχρῶ βελτερονανδρεῖ

Ἡ ζῶ. in χαλεπῇ τειρομένον πεινῇ.

which means no more than that a man had better be dead, than live in poverty.

it

it may suffice to observe, that they are not to be credited who make this an excuse for their prostitution: the truth is, and which they never confess, they are drawn into the houses of the great by the flattering hopes of pleasure, † struck with the sight of gold and silver, and happy in the enjoyment of sumptuous entertainments, and dainties of every kind, swallowing, in imagination, as much money as they please, and nobody to stop their mouths: these are the things that allure, and turn freemen into slaves: not the want of necessaries, as they allege, but a thirst after what is unnecessary, and the affectation of luxury and extravagance. Hence it is that their patrons treat them as proud mistresses do their lovers, just grant them enough to keep up their affection, but withhold the ‡ last favour, as well knowing that passion is satiated by enjoyment; they feed him, notwithstanding, still with hope, lest despair should entirely damp his ardour, and put an end to the attachment: they smile, therefore,

† *Struck.*] Greek, καταπλευντας, of which *struck* is the literal translation. This is one of the instances of the happy analogy between the Greek and English languages, so favourable to a translator.

‡ *The last favour.*] Μικρη φιληματος αρεμ μεταδιδοντις, says the original, which is extremely elegant, but could not be literally translated.

and

and promise, and are always about to do something very great; age in the mean time creeps on, and both grow too old either to impart happiness or to receive it; and thus life is spent in nothing but vain hope, and fruitless expectation.

For those, however, who are so fond of pleasure, that they will go through every thing in pursuit of it, it may not be altogether so reprehensible if they submit to some indignities, though, at the same time, it is mean and base to sell themselves for it, as the pleasure which liberty bestows is infinitely superior to every other. It may be pardonable, notwithstanding, if, after all, they can really get possession of it: but, for the mere hope of this blessing, to suffer so much, is surely the height of madness and folly. The difficulties which they have to struggle through, they must perceive, are manifest and unavoidable; and what they hoped for, never yet has, nor, probably, ever may come to pass. The companions of Ulysses, when they had tasted the sweet \* lotus, thought

\* *Lotus.*] The trees around them all their fruit produce,  
 Lotus the name: divine, nectarious juice,  
                     ———— which, who so tastes,  
 Insatiate, riots in the sweet repasts;  
 Nor other home, nor other care intends,  
 But quits his house, his country, and his friends.

Pope's Homer's *Odyssey*, book ix. l. 105.

or

of nothing else, and neglected all that was right and good. Their negligence, perhaps, engaged as they were in that delightful employment, might in some measure be excuseable; but for a famished wretch to stand perpetually by another devouring lotus, and yet never offering him any, only with the distant hope, that in time he may chance to taste of it; in the mean while, forgetting every thing that is good and virtuous, is surely most truly ridiculous, and worthy of Homeric stricture.

For this, or something like this, it is that so many give themselves up to the rich and great, to be treated as they think proper. Some, indeed, whom, perhaps, you will say, I should have mentioned, do it merely for the honour and glory of keeping company with the rich, the noble, and the well-dressed: there are, who imagine this denotes something grand, and above the vulgar cast; though, for my own part, I would not associate with a king, merely because he was so, unless some advantage resulted to me from it.

Having thus traced the cause, let us now consider, first, the miseries which they undergo, before they are admitted into this society; in the next place, what happens to them when they



they are there, and lastly, what, after all, is the catastrophe of the drama.

And first, then, there must be a great deal of running backwards and forwards, and waiting at the doors; you must rise early, stay a long time, bear much, must be shut out, perhaps, or called impertinent by a blundering \* Syrian porter, or an African nomenclator, whom you must take care to see well, that they may not forget to give in your name: you must dress yourself, withal, beyond your circumstances, according to the rank of your patron, and chuse such colours for your cloaths as are most agreeable to him, for fear he should be affronted when he sees you: then be sure you follow him close, or rather pushed on by his slaves, join his train, walk before him, and make a part of his pompous attendance: and, after all, perhaps, for several days he may never so much as look upon you: if, at last, you are so happy as to be seen by him, if he should call to

\* *Syrian porter.*] The great men of Rome, at that time, we may suppose, kept Syrian porters at their doors, as we, not long since, used to employ Swifs in that office. What Lucian calls the *νομακλητωρ*, was probably another kind of servant, who, like our footmen, announced the company as they came in. The appointing blundering foreigners to this employment was thought, as amongst us, a mark of distinction amongst their nobility, who were, in many of their customs, almost as proud and ridiculous as our own.

you,

you, and ask you a question, any thing, perhaps, that comes uppermost, then your head turns round, you sweat and tremble, and all that are by laugh at your confusion. If he asks you who was king of the Greeks, you answer, they had a thousand ships; this the good-natured will call modesty, the bold and impudent will style it timidity, and the malevolent will attribute it to your ignorance: whilst you yourself, finding, for the first time, how dangerous it is to be over-complaisant, take your leave, heartily ashamed of your foolish diffidence. When, at length, after you

Long sleepless night in heavy arms have stood,  
And sweat laborious days in dust and blood,

as the † poet says, though not fighting for fair Helen, or Priam's Troy, but in hopes of getting five farthings, by the assistance of fortune, or some tragedy god, you come to the trial, and to be examined whether you are a man of letters; for the rich and great are fond of this kind of business, as it redounds to their honour. Then begins the affair to appear of the utmost consequence to you, as if your very life and being were concerned in the determination. It is, indeed, a most serious matter; for if you

† *As the poet says.*] See Achilles' speech, in the ninth book of the Iliad.

are rejected as unworthy by your first patron, you can never be received by another. Your mind, therefore, must be distracted, and torn to pieces, partly from the envy you bear to those who are examined with you (for we will suppose many others in the same situation), and partly from your fear of not acquitting yourself so well as you might have done; then arise hopes and fears in abundance, and you rivet your eyes upon him: if he seems to dislike what you say, you look upon yourself as undone; but if he listens with a gracious smile, your hopes are raised, and you are mightily rejoiced. In the mean time, it is very probable, you may meet with enemies, that will traduce and send out their \* arrows against you in secret; some man with a long beard and white hair shall be sought for, and asked if he knows of any thing particular, and there will always be found others that will give him credit. Then all your past life must be carefully enquired into; and if any of your good neighbours, either incited by envy, or who has received some slight affront from you, shall say you are a pathic, or adulterer, he shall be called a

\* *Their arrows.*] Greek, εκ λογων τοξινων. The same metaphor is made use of by the Psalmist, "They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words."

† witness from the court of Jove : but if, on the other hand, all unite to praise and recommend you, then they are looked upon as very doubtful evidence, or false and corrupted : you must be very fortunate, indeed, and meet with no opposition, if you succeed. We will suppose then, that every thing goes right, that the great man approves your speech, and that his most respected friends, whose opinion he always takes on these occasions, do not endeavour to set him against you ; that his wife likes, that his steward and house-keeper do not oppose you, that no body finds fault with your life and manners, but that every thing is expiated and atoned for. At length then, happiest as thou art of men, thou hast conquered, thou art crowned at the ‡ Olympic games, or rather, as I may say, thou hast taken Babylon, and the tower of Sardis is surrendered to thee : thou shalt possess the Amalthæan horn, and drink the milk

† *A witness, &c.*] This was a kind of proverbial expression, to signify a strong and incontestible evidence. The *ex Jovis tabulis testis*, is mentioned by Erasmus in his *Patœmia*.

‡ *Olympic games.*] The conquerors at the Olympic games were crowned with a garland of the sacred olive, were publicly applauded, had statues erected at the expence of the community, and honours of every kind paid to them by their countrymen and friends. See West's *Dissertation on the Olympic Games*, sect. xvi.

of birds : for the labours thou hast gone through, what rewards should'st thou not inherit ! not of leaves alone should be thy garland : no small or contemptible presents art thou entitled to, such as no doubt should be paid without difficulty, and whenever you stand in need of them, besides honours and dignities above the vulgar ; now you may expect relief from all your toils and labours, your dirty walks, and waitings ; the happiness which you wished for, of stretching your feet, and sleeping at your ease, doing nothing but what you at first agreed to do, and which alone you were hired to perform. Nor for this, Timocles, would it be any great hardship to bear on your shoulders a light and easy yoke, and what is more, a golden one too ; but the truth is, a great deal is still behind, and, indeed, every thing : for, even when you are got into the family, there are a thousand circumstances highly disgustful to the free mind. Consider within yourself, whilst I recount them, whether they are such as can be borne by any man of liberal education.

I will begin then with the first supper you are invited to, a specimen of what is to follow. An upper servant is dispatched to desire your company ; whom, that you may appear genteel, you must tip with at least three drachmas :

mas: he will seem at first to be very angry, and cry out, what from you, Sir! by no means, till at last he suffers himself to be over-persuaded, and leaves you with a broad grin. Then you put on your new cloaths, and being washed and dressed in the best manner, set out, afraid, perhaps, all the while that you should get there first; for that would be an indecorum, as coming last is a mark of pride; carefully, therefore, observing the true medium, you nick the exact time, are ushered in, and desired to sit down on the great man's right hand, and close to two of your old acquaintance. And now, as if you had got into the palace of Jupiter, you begin to stare and wonder at every thing about you, for it all appears new and strange; the family fix their eyes upon you, and the company watch your every action; the great man himself is not unobservant of it, for he has already told the servants to mark how you behave towards his wife and children, and whether you frequently cast your eyes upon, and admire them. The attendants laugh at your confusion, and conclude, from the awkwardness of your behaviour, that you seldom sup, out, or rather, indeed, that you never had a napkin laid for you before. You must consequently, therefore, be

in a panick, afraid, if you are ever so dry, to ask for the cup, lest they should call you a wine-bibber; and when fruit of every kind is placed before you, served up in its proper form and order, you are at a loss which to touch first: then you have nothing to do but look slyly upon your next neighbour, whom you must take care to imitate, and learn of him the whole ceremony of a great supper. Struck with wonder at every thing about you, you are still perplexed and uneasy, envying the great man's condition, with all his riches and fine things, and lamenting your own; then, perhaps, comforting yourself with the prospect of future happiness in life, and the hope of participating his felicity; for you expect these Dionysia will last for ever. The ~~withal~~ withal, who wait at table, give you a flattering picture of the life you are to lead, and you cry out with Homer,

\* No wonder such cœlestial charms,  
Shou'd set th' ambitious world in arms.

I would do and suffer many things for such a reward. Then comes the libation to friendship; somebody takes a great cup and drinks to the preceptor, the master, or by whatever name they think proper to distinguish you; you take

\* *No wonder, &c.*] The words of the old men on seeing the beautiful Helen. See Homer's *Iliad*, book iii. l. 156.

another,

another, and not knowing how to return the compliment, are laughed at for an ignoramus. By this, notwithstanding, you gain the envy of your old friends and acquaintance, and thus, at your very first setting off, offend a number of people, who are all angry that a new guest should be preferred to them, who have worn out so many years in the service. This alone, will they say, was wanting to crown our misfortunes: that we should be set aside for one who is just come into the house. But Rome, says one, is open to none but these Greeks; and what is it they so much excel us in? Of what mighty service are their miserable speeches? Do not you see, says another, how much he drinks, and devours every thing before him, an awkward † hungry fellow, who never thinks he has enough of white bread, pheasants, and Numidian hens, and will scarce leave us so much as the bones to pick. Be quiet, you fools, says a fourth, in four or five days you will see him as miserable as yourselves: at present, indeed, like a new shoe, he is in some esteem and taken care of, but when he is worn out and full of dirt, he may lay under the bed, worm-eaten like us. Thus will they be perpetually prating, and

† *Hungry fellow.*] Græculus esuriens. See Juv.



some of them, perhaps, laying up a stock of still severer calumny against you.

The whole feast, therefore, may be called your's, as all the conversation is about you; and now, drinking more than you are used to, of light thin wine, you are very ill with it: to get up before the rest of the company would be rude, and yet to stay longer is hardly safe. The drinking goes on, one story succeeds to, and one entertainment comes on the back of another: in the mean while you suffer no small uneasiness; neither able to see any thing that goes forward, or to hear the young men sing and play; commend, however, you must, though you are wishing all the time that an earthquake would shake the room, or an alarm of fire frighten the company, and break up the entertainment.

Such, my friend, is your first sweet supper. For my own part, I should prefer an onion and salt, with the liberty to eat it when, and just as much of it as I pleased; for, not to mention the disorders of the head and stomach which generally follows a debauch of this kind, you are to meet the day after to settle your salary, and the time of receiving it; two or three friends are called together, you are desired to sit down, and the great man begins; “ You saw yesterday  
in

in what manner I live, that there is no form and parade in my house, nothing \* grand or superb, but all plain and simple; and I would have you to understand that you are to look upon every thing here as belonging equally to us both : absurd, indeed, to the last degree would it be, when I repose my whole mind, that greatest of all trusts, on you; when I commit to you the care of my children (if he has any), to refuse you any thing else; I know your moderation; know that happy disposition of your's, which is always its own best reward, and am satisfied, that you did not come to live with me from any motives of self-interest, but for the sake of my friendship, and the regard which every body will have for you on that account : since, however, a certain sum must be agreed on, let it be fixed; you shall name it yourself, if you please; but remember, my friend, the presents which you may expect from me on the annual festivals, which, however, we determine this point, shall never be forgotten; you will observe this, and proportion your demand accordingly : but you scholars, I know, are superior to all pecuniary considerations."

\* *Nothing grand.*] The original says, *α τραγωδῆα*, not pompous, or tragedy-like. The expression is strong and remarkable, but would not admit of a literal translation.

These fine speeches feed you with hope, and you are soon brought over : you that but a little before had dreamed of a thousand talents, whole acres, and houses, begin to discover a little parsimony ; you flatter yourself, however, with his promises, and suppose he must have been in earnest when he talked of all things being in common between you : little thinking that such things as these

\* Just touch the lips, but never wet the tongue.

At length, out of modesty, you submit it to him : he will deny, perhaps, that he said any such thing, and refer it to some friend who was present, desiring him to name a middle price, such as can reasonably be afforded by him who has a great many other expences upon him, and, at the same time, such as may not be unworthy of your acceptance. Then steps in an old acquaintance, inured to flattery from his youth upwards ; ‘ how happy may you esteem yourself, cries he, to light on such an offer immediately, which so many have been long wishing for, to be thought worthy of such a table, and such a connection, to be admitted into one

\* *Just touch the lips, &c.*] From this line in Homer,

Χεῖλεα μὲν τ' ἐδίην, ὑπὲρ ὤμων δ' ἔκ ἐδίνε.

Labra rigasse quidem, non humectasse palatum.

See Il. x. l. 495. Pope has omitted it in his translation,

of

of the first houses in the Roman empire ! it is a happiness, if you know how to prize it as such, beyond the talents of Cræsus, or the treasures of Midas, when I know so many men of the best families who would be proud of living with him, and being called his friend and companion, merely for the honour of it ; I cannot find words to express your good fortune ; when, over and above this happiness, you are, withal, to receive a salary for it ; I cannot but think, therefore, unless you are of all men the most unreasonable, that you will be very well satisfied with' — and here he mentions some paltry sum, very inconsiderable, at least in proportion to your expectations. Now, however, you must make the best of it, for you are caught in the net, and there is no getting out again. You take the bridle in, and shut your mouth quietly, submitting patiently to your rider, who will not draw the bit tight, nor spur you hard, until you are grown quite tame.

Folks abroad, in the mean time, will envy you, seeing you have got possession, and have free egress and regress, without let or molestation ; though you may, perhaps, see no reason yourself why they should think you so happy, you are still, however, agreeably deceived, and imagine that things will go better  
for

for the future : but the direct contrary of what you expected comes to pass ; it is \* *Mandrabulus*' business, as the old adage says, it grows less and less every day, and all goes backwards.

At length, by degrees, through a kind of glimmering light, you begin to perceive that all your golden hopes were nothing but water-bubbles, and your labours and miseries but too real, inevitable, and perpetual. And what, you will say, are they ? I see nothing in all this so miserable or laborious, I will tell you, my friend, what there is ; attend to me, and you shall hear, not only what there is in it so laborious, but how base also, mean, and servile is the employment.

And first, remember, that from this time you are no longer free or noble. Your liberty, your name, and family, were all left behind, the moment you entered those doors as a voluntary slave. On such mean and degrading business freedom would never deign to accompany you.

\* *Mandrabulus*.] This was a kind of proverbial expression, usually applied to persons or things growing by degrees worse and worse, and is said to have derived its original from one *Mandrabulus* of Samos, who, having found a considerable treasure, thought it his duty to offer up an annual sacrifice to Juno. The first year, it seems, he gave her a golden sheep, the second only a silver, and the third a brass one. The proverb, we see on the explanation of it, was happily applied.

A slave

A slave however you detest that name, you are, and must be; not of one, but of many, and must bend your neck to the yoke from morning to evening for paltry wages. And as you were not brought up to slavery, but learned the habit late in life, and voluntarily offered yourself when at years of maturity, you will be no great favourite of your master's, nor held in any degree of estimation by him; for the remembrance of former freedom spoils you for a slave, and renders you incapable of performing, as you ought, the offices of one. A slave, however, you certainly are, though not the son of † Pyrrhias or Zopyrion; nor sold, like Bithynians, by public auction; for if, when the day of payment comes, you hold out your hand, like other servants, and take what you can get, you are to all intents and purposes a hired slave: there wants no crier to put up to sale the man who sells himself, and who, for a long time, has been in search of a master.

Mean wretch! (for so I must call the man who pretends to be a philosopher); if a pirate had sold thee, thou would'st have lamented thy lost freedom as the worst of calamities; if by violence thou hadst been taken away and carried into slavery, thou wouldst have raved, com-

† *Pyrrhias or Zopyrion.*] See the notes on Timon.

plained,

plained, appealed to the laws, and called heaven and earth to witness the indignity; and yet with all thy virtue and wisdom, even at an age when, if thou hadst been born a slave, it would have been time to look forward towards liberty, thou couldst sell thyself for a few pence; regardless of all that the noble Plato, Chrysippus, and Aristotle had said in praise of liberty, and against shameful servitude: are not you ashamed to herd with parasites, and rascals; to be seen amongst Romans, the only one, perhaps, in a foreign garb, talking bald Latin, and frequenting noisy feasts, with crouds of men of bad characters? At these entertainments you praise without judgment, drink more than you can bear, and then, roused by the bell, before your sleep is half out, rise up early, run about from place to place, without wiping off the dirt of yesterday from your shoes. Was there no pulse, no wholesome herbs, no fountains of living waters left, that you should be driven to this necessity? But it is plain you do not chuse pulse and water; dainties, sweet-meats, and scented wines are more alluring: these must be paid for some way or other; the collar, therefore, is put about your neck, and, like a monkey, you are shewn for diversion: and, in the mean time, you comfort yourself that you can de-  
 your

your as many figs as you please; whilst liberty, and her attendant virtues, are buried in oblivion.

But the loss of your freedom is not the worst of this business; if that were all it might be borne; for the labour, you will say, is not the same as that of common servants. And yet, let us examine whether your task is not harder than \* *Dromo's* or *Tibius's*: that learning and knowlege, which, he says, induced him to make choice of you, he has in fact no notion of, nor does he trouble himself about it. What, indeed, as the † proverb says, has the ass to do with a lyre? and yet how many there are who pretend to sigh for the wisdom of Homer, the gravity of Demosthenes, the magnanimity of Plato! though, setting aside their riches, there is nothing valuable about them, as their minds are full of nothing but pride, ignorance, ill-nature, and extravagance: he wants you not, therefore, for your learning or knowlege, but because you have got a long beard, and a venerable aspect, and wear a Grecian habit; because you are known to be a grammarian, a philosopher, or an orator; he likes to have a man of your character in his train, for then he

\* *Dromo's or Tibius's*.] The common names of slaves.

† *Proverb says*.] *Asinus ad Lyram*. See Erasmus in *Adagio*.



may be thought fond of Grecian literature himself, and an admirer of those doctrines which it inculcates. What is this then, after all, but to let out your beard and cloak for a few fine speeches ! You must always be seen with him, and can never stay behind, never quit your post, but be constantly at hand to perform your duty. He, perhaps, will condescend to throw his arm round, and joke familiarly with you, to shew the world that, even whilst he is walking the streets, he is not forgetful of the Muses, but employs every leisure minute to the best advantage. You, trudging along, sometimes faster, and sometimes slower, through rough ways, up hill and down (for such, you know, our city is), come in at last sweating and out of breath, and whilst he is chattering with some friend within doors, you stand without ; there is no place to sit down in, and, having nothing else to do, take out a book to divert yourself ; at length, after passing the day without meat or drink, about midnight you get a little supper, not respected or attended as you were at first, but drove up into some corner, to make room for a new guest, gnawing your bone, like a dog, behind, or content with a dry leaf of mallow ; if those who were served before you chance to leave any behind them :

them: nor is this all the indignity you may suffer: for not an egg will they let you have to yourself; you must not pretend to like what strangers are fond of, for that would be impudence in you; nor to expect the same fine birds as they have, plump and crammed; half a chicken, or a dry pigeon may serve you; which is, no doubt, the highest affront they can put upon you: but it often happens that if there is a scarcity, and a new guest comes in, the servant takes away what he had put before you, and carries it to him, whispering, perhaps, in your ear, “you are one of the family.” If a stag, or a sucking pig comes to table, you must depend on the mercy of a kind carver, or turn \* Prometheus, and help yourself to some bones well-covered with fat: for your next neighbour who sits above you, there is always a plate ready as long as he chuses to eat, though nobody will help you to one: who, that had but the spirit of a deer, could tamely bear this? But another thing, which I have not yet mentioned is, that whilst every body else is drinking good old wine, you must swallow that which is thick and good for nothing; you take care, therefore, to drink out of gold or silver, that it may not be known, by

\* *Prometheus.*] See note on Lucian's Prometheus.

the colour of your liquor, of how little consequence you are in such company; but even of this stuff you are not at liberty to drink as much as you please; for it often happens that when you call for it, the \* boy will pretend he never heard you.

This, and more than this, every thing, in short, must hurt you; but, above all, when the fiddler, the dancing master, and the little Alexandrian with his love-songs, is preferred before you; for you must never expect to be held in equal esteem with these tempting minions: you have nothing to do, therefore, but to hide yourself in a corner, lament your fate, and accuse cruel fortune for denying you such allurements. How you wish now that you were a writer of love verses, or even that you could sing those of others, when you see how much these talents are prized! you might stand your

\* *The boy, &c.*] This is painting from nature, which is the same in all times and places. I was myself, not long since, at a great man's table, and in company with an unhappy female dependant on the family, one Mrs. Gibbons, (for that name will serve the reader as well as her real one) who not having been taken notice of in the hob and nob round, took the liberty to signify her inclinations, just by saying in a low voice to the servant as he passed by her, I wish I had a glass of wine, John: to which John very coolly replied (but without helping her to one), I wish you had, Mrs. Gibbons.

ground

ground if you were only a conjurer, or fortune-teller, who promises estates, riches, and empires : for these you see are admitted into the friendship of the great, and rewarded with honours and dignities ; but for all this you are totally unqualified : you must of necessity, therefore, be degraded, and weep your wretched condition in silence and sorrow. If it should be whispered that you are the only one who did not join in applauding your mistress' finger, or dancer, let me tell you, you are in no small danger : you must learn to roar like an old frog, till you are hoarse, and take care that you lead up the chorus ; for when every body else is silent, to throw in a studied eulogium, will shew your skill in adulation : and yet to be crowned and anointed, and at the same time have neither victuals nor drink, is truly ridiculous. You are like the monument of a person lately dead, which the relations dress up, and pour ointments upon, whilst they eat the meat, and drink the wine themselves. Add to all this, that if your patron be jealous, his wife young, or his children handsome, if Venus and the Graces have not utterly renounced you, there may be no small danger. The great have always a number of ears and eyes about them ; eyes that sometimes see, not only what is real

done, but what they would have it thought you do; when you sit at table, therefore, you must look down, as the Persians do, for fear one of the eunuchs should observe your glances, and another, perhaps, reprove you for gazing where you ought not.

At length you leave the feast, and go to bed, from whence roused at the cock-crowing, you get up, and cry out, what a poor miserable wretch am I! doomed thus to quit my old companions, and employments, that sweet sleep, which I could indulge in as long as I pleased, my free and uncontrolled walks! plunged myself into this gulph of misery! good gods! and for what? where is the noble reward I expected? might not I have gained much more than this, and still kept my freedom and my happiness? Like the \* lion, as they say, bound by a thread, I am dragged up and down; and, which is still more dreadful, gain no character, and conciliate no affection. I am awkward and ridiculous in the business, especially when compared to those who make an art of it; besides, I am an ungra-

\* *Like the lion, &c.*] Alluding, perhaps, to the story of Androclus, told by Ælian and others. Postea, says Gellius, videbamus Androclum et leonem loro tenui revinctum, urbe totâ circum tabernas ire, &c. It passed, probably, from this story into a proverbial expression.—*Leo cordula vinetus*—See Erasmus. *Paroemio*.

cious and unacceptable companion, and cannot raise a laugh; I perceive I am often troublesome, and even more so, when I strive to be more than ordinarily pleasant and facetious, then I appear most disgusting, nor do I believe I should ever make myself agreeable to him; for if I preserve my gravity, I seem surly and morose, and he can scarce bear my company; and if I harmonize my face into smiles and complacency, he laughs at and despises me: it is just like a person acting comedy with a † tragic mask on. At present I live only for others; the time, I hope, will come, when I shall live in a very different manner, and for myself alone.

In the midst of these reflections, the bell rings, and you must return to your old course, go of errands, run about, or stand still, as you are bid, taking care always to ‡ oil your knees and thighs beforehand, that you may be ready for the lifts; mean time the way of living, so different from what you were used to, the watchings, fatigue, and toil you undergo, soon wear

† *A tragic mask.*] For an account of the ancient masks, see Hedelin, and the Dissertation on the Ancient Theatre, prefixed to my translation of Sophocles.

‡ *Oil.*] Alluding to the custom of the combatants in the Palæstra, who always prepared for the gymnastic exercises by rubbing their limbs with oil. The parasite dependant confines it to the knees for a very obvious reason.

you out, bring on a consumption, shortness of breath, pains in the bowels, or, perhaps, § a fine gout: you still hold out, however, till bedtime, when you go to rest: but even that relief is often denied you; for your disorder, they will say, is only a pretence, and to avoid doing your duty; with all this you grow pale, and look like a man just at the point of death.

Such is your town life. When you go journeys into the country, which often happens, you will meet with more difficulties. Amongst others, if it rains ever so hard, you must come last (for that is your place), and wait for the carriage, and, perhaps, if there is no room there, must be stuffed in with the cook and your lady's chambermaid in the litter, with hardly straw enough to keep you warm.

\* And here I cannot help relating what Theopompus the Stoic philosopher told me once happened to him, and, ridiculous as it is, may not

§ *A fine gout.*] Lucian says, *την καλην ποδαγραν*, which the Latin translator renders, *præclaram podagrum*, the famous gout.

\* *And here, &c.*] This story of the lap-dog, which is an excellent one, has greatly the air of a modern tale, and seems so correspondent with the present taste and manners, that we can hardly bring ourselves to consider it as told by Lucian so many years ago; I can, notwithstanding, assure my readers that it is faithfully, and almost literally, translated from him.

improbably happen to others also. He lived some time in the house of a very rich and delicate lady; and one day, when they went abroad together, it fell out that a certain minion, with a smooth-shaved chin, and all over perfumes, who, we may suppose, was in high favour with the lady, was ordered to take his place next to our philosopher: his name I think he told me was Chelidonium. What a setting out was this! Think only of a surly old fellow with a long beard, for you know Thesmopolis had a most venerable one, sitting close by a creature with painted cheeks, swimming eyes, and a neck reclined on one side, plucking out the small feathers, of his beard; if they had permitted him he would have worn a hood and scarf, and there would he sit singing loose songs all the way, and even, if they had not prevented him, would have danced in the carriage; these were some of his misfortunes, but now comes another worse than all. Thesmopolis, cries the lady, will you grant me one favour? it is a great one indeed, but I know you will not deny it me: he promises, as you may suppose, to do every thing: it is only this, says she, for I know you are good-natured, careful, and of a loving disposition, only take my little dog, Myrrhina, your old acquaintance



*Into the chariot with you, and take care of her, for she is ill and just ready to pup, and those abominable careless servants will give themselves no trouble even about me, much less about her; during the whole journey, be assured, therefore, you will confer no small obligation on me, by preserving my sweet dog, which I value so much. To this petition, so strongly urged, and almost with tears in her eyes, Theismopolis could not but consent: it was ridiculous enough to see the little animal peeping out of the philosopher's cloak, just under his beard, and every now and then besprinkling him (which by the by he did not mention to me himself), then yelping with a little sharp voice, as those dogs of Melita generally do, and licking his chin, allured, perhaps, by the smell of yesterday's broth upon it: upon which the minion, who is sometimes happy in his jokes upon the company, when he came to Theismopolis observed, not unwittily, that from a Stoic he was turned into a \* Cynic philosopher. I have been told since, that the dog pupp'd in Theismopolis' cloak.*

Thus it is that the great treat, or rather maltreat their dependants, whom by degrees, they

\* *Cynic.*] Alluding to the appellation of dog, generally given to the followers of Diogenes.

render quite tame, and patient under every indignity. I knew a rhetorician who was ordered by his patron to declaim at supper, which he did, not superficially, but handsomely, and in a most elegant manner: they praised him most abundantly, and said he harangued not by water but by wine, not by the hour but by the cask: it was reported he had two hundred drachmas for it: in this, perhaps, there may be no great harm; but if your patron chance to be a poet, or an historian, who will be repeating his works all dinner time, then must you burst your sides with laughing, praise, and admire, and invent every day new modes of flattery. Some there are too who value themselves on their beauty, these you must be sure to call Hyacinthus, and Adonis, though they have noses an ell long; and if you do not extol them, you will be sent to † Dionysius' prison for envious traitors. The rich are always learned and eloquent, and though they commit solecisms ever so often, all they say is full of Attic salt, and the honey of Hymettus, and a law should be made to oblige every body to speak like them for the future.

† *Dionysius' prison.*] A dungeon at Syracuse, built by Dionysius for the reception of state prisoners. Philoxenus the poet was confined in it by the tyrant, for not praising his bad verses. See Cicero's Oration against Verres. \*

From men, perhaps, this may be borne with, but it is still worse when we come to the women; for these too affect to have scholars and men of literature about them, who are hired to attend, and go along with them in their carriages; amongst their other accomplishments, they esteem it a principal thing to be called learned and philosophical, and will make verses little inferior to Sappho! for this purpose they procure rhetoricians, grammarians, and philosophers, and with these all their leisure hours are spent. It often happens that whilst the philosopher is reading, the \* maid brings a letter from the gallant, the lecture upon wisdom and chastity stands still till the lady has answered the epistle, and then they return to it with all possible expedition; when at last, after a considerable length of time, a present is made you, at the † Saturnalia, or ‡ Panathenaica, of a half-worn-out robe. Then a most grand and

\* *The maid.*] The Greeks say ἡ Ἀβρα, — Abra signifies a maid, as Dromo, Xanthias, &c. is used for any man-servant. In Prior's Solomon, the hand maid is called Abra,

And when I call'd another, Abra came.

† *The Saturnalia.*] See the notes on Lucian's Saturnalia.

‡ *Panathenaica.*] A grand Athenian festival in honour of Minerva, celebrated once in five years, and accompanied by a number of rites and ceremonies. For a full account of which refer my readers to Potter's Antiquities, vol. i. p.

pompous ceremony begins : the first man who heard his master, whilst he was doubting whether he should give it you or not, runs before to give you notice, and must not go back without a good fee ; in the morning ten or a dozen come to bring it you, and every one boasts how much he has said in your favour, how warmly he enforced it, and how he chose the best he could for you ; all these must be paid for their trouble, and will grumble, moreover, that you did not give them more.

If your reward is in money, you will be paid by little and little, perhaps two or three oboli at a time ; and if you ask for it, you are troublesome and impertinent : you must beg, pray, and flatter ; pay your court to the steward too, for this is another species of adulation which you must submit to, nor must his intimate friend and counsellor be neglected : and after all, the whole, perhaps, when you have received it, is due to the taylor, the shoemaker, or the physician. Surely § gifts like these are no gifts, and of very little service. In the mean time, some lie is raised against you to your patron, who is ready to believe every thing ; he perceives now that you are worn out by perpetual

§ *Gifts.*] *Εχθρῶν ἀδωρὰ δῶρα, καὶ ἐκ' ὀσμῆς.*

See the *Ajax* of Sophocles.  
toils,

toils, perform your duty but lamely, fall off in your strength, and, perhaps, slide by degrees into the gout; and after he has enjoyed the flower of your age, and exhausted your powers, when your body and your coat are both worn out, looks about for some dunghill to throw you upon, that he may pick up another who is better able to serve him. He accuses you then of debauching his wife's maid, or some such thing, and you are turned out headlong at midnight; old as you are, poor, friendless, and, perhaps, with a swinging gout upon you. After such a length of time, you have forgot every thing which you knew, and have nothing left but a belly as big as a hog-head, which you can neither fill nor get rid of; for your throat, from habit, is perpetually soliciting you, and cannot without murmur and repining unlearn what it has been so long accustomed to. Thus worn out as you are, nobody else will take you in, for you are now like an old horse, whose very skin is good for nothing. Add to this, that the scandal of being turned off will make people suspect you as an adulterer, a forcerer, or something worse; your accuser will be believed, as a man of credit; but you are a Greek, of a light character, and fit for every thing that is bad; for such they  
sup-

suppose us all to be, and, perhaps, with some justice. The cause of this opinion, I believe, may be easily guessed at; many of us, who know nothing good or useful, get into houses, where they practise magic, and fortune-telling, promise people success in love, and pretend they can turn aside misfortunes on the heads of their enemies; and this they do by boasting their learning, putting on long cloaks, and wearing such beards as are not to be despised. It is no wonder, therefore, they should suspect us all, when those whom they had so high an opinion of, are guilty of such things, and submit to the meanest flattery for the sake of gain.

Those whom they dismiss from their service, moreover, they generally bear the most inveterate hatred against, and endeavour as much as they can utterly to ruin and destroy; naturally supposing that such men will lay open their whole lives and manners, which they are intimately acquainted with, and this it is which hurts them; for they exactly resemble those books whose outside is purple and gold, and within you find nothing but Thyestes feeding on his own children, Oedipus committing incest with his mother, or Tereus pursuing the two sisters: such are these men also, very fine and splendid, with a great deal of tragedy under

der their purple; if you open one of them you will find a fit subject for Sophocles or Euripides, though they are all gold and finery without: conscious of this, they always hate, and plan the destruction of those whom they have turned away, and who know them well, lest they should bring them on the public stage.

And now I could wish to set before you, in the manner of \* Cebes, an exact image or picture of this kind of life, that you might carefully observe and consider whether you would choose to enter into it. Would I could meet with an Apelles or Parrhasius, an Ætion or Euphranor, to paint it for me! but since none can now be found possessed of their skill and genius, I will give you a slight sketch of my own, and do my best for you. † Imagine then a lofty palace, not low on the earth, but raised on an eminence far above it, covered with gold: let the ascent to it be long, steep, and slippery, so that those who hoped they had just reached the summit, frequently slip down and fall; within let Plutus be seated, all

\* *Cebes.*] Alluding to the famous *Tabula Cebetis*, still extant, a translation of which the reader will meet with in Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*; see likewise the *Spectator*, and an elegant poem in Dodsley's *Collection*.

† *Imagine then.*] Lucian has here given us a very good imitation of Cebes, in a beautiful allegorical picture, which I should be glad to see executed on canvas by the masterly hand of our Reynolds, West, or Angelica.

over

over gold, beautiful and lovely : the candidate with difficulty reaches the gate, and gazes on the treasures ; Hope, in full beauty, and cloathed in a garment of divers colours, leads him on, and he is soon received by two females, Fraud and Slavery, who deliver him over to the hands of Labour ; by him he is well disciplined, and passed on to Old Age : he grows sick, and his colour changes ; then comes Infamy, seizes on, and leads him to Despair ; Hope, from that moment vanishes, and is seen no more : he retires, not through the golden gate which he entered at, but by a narrow private passage, naked, pot-helly'd, pale, and worn out with age ; with one hand covering his nakedness, with the other endeavouring to throttle himself : as he goes out he is met by Repentance, weeping in vain, and only making the wretched more unhappy : this finishes the picture.

And now, my good Timocles, examine the whole, and think within yourself, whether you would wish to enter on such a life, through the first gate, if you were obliged to go out so shamefully at the latter. Whatever your determination is, remember the wise man's saying,

God is blameless, and the fault lies in our own choice†.

† *God is, &c.*] See Plato's Republic.



# T H E A P O L O G Y.

*Some Time after the Appearance of the preceding Tract on Dependants, and when LUCIAN, as he has himself informed us, was far advanced in Years, he had the good Fortune to be preferred, by the Emperor M. Aurelius, to a Place of great Honour and Profit, which seems, by his own Account of it, to have been little less than the Government of some extensive Province. His Enemies (for such, Men of superior Wit and Genius will always have), did not fail, we may suppose, to reproach him for accepting this Place, which they considered as incompatible with that Freedom and Independence, so warmly recommended by him in every Part of his Writings, and particularly in the above mentioned Tract, which this APOLOGY is written in Defence of. In this Letter before us, LUCIAN artfully puts the Objections of his Enemies into the Mouth of his Friend, every one of which he afterwards fairly refutes, by proving at last, that the Arguments they made use of did not at all reach, or affect him, as the taking Wages from a private Patron, and submitting to the meanest Offices for Hire, was a very different Thing from filling an honourable Post under the Emperor himself\*.*

\* With regard to this circumstance (forgive the vanity, kind reader), there seems to be some similitude between  
Lu-

**I** Have often, my dear Sabinus, debated with myself concerning the opinion you would entertain, and the manner in which you would speak of my late tract on Dependants in Great Families. I take it for granted you could not peruse it without a smile; permit me now to add, what at this distance of time, I imagine, you will say about it. If I have any skill in prophecy, I think you will speak thus: "can there, say you, be a man, who after writing such things, after so pompous a declamation against this kind of life, could thus suddenly forget all he had said, and having thus, as they \* say, changed his shell, at last voluntarily embraces a state of servitude? How many Midas's, Cræsus's, and Pactolus's must have conspired to draw him aside, to persuade him to quit fair freedom, who had brought up and attended him from his earliest years, and when he

LUCIAN and his TRANSLATOR; it was the fate of them both, after a life of labour and disappointment, to be honoured in the decline of it, by the notice and patronage of their Sovereign. Whether the resemblance between us holds in any other particular, must be left to the determination of the reader.

\* *As they say.*] Greek, *ὡς φασι μετὰ πικρίας* cadente alter calculo, a proverbial saying, alluding to the shell used in oracism amongst the Athenians, analogous to our balloting-bean in elections.

was hastening towards † Æacus, when he had already one foot in ‡ Charon's boat, could induce him to put on a gold chain, and be dragged about by it, like a squirrel, or a monkey ! How different is the practice from the precept ! it is, as they say, a stream running backwards, a palinody, every thing, in short, turned the wrong way ; the || poet applies this to Troy and Helen, but it is equally true, when words are thus contradicted by facts."

Thus, most probably, you will talk to yourself ; and, perhaps, may give me some advice, not impertinent nor unreasonable, but friendly, and becoming a wise and good man, as I know you to be : if therefore I should assume your character, and represent it well, it may be of service to me, and an acceptable sacrifice to the god of eloquence ; if I fail, you must yourself supply the deficiency. Let the scene then be changed : I must submit in silence to be cut up and ¶ branded for my health's sake, whilst

† *Towards.*] i. e. Towards death. Æacus was one of the judges in hell, consequently, he who goes to Æacus must go to the grave.

‡ *In Charon's boat.*] There is a remarkable similitude between the Greek expression and our own, of a sick or old man's having " one foot in the grave."

|| *The poet.*] Stesichorus, we are told, was punished with blindness, for writing a palinody, or abuse of Helen.

¶ *Branded.*] Alluding to the punishment which Lucian

whilst you prepare your medicines, your knife, and your searing-iron. And now, Sabinus, you take your turn to speak, and begin thus :

“ There was a time, my friend, when what you wrote met with the highest approbation, as well from those who heard it repeated in the public assembly, and who mentioned it to me, as by those men of letters, who perused and admired it in private : the \* style, was by no means contemptible ; it contained a good deal of history, shewed great knowledge of men and things, was delivered with clearness and perspicuity, and, above all, it had the merit of being useful, especially to men of education, by preventing them from throwing themselves, through ignorance and inexperience, into the worst of slavery. But since you have changed your opinion, taken your last farewell of liberty, and adopted that vile precept,

Where much is to be gain'd against our nature,  
We must be servile †.

was for inflicting on the hypocritical philosophers, in his tract on Dependents.

\* *The style, &c.*] Greek, Λογὴν παρασκευή. Lucian's thus sounding forth his own praises, through the mouth of his friend, favours a little of authorial vanity ; but where is the wit who ever lived without some share of it ?

† *Where much, &c.*] Greek,

Ὅπου το κέρδος παρὰ φύσιν ἐβλαύτιον.

See the Phaniſſæ of Euripides, l. 408.

Take care that for the future nobody hear you repeating out of that book, neither should you permit any of those who see your present way of life ever to look into it. Rather pour out your vows to infernal Mercury, to dip in the waters of Lethe all such as have seen or read it. We shall otherwise tell a Corinthian fable of you, and say that, like † Bellerophon, you carry letters for your own destruction. Nor, by Jupiter, do I see what excuse, that carries any ‡ face with it, you can plead in defence of such conduct; especially, if your accusers do it with a sneer, commend your writings, and

† *Like Bellerophon.*] Bellerophon, the son of Glaucus, king of Corinth (for which reason Lucian calls it a Corinthian tale), had retired to the court of Prætus, king of Argos, whose wife, Stenobia, fell in love with him, but he refusing, like Joseph, to have any concern with her, she accused him to her husband of offering violence to her; the king, that he might not violate the rights of hospitality, sent away Bellerophon, with letters to Iobates, king of Lycia, Stenobia's father, requesting him immediately to make an end of the supposed adulterer. Bellerophon carried the letter himself, little suspecting the contents of it. The story adds, that Iobates sent Bellerophon to kill a monster called the Chimera, imagining he would perish in the attempt. Bellerophon, however, disappointed his enemies, and subdued the monster. ~ The Bellerophontis literæ passed into a proverb. See Eiasm. Prov. and Hom. Il. 2'. l. 155.

‡ *Any face.*] Greek, *Εὐσεβειῶς*; the expression is remarkable, and the translation literal.

the

the freedom that appears in them, and at the same time observe the writer submitting voluntarily to the yoke, and enslaving himself.

“ Well might they say, either that the book was none of your’s, and, like a jay, you strutted in borrowed feathers; or, if you really did write it, that you act like § Salathus of Crotona, who was so much celebrated for the severe law which he made against adulterers, and was afterwards himself convicted of it with his brother’s wife: it was more pardonable, indeed, in Salathus, who was desperately in love, as he observed in his defence; he threw, himself into the fire with the greatest resolution, though the Crotonians pitied him, and would have changed his sentence into banishment. Your behaviour is certainly more absurd, to abuse, in the manner you did, in a laboured speech, the meanness and servility of those who get into great men’s houses, there to suffer so many indignities; and yet, after this, in the extremity

§ *Salathus*.] I do not remember to have met with this story of Salathus in any other author, though there is something like it in *Ælian’s Var. Hist.* where the person is called *Zaleneus*; it serves, however, to prove that in ancient times there were places where the crime of adultery was punished with death. If such a law were ever to take place amongst us, how it would thin this populous kingdom!

of old age, when you have already almost passed the usual limits of human life, to enter into this shameful servitude, and seem, as it were, even to glory in it. The more celebrated you are, the more ridiculous will men think you, whilst your present life thus gives the lie to your past professions. But there is no need of fresh accusations against you, after the \* poet's excellent observation, " I hate (says he), the wise man, who is not wise for himself." They will say, moreover, perhaps, that you are like the tragedy actors, who represent when on the stage, one Agamemnon, another Creon, and another Hercules; but when off, are nothing more than Polus, or Aristodemus, hireling players, driven off frequently, hissed, and sometimes, if the audience think proper, well † flogged. Others may compare you to Cleopa-

\* *The poet's, &c.*] Euripides, in some tragedy of his, not now extant. Cicero quotes this sentiment in a letter to Tribatius, " qui ipsi sibi sapienter prodesse non quia nequicquam sapit." See *Epist. Fam.*

† *Flogged.*] Lucian mentions this extraordinary exertion of magisterial power over the poor players, in his *Fisherman*.

If our players were to be sent in this manner to the house of correction, as often as they acted miserably, how few would venture to enroll themselves in his majesty's company of comedians!

tra's † monkey, who, they tell us, had learned to dance gracefully, and in tune, and was wonderfully admired for her elegance and decorum, adapting her every motion and gesture to the hymenæal song; but chancing to espy some figs, I think, or almonds, at a little distance from her, took a sudden farewell at once of the flutes, songs, and dances, threw the mask away, or rather tore it off, laid hold on the fruit, and most voraciously devoured it.

“ You, they will say, who are not an actor, but a professor of wisdom, and a legislator, are but too like the ape with the figs; you carry your philosophy but on the outside of your lips, and,

\* Think one thing, and another tell.

So that what you quoted may be properly applied to yourself—you

† Just touch the lips, but never wet the tongue.

a fit punishment for one who could thus bold-

‡ *Monkey* ] The story of Cleopatra's monkey, which is an excellent one, nearly resembles Æsop's fable of the cat turned into a woman, and verifies the observation of Horace,

Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret.

\* *Think, &c.*]

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,

My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

See Pope's *Homer's Iliad*, book ix. l. 411.

† *Just touch, &c.*] See page 104, and the note under it.



ly censure the necessities of others, and afterwards solemnly abjure and renounce his own freedom. It seems as if, whilst men were admiring your eloquent abuse, † *Adrastea* stood behind, foreseeing your future conduct, laughed at you for not \* spitting on yourself first, before you accused others of doing, what from a variety of misfortunes they were forced to submit to.

“ If † *Æschines*, after his accusation of *Timarchus*, had been convicted of the same crime, with what ridicule would he have been treated by his audience, for reproaching *Timarchus* with the commission of that, in his earliest years, which he was himself guilty of in his old age ! You are, in short, like that ‖ apothecary, who boasted that he had an infallible remedy for a cough, and was at the same time torn to pieces with one himself.”

† *Adrastea*.] Supposed to be the same as *Nemesis*, employed by the gods to execute vengeance on the guilty.

\* *Spitting*.] The superstitious imagined that spitting on their bosoms would prevent the ill effects of fascination, or the immediate punishment of any crime they had committed,

—— Lest enchantment should my limbs infest,  
I thrice-times dropp'd my spittle on my breast.

See *Fawkes's The xcitius*, *Id.* vi. l. 51.

† *Æschines*.] See *Plutarch*.

‖ *Apothecary*.] According to the old adage, “ physician, cure thyself.”

These and a thousand such reproaches my accusers will bring against me on so copious a subject; let me consider, now, how I must defend myself, would it be best to give it up at once, turn tail, acknowledge my guilt, and flee to the common excuse, lay it all upon fortune, fate, and destiny; tell my accusers, that they should ask pardon for their severity, when they come to consider that we have no † will of our own in any thing, but that all is determined by something of a superior nature, and that we are not answerable for what we say or do: or will you say, my friend, that the excuse is mean and vulgar, and such as you will never admit, even though I should bring Homer to support it, and cry out with him,

\* Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,

or, where he says,

† *No will, &c.*] Most of the ancient philosophers, and three parts of their followers were fatalists and predestinarians: too many moderns, we must acknowledge, have fallen into the same error, and say with Prior,

Let people call us cheats and fools,  
Our cards, and we, are equal tools,  
Poor men! poor papers! we and they,  
Do some impulsive force obey,  
And are but play'd with; do not play.

See Prior's *Alma*.

\* *Fix'd, &c.*] Part of Hector's speech to Andromache.  
See Pope's *Homer's Iliad*, book vi, l. 627.

My life was spun so short † by fate's design.

But if, passing over this excuse, as little credit would be given to such, I should tell you, that I was not induced to embrace this kind of life by any pecuniary motive whatsoever, but from the real esteem and admiration of my patron's wisdom, courage, and magnanimity; to your other accusations against me, you would only, I fear, add the crime of flattery; say, I get rid of a small fault, by admitting a greater in its room, and thus, according to the old adage, drive out ‡ one nail by another, as adulation is doubtless, of all things, the meanest, and most servile.

If, after all, neither of these excuses will suffice, what remains but to confess that I have no excuse at all: the only anchor I can trust to is to lament my infirmities, old age, and poverty, which makes us do, and suffer all things; and here it may not be unseasonable to call in the Medea of Euripides to my assistance, to make her come forward, and cry out (with a little alteration only),

† *By fate's, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. xx.

‡ *One nail, &c.*] This Greek proverb was adopted by the Romans, *novo quidam amore veterem amorem tamquam clavum clavo ejiciundum putant.* See Tull. Tusc. Qu.

Too well I know the purposed wickedness  
 I mean to act, but poverty o'er-rules  
 Those better counsels, which my conscious mind  
 In vain suggests.

And who will not call to mind what Theognis says, “that a man would be in the right to throw himself into the deep ocean, or down from the steep promontory, if by that means he could escape from the cruel hand of penury.”

Such are the apologies which might be made use of in this case, not one of which, to say the truth, is very satisfactory; make yourself easy, my friend, notwithstanding, for I shall not rest my defence upon any of them. Never shall Argos be so pinched by famine, as to be obliged to endeavour to cultivate † Cyllarabis; nor I, it is to be hoped, ever stand so much in need of an apology, as to flee for shelter to arguments so poor and contemptible. Consider

\* *Too well, &c.*] From Euripides, with a little alteration.

† *Cyllarabis.*] Greek, Κυλλαρabis, which Grævius has very properly substituted in the room of Κοιλη Αραβιη, cava Arabia, which was unintelligible. This Cyllarabis was a gymnasium, or place set apart for public exercises, and sacred to the gods, consequently, not to be employed for any prophane use; even in times of famine, therefore, they were not to sow or plant in it. The expression was, perhaps, proverbial, and means just the same as if we were to say, let us want bread ever so much, we must not turn St. Paul's into a plough field.

the

the great difference there is between coming in-  
to a great man's family for hire, submitting to  
every kind of slavery, and suffering all the hard-  
ships mentioned in my book, and entering into  
a public employment, performing it to the  
best of your abilities, and receiving a reward  
from the emperor for it! Reflect on the situ-  
ation of these two men; they are at least, as  
we say in music, † a double octave distant from  
each other, and no more alike than lead is to  
silver, brass to gold, the rose to the anemone,  
or a man to a monkey. Both, indeed, are paid  
for what they do, and both do it by command  
of their superiors; but still the thing itself is  
very different with regard to each of them; for  
in the first, the slavery is manifest, they are  
no better than common servants; whereas those  
who are in a public employment, who make  
themselves useful to whole cities and kingdoms,  
surely it would be unjust to abuse, and put on  
a level with the other, merely because they  
were rewarded for it; as, by this rule, such as  
held the greatest offices, directed the state of  
nations, or had the care of legions and whole  
armies entrusted to them, would be deemed

† *Double octave.*] Greek, διδοκταύων. For an explana-  
tion and illustration of this term, I refer my readers to  
my friend Dr. Burney's excellent Dissertation on the Mu-  
sic of the Ancients.

disso-

dishonourable, because they also have a reward; all, therefore, are not equally to be condemned who are paid for their labours: nor did I ever say they were equally unhappy; I only pitied those who served for hire, in the character of tutors and instructors: but the employment which I am engaged in, my friend, is of a very different nature; in private I am as free as ever, and in public have \* no small concern in a most powerful empire, and bear a part in the administration of it. You will please to consider, that it is in a great measure committed to my care, to preside over, and regulate the courts of judicature, write over the records, digest and put in order the speeches of the pleaders, preserve, with care and accuracy, the edicts of the emperor, and faithfully deliver them down to posterity; add to this, that my salary is paid me by no private man, but by the prince himself; that it is no mean one, but consists of many talents; there are, withal, good expectations, and those very probable, of something still better, some royal commands to be

\* *No small concern.*] We cannot exactly determine what Lucian's employment under the emperor was; some call him intendant of Egypt, others governor, steward, &c. We find at least by his own testimony, that it was a place of considerable honour, and we may suppose very profitable also,

per-

performed by me, or, perhaps, the whole nation committed to my care and inspection.

But, not content with refuting the accusation, I will go still farther, and venture to assert, that no man does any thing without being paid for it. Those who are employed in the highest offices need not be named, when even the emperor has his reward; for, not to mention the annual taxes and tributes which he receives from the people, the honours, praises, and adoration, which are paid him in return for his beneficence, with the statues and temples erected to him, what are they but so many rewards for his providential care, and advancement of the public welfare! To compare great things with small, therefore, take any particle of the large heap from the top to the bottom, and you will find that there is no difference between us, except that some are great and some little; but all equally mercenary.

If, indeed, I had said that nobody should do any thing at all, I might justly be accused of contradicting my own precepts; but there is no such thing in my book: on the other hand, every good man, I say, should labour: and to what can he better apply himself than to be useful to his friends, placed as he is in this world on purpose to give proofs of his diligence,

ligence, fidelity, and attention to the business and employment allotted to him, that he may not, as Homer says,

† Live an idle burthen to the ground.

But, above all, I beg my accusers will remember, that I am no wise man (if any such there be), but one of the many who profess the art of rhetoric, and have acquired some reputation in it, but never pretended to reach the summit of virtue, and perfection; which, indeed, gives me no great concern, as I never yet met with any who thoroughly filled or supported the character of a truly wise man. With regard to yourself, I should be greatly surprised to hear you find fault with my manner of life, who, in your travels to Gaul, and the Western Ocean, found me amongst the most celebrated Sophists, teaching rhetoric, and receiving most ample rewards for it.

This, my friend, though in the greatest hurry of business, I could not help writing in my own vindication, as I thought it of the utmost consequence to be thoroughly \* acquitted

† *Live, &c.*] Achilles's speech on the death of Patroclus. See *Iliad*, book xviii. l. 104.

\* *Acquitted.*] Greek, *την λευκην*, *album calculus*, alluding to the custom of condemning or acquitting by black or white stones.



ted by you. As to the rest of the world, should they all write to condemn me, I shall only say,—— † it is nothing to Hippoclides.

Mos erat antiquis niveis atrisque lapillis  
His damnare reos, illis absolvere culpa.

Ovid. Met. l. 15.

Afterwards they made use of beans for the same purpose.

† *It is nothing, &c.*] See Lucian's Philopatris.

# HERMOTIMUS.

## A DIALOGUE.

UCIAN, in the Character of LYCINUS, which he assumes in this Dialogue, laughs at the various Sects of Philosophers, rallies their Absurdities, condemns their partial Attachments to their own Tenets, and exposes their Pride and Self-sufficiency. His Irony is delicate, his Allusions ingenious, and most of his Arguments, in favour of that Scepticism which he supports, unanswerable. A Vein of good Sense and close Reasoning runs through the whole. The Style is clear, flowing, and perspicuous.

LYCINUS, HERMOTIMUS.

LYCINUS.

**B**Y the book in your hand, and the haste you seem to be in, you are going, I guess, with all speed to your master; you are meditating, I observe, as you go along, move your lips gently, and saw your hands backwards and forwards, as if you were repeating some speech to yourself, discussing a knotty point, or planning a piece of sophistry; resolving, I suppose, not to be idle, even upon the road, but  
always

always at work, and doing something for your improvement.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

Lycinus, you are right, for so indeed it is : I was running over yesterday's lesson in my memory, and repeating every thing my great master had said in it : we should let no time pass, I think, unemployed, well knowing the truth of what the \* Coan sage remarked, that " Life is short, and art long." This is said of physic, a thing much easier learned than philosophy, which cannot be attained even by length of time, unless we keep our eyes perpetually fixed upon it, and of no little moment is that trial, which is to determine whether we are to be miserable, amidst the filth and pollution of the vulgar, or lead a life of philosophic happiness.

## L Y C I N U S.

The reward you speak of is great, indeed, and long, I think, it cannot be before you are in the possession of it, if I may judge from the time you have studied philosophy, and the labour you have gone through in the search of it : for, if I remember right, you have done nothing for these twenty years past but run

\* *Coan sage.*] Hippocrates.—This is the first of his aphorisms.

after masters, buried yourself in books, and wrote diaries; your face pale with study, and your body emaciated by constant watching, so swallowed up in it, as scarce to afford yourself time for sleep or refreshment: when I reflect on this, I cannot suppose but you will very soon reach the utmost height of human happiness, if you are not, perhaps, without our knowledge, got there already.

HERMOTIMUS.

How is that possible, Lycinus, when I am now but just in sight of it! Virtue, as \* Hesiod tells us, dwells afar off from us, the way to her is long, steep, and rugged, nor little is the traveller's toil in search of her.

LYCINUS.

And have not you toiled and travelled enough already?

HERMOTIMUS.

Not yet, my Lycinus; for had I reached the summit I should be completely happy: at present I have but just begun my journey.

LYCINUS.

The beginning, you know, says the same Hesiod, is one half; so that we may now suppose you to be about the middle.

\* *Hesiod.*] See his "Weeks and Days."

H E R M O T I M U S.

Not so far : much, indeed, of my task would then be finished.

L Y C I N U S.

Whereabouts, then, may we venture to place you ?

H E R M O T I M U S.

At the foot of the mountain : all my strength is necessary in the struggle to get up, for the way is rough, and slippery ; I want a hand stretched out to help me forward.

L Y C I N U S.

Your master is 'the fittest then ; he, like Homer's Jupiter, will let down the † golden chain, his own instruction, and lift you up to himself, and that virtue which he has long since ascended to.

H E R M O T I M U S.

There you are right ; for if it had depended on him I should have got up there long ago ; but I am too weak myself.

† *Golden chain.*] Alluding to Jupiter's speech in the 8th book of Homer's Iliad, where he says,

Let down your golden, everlasting chain,  
Strive all, of mortal, and immortal birth,  
To drag by this the thund'rer down to earth,  
Ye strive in vain ! if I but stretch this hand,  
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land.

See Pope's Iliad, book viii. l. 25.

L Y-

LYCINUS.

Be confident, however; <sup>take</sup> ~~take~~ courage, and look forward to the end of your journey, the summit of happiness, especially as he will assist and support you; in the mean time, what hope does he give you? How long do you think it will be before you reach the top of this mountain? when the mysteries are over, or after the \* Panathenæa?

HERMOTIMUS.

You have set a short time, indeed.

LYCINUS.

Next Olympiad, then.

HERMOTIMUS.

Much too little still for the practice of virtue, and the possession of true felicity.

LYCINUS.

Well, in two Olympiads, at farthest, it must be; or they will say you are idle indeed, when a man might easily go thrice in that time, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Indies and back again, even though he should not travel straight on, but ramble about the countries in his way thither. How much higher and more slippery is this same hill of Virtue, pray, than the fa-

\* *Panathenæa*] Which was celebrated only once in five years.

mous † *Aornus*, which Alexander took in a few days?

## H E R M O T I M U S.

There is not the least resemblance, Lycinus, between what you talk of, which might be done in a very short time, and our fort; which a thousand Alexanders could never take; if they could, numbers would have been there; but the truth is, many attempt it with all their might, and get on a little, some more, some less, but when they are half way there, meet with so many obstacles that they turn back, reeking with the toil, out of breath, and impatient of the labour; whilst those who persevere to the end, reach the summit, and from that time lead a life of perfect ease and happiness, looking down from the seat of eminence on the rest of mankind, as on so many pigmires.

## L Y C I N U S.

O heaven! Hermotimus, what poor creatures you make of us, worse than pigmies, we crawl only on the surface of the earth; and no wonder, indeed, for you can think of nothing but high things, exalted as you are above us, and we, the scum, who creep here below, must worship,

† *Aornus*.] A very high rock in India, so called from its exceeding the flight of any bird. This rock was taken by Alexander, or rather abandoned by the enemy, in his expedition to India. See Q. Curtius and Arrian.

as gods, you who are got above the clouds, and carried up thus to the summit you were in such haste to get up to.

HERMOTIMUS.

Would it were so, Lycinus ! but a great deal remains to be done yet.

LYCINUS.

But you have not told us how much, that we may compute the time necessary.

HERMOTIMUS.

Nor do I know it exactly myself ; in about twenty years, however, I imagine we may reach to the top.

LYCINUS.

O Hercules ! what an age !

HERMOTIMUS.

The struggle, consider, is for something of the greatest value.

LYCINUS.

It may be so : but with regard to these twenty years, did your master promise you should live so long ? he is not only a wise man, I suppose, but a prophet, or skilled in the knowledge of the Chaldæans, who, they say, are acquainted with these things ; for surely if it was uncertain whether your life would be prolonged till you were in possession of this virtue, it is scarce probable that you should go through



so much labour, and torment yourself night and day, when you did not know but, perhaps, as soon as you had got near the top, fate on a sudden should seize on, and at once deprive you of every hope.

H E R M O T I M U S. .

Away with your ill omens : grant heaven I may live, though but for a day, to be happy in the enjoyment of true wisdom !

L Y C I N U S.

And will one day satisfy you for all your toil and trouble ?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Yes : an hour, a minute, the least particle of time is enough for me.

L Y C I N U S.

But how do you know whether the things above, for which you suffer all this, are in truth such blessings, and can impart such happiness, when you were never there yourself, to experience them ?

H E R M O T I M U S.

I trust to what my master tells me ; he has got to the summit, and knows it all.

L Y C I N U S.

By the gods, then, I intreat you, my friend, inform me, what says he ? how do they live there, and in what does their happiness consist ? in riches, glory, or pleasures the most exquisite ?

H E R-

HERMOTIMUS.

Talk more soberly, dear Lycinus; a life of virtue has nothing to do with such things as these.

LYCINUS.

If these are not, what says he are the rewards of all their labour?

HERMOTIMUS.

Wisdom, fortitude, the beautiful, the just, the consciousness of knowing how every thing is conducted; but riches, glory, pleasures, every thing corporeal, every thing terrestrial, are left here below, and the man, like Hercules, who perished in the flames on mount Oeta, becomes a God; he, we know, shook off all that was mortal, all that he inherited from his mother, and, purged of his dross by fire, put on pure uncorrupt divinity, and fled to the gods: thus also it is that these purified by philosophy, as it were by fire, look down upon all those things which others hold in admiration; and, raised to the summit, live a life of happiness, without even the least remembrance of riches, glory, or pleasures, laughing at and contemning all such as esteem or value them.

LYCINUS.

Now, by Ætian Hercules, I swear, Hermotimus, most wonderful must be their fortitude, and great their felicity; but, pray, inform me

of one thing; may they come down from the mountain, if they please, and enjoy those things at any time which they left behind them; or are they obliged, when they are once got up, to remain there with virtue, and to despise riches and pleasures?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Not only so, Lycinus, but whoever is grown \* perfect in virtue from that time can never be a slave to anger, fear, or any passion; never is affected by sorrow, trouble, or calamity.

L Y C I N U S.

And yet, if one might speak the truth, but we must take care what we say, as it were impious, I suppose, to enquire into the affairs of the wise —

H E R M O T I M U S.

By no means: speak whatever you please.

L Y C I N U S.

You see, my friend, I am afraid.

\* *Perfect in virtue.*] This was a doctrine worthy of the self-conceited Stoics. Little should we expect to find it adopted in a Christian community: and yet of the very same nature is the Methodists doctrine of Assurance, which informs us, that the elect, after they are once become regenerate, or born anew, can never fall back into sin, or be guilty of any crime; a doctrine totally opposite to the dictates of our blessed Saviour, who bids us “Whilst we stand take heed lest we fall.”

H E R-

HERMOTIMUS.

Fear nothing : we are all alone.

LYCINUS.

To speak freely then, Hermotimus, whilst you were relating to me how these men became wise, brave, just, and so forth, I listened with attention, gave you credit for it all, and was pleased with your discourse : but when you told me they despised glory and riches, and pleasures, and that they never were angry, or uneasy, there I must own, between ourselves (for there is nobody by), I began to doubt, recollecting what I had just before seen done by a certain person, shall I name him, or is it enough —

HERMOTIMUS.

O no, tell me who it was, I beseech you.

LYCINUS.

Even your own good master ; a man in all other respects truly estimable, and, as you know, far advanced in years.

HERMOTIMUS.

And what did he do ?

LYCINUS.

You know his disciple, the stranger of Heraclea, who came every day to him to learn philosophy, a red-haired man, and rather fiery ?

HERMOTIMUS.

I know who you mean ; his name is Dion.

LY-

L Y C I N U S.

The same. This man, because, I suppose, he had not paid him the money due in proper time, did he drag before a magistrate, seizing him by the collar, and roaring in a most violent passion; and if some friends, who happened to come by, had not delivered the youth out of his hands, I verily believe the old man would have bit his nose off.

H E R M O T I M U S.

That Dion is a bad man; he was always ungrateful, and slow in his payments; my master never acted so to any body else; for they generally pay him when it is due.

L Y C I N U S.

And if they did not, my good friend, what would it signify to him who is purged by philosophy, and can never want any thing; having left, you know, all cares of that sort behind him on \* mount Oeta.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Can you imagine it is on his own account that he troubles himself about these things? No, my friend; he has small children, and his care is for them, lest they should come to want.

\* *Mount Oeta.*] Alluding to the comparison made a little before, by Hermotimus, of the retreat of Hercules to mount Oeta.

L Y.

LYCINUS.

He should have brought them up to virtue also, that they might enjoy the same happiness as himself, and be able to despise riches.

HERMOTIMUS.

At present, Lycinus, I really have not time to dispute this matter with you, for I am this moment going to his lectures, and am afraid I shall be too late.

LYCINUS.

Give yourself no trouble, my good friend, on that account : you need not proceed any farther ; for there is a suspension of arms.

HERMOTIMUS.

What do you mean ?

LYCINUS.

That you will not see him this time, if we are to give any credit to his proclamation ; a bill is put up at his door in great letters, informing us that there is to be no disputation to-day ; the reason it seems is, that he supped last night with Eucrates, who gave a treat on his daughter's birth-day, talked much at the feast, and entered into a warm debate with Euthydemus, the Peripatetic, about something in which he and the Stoic seldom agree ; the noise made his head ach, there was a deal of contest, and the dispute, they say, lasted till midnight ;  
he

he had drunk, I suppose, besides, a little too much, provoked to it by the company, as is usual on these occasions, and eat more, withal, than an old man should; when he came home he cascaded plentifully, it seems, and scraping together the remnants, which he had given to the boy that stood behind him, he locked them up carefully, and went to sleep; leaving orders that nobody should be admitted.\* This I had from his servant Midas, who told it to several of his scholars, that were obliged to return back.

H E R M O T I M U S.

But pray, Lycinus, which had the best of it? my master or Euthydemus? Did Midas say any thing of that?

L Y C I N U S.

The superiority was for a long time undecided, till victory at length declared on your side, and the old man had greatly the advantage; Euthydemus, indeed, departed, not without bloodshed, having received a terrible wound on the head; for, being extremely restless and obstinate, and unwilling to be convinced or refuted, your most excellent master, happening to have by chance a cup in his hand, a truly \*  
Nef-

\* *Nestor's an.*] Alluding to Nestor's goblet, mentioned in the eleventh book of the Iliad:

Nestorian one indeed, threw it directly at his head, as he sat pretty close to him; and thus gained a complete victory.

HERMOTIMUS.

And nobly was it done: there is no other way of treating those who refuse to yield to their betters.

LYCINUS.

It is as you say, Hermotimus, the most rational method. How abominable and ridiculous it was in Euthydemus, thus to provoke an old man, a stranger to passion, and superior to resentment, especially when he had such a heavy cup in his hand! but as we have at present nothing else to do, why should not you entertain me with an account of the manner in which you first began to philosophize, that I may myself strike into the same path, and enter immediately, if possible, into it: this is a favour

A goblet, sacred to the Pylian kings,  
From eldest times; emboss'd with studs of gold.  
Two feet support it, and four handles hold;  
On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,  
In sculptur'd gold, two turtles seem'd to drink;  
A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him.

See Pope's Iliad, b. xi. l. 773.

One cannot read the description of so elegant a piece of furniture, without admiring the high and finished state of the fine arts, in times so remote as the age of Homer.

which,



which, being such friends as we are, you cannot well refuse me.

H E R M O T I M U S.

If you are really desirous of it, Lycinus, you will soon perceive how superior you will be to all mankind, who will appear but as boys in comparison to you, so greatly will you excel in wisdom.

L Y C I N U S.

I shall be thoroughly satisfied, if after twenty years I should be the same as you are now.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Never fear but you will: I was just of your age when I began; about forty, I suppose.

L Y C I N U S.

You are right: be pleased, therefore, to lead me in the same path: but, pray, inform me first, do you permit scholars to ask questions, and contradict, if any thing you tell them seems wrong, or is this freedom never taken?

H E R M O T I M U S.

\* Never: you may, notwithstanding, ask any questions you please: perhaps you may learn the better for it.

\* *Never.*] The disciples, both of the Stoic and Aristotelian school, were obliged to subscribe implicitly to the ipse dixit, and as Horace says,

Jurare in verba magistri.

L Y.

LYCINUS.

So Hermes, whence you borrow your name, protect me! but tell me, my good friend, is there only one path, that of you Stoics, which leads to philosophy, or, as I have heard, a variety of them?

HERMOTIMUS.

There are many; Peripatetics, Epicureans, those who take their name from Plato, or Diogenes, the rivals of Antisthenes, the followers of Pythagoras, and several others.

LYCINUS.

So I have been told; and do they all say the same things, or different?

HERMOTIMUS.

O, totally different.

LYCINUS.

If they all teach different things, but one of them, I should imagine, can be right.

HERMOTIMUS.

Most certainly.

LYCINUS.

Pray then, my friend, when you first entered on philosophy, and so many doors were open to it, what induced you to leave all the rest, and strike into that of the Stoics, as the only right path which could lead you to the truth, whilst all the others were only blind alleys, where you  
could

could find no passage : how could you discover this ? You were not then, as you are now, a wise man, or if you please, a half wise one, able to judge so much better than we vulgar people can. Answer me fairly, therefore, like such an ignoramus as you were at that time, and as I am now.

H E R M O T I M U S.

I do not rightly understand your question, friend Lycinus.

\*    L Y C I N U S.

Surely there is nothing so puzzling in it ; as there were many philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, Antisthenes, Chrysippus, one of your own family, Zeno, and I know not how many others, what prevailed on you to condemn all the rest, and fix on that philosophy, which you chose as the only good one ; did the Pythian oracle decide in favour of the Stoic, and direct you to it, as it did \* Chærephon, telling you it was the best ? it generally persuades some to embrace one, and some another, as knowing, I suppose, what is most suitable to every man.

H E R M O T I M U S.

That was not my reason, Lycinus, nor did I consult any god about it.

\* *Chærephon.*] See Plato's *Apol.* in *Socratem.*

LYCINUS.

Was it then that you thought the matter scarce worthy the interposition of divine wisdom, or that you imagined yourself sufficiently able to determine without it?

HERMOTIMUS.

I really thought so.

LYCINUS.

You will, therefore, be so kind as to inform me, by what means one may at first sight distinguish the true philosophy from all those that are false.

HERMOTIMUS.

I will tell you; I saw numbers adhere to her, and therefore concluded she must be the best.

LYCINUS.

How many more were they than the Platonists and Epicureans? For, I suppose, you counted them, as they do at elections.

HERMOTIMUS.

I never counted them; I only guessed.

LYCINUS.

Surely you do not mean to instruct, but to deceive and hide the truth from me, when, in such an affair as this, you go by numbers and guess-work.

HERMOTIMUS.

It was not that alone which determined me; but I heard every body say, the Epicureans were

isquemish voluptuaries, the Peripatetics fordid and litigious, the Platonists proud and vain-glorious; but the Stoics, numbers acknowledged, were brave and all-knowing, and he who followed them was the only wise, the only rich man, the only \* king, was, in short, every thing that is desirable.

L Y C I N U S.

Did other people tell you this? for, I suppose, you would hardly have given credit to such as only praised themselves.

H E R M O T I M U S.

By no means: I had it from many others.

L Y C I N U S.

Those who embrace a different opinion, the followers of other sects, and there are many, could never tell you so.

H E R M O T I M U S.

No, certainly.

L Y C I N U S.

You had it then from the ignorant and illiterate.

H E R M O T I M U S.

May be so.

\* *King.*] Horace describes the perfect philosopher exactly in the same manner,

Ad summam, sapiens uno minor est Jove, dives,  
Liber, honoratus, pulcher—REX denique REGUM.

Epist. i. l. 107.

L Y-

LYCINUS.

Mark now how again you endeavour to impose upon me, as if you were talking with another \* Margites, foolish enough, to believe that a man of sense, like Hermotimus, at the age of forty, would have trusted a matter so important as philosophy to a parcel of idiots, who knew nothing of the matter, and determined his choice as they directed him. I would never believe any body that should tell me so.

HERMOTIMUS.

But you are to know, my friend, I did not rely on others in this affair, but on myself; for I observed the Stoics always of a decent carriage, always well and properly cloathed, always serious and thoughtful, with a manly aspect, generally close shaved, neither soft and effeminate, nor too rough and negligent in their appearance, as the Cynics are, but preserving in all things that medium which is universally admired.

LYCINUS.

And did you never see them do any of those things, which, as I just now observed, your

\* *Margites.*] Any foolish fellow was commonly called Margites, probably from some famous idiot of that name. See Erasmi. Chil. According to Aristotle, Homer wrote a mock heroic, or satirical poem with this title, though it is disputed by other writers.

master was guilty of, such as turning usurers, scolding people for their wages, quarrelling at their meetings, and the like? or do you think all this signifies nothing, provided that their dress is becoming, their beards long, and their heads close-shaved? Upon the whole then, from this wise decision, we learn this excellent rule, that we are to judge of merit by habits, beards, and gestures; and whoever excels not in these, and does not look fierce, thoughtful, and morose, should be reprobated and despised. But do you really think, Hermotimus, I am to be so easily fooled and imposed on?

H E R M O T I M U S.

What do you mean?

L Y C I N U S.

Dress, my good friend, is the excellence of a statue; they are much † better clothed, and appear finer when a Phidias, a Myro, or Alcamenes trick them out to the best advantage; but, if we must judge from these marks, what must the seeker after true philosophy do, who happens to be blind, how will he distinguish which sect is the best, who cannot see how they dress, or how they walk?

† *Better clothed.*] Most of the best ancient statues, now extant, are naked.—The well-dressed ones, which Lucian talks of, have not had the good fortune to reach us.

H E R-

HERMOTIMUS.

But I am not talking to the blind, neither do I trouble myself about them.

LYCINUS.

Surely, my good friend, in things of such consequence, so useful and necessary to all, there should be some common, some universal mark to distinguish by : let the blind, if you please, go without philosophy, as they can see nothing ; though I should think a little philosophy very necessary for them, that they may bear their misfortune the better ; but how can those who do see, be their eyes ever so sharp, behold any thing belonging to the mind, or judge of it from external appearance ? for, let me ask you, did you not attach yourself to these men from an opinion of their understanding, and the hopes of improving by their advice ?

HERMOTIMUS.

Most undoubtedly.

LYCINUS.

And how, by any of the signs you mentioned, could you tell whether a man was a good or bad philosopher ? this does not appear at first sight, but lies hidden in secret, and is brought forth only in length of time by frequent meeting, conversation, and other means of the like nature. You have heard, I suppose, the story



of Momus and Vulcan ; if you have not, thus it runs.

There was once a trial of skill, says the fable, between Minerva, Neptune, and Vulcan, which should produce the most complete work : Neptune made a bull, Minerva a horse, and Vulcan a man. When they came to Momus, whom they had chosen umpire, after a careful examination of every performance, he found great fault with Vulcan (what he said of the rest it matters not), for not making a \* door in his man's breast, to open and let us know what he willed, and thought, and whether he spoke truth or not.

Momus was so dull he could not see into these things ; but you, with more than the lynx's sharpness, can see into the breast of every man, and not only can tell what he wills, and what he thinks, but whether he is better or worse than any body else.

#### H E R M O T I M U S.

I perceive, Lycinus, that you laugh at me : but heaven approves my choice ; nor do I repent of it ; that is sufficient for me.

\* *A door*, {&c.} Plato mentions this fable.—Momus's window is an excellent thought, and might furnish some hints for a good periodical paper.

L Y-

LYCINUS.

But not for me, my good friend; surely you would not leave me thus to wallow in the mire }  
with the dregs and refuse of mankind.

HERMOTIMUS.

Nothing that I say is agreeable to you.

LYCINUS.

Not so, my friend; it is because you will say nothing that can be agreeable to me: you are purposely close and reserved, and seem afraid that I should become as good a philosopher as you are. I must, therefore, try myself to form a judgment of my own, and find out, if possible, the true sect. Listen therefore to me a little, if you please.

HERMOTIMUS.

With all my heart; you may advance something worth knowing.

LYCINUS.

Attend then; but do not laugh at me if I shew my want of skill, and do it in an awkward manner; as well I may, when even you, who know the thing so much better, are so obscure.

I imagine virtue, then, as resembling a city (and thus, perhaps, your master would describe her), whose denizens are all perfectly happy, and perfectly wise, brave, just, temperate, and little less than gods: there you will not see men,

as amongst us, guilty of theft, rapine, and injustice; proud, arrogant, and oppressive; but all enjoying themselves in mutual peace and concord: nor is it to be wondered at, for all those things which in other cities stir up strife and contention, and excite men to lay snares for and destroy each other, are banished from hence: they have no pleasure, glory, or riches to contend for, which are all driven from this place, as superfluous and unnecessary: here they live a peaceable and happy life, with good laws, freedom, equality of condition, and every thing that is pleasant and desirable.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

This, my friend, is a city which all would wish to inhabit: who would grudge their labour in the search of it, or think the way long that led them to such a place, if, after all, their names could be enrolled in it?

## L Y C I N U S.

To this, Hermotimus, we should zealously apply ourselves, and cast away every other care: if we could lay hold on such a country, neither parents nor children, though with tears they intreated, should draw us from it; we should exhort them to follow us in the same path; but if they were unwilling, or unable, shake them off, and proceed on our journey to  
this

this blessed city ; tear off, and even leave our garment behind ; for from this place, though naked, none are excluded. I remember well an old man describing this place, and persuading me to follow him thither, telling me he would go first, and when I came, would make me a denizen of that city, and of his tribe, and that there I should live a life of perfect felicity. I, such was the folly of youth, for it is fifteen years ago, did not follow him ; perhaps by this time I might have been in the suburbs, or even at the gates of it. He told me, I call to mind, amongst many other things, that there all were guests and strangers, not natives of the place ; that many barbarians and slaves, many poor, little, and deformed were there ; that every one, in short, who chose it, might be a citizen ; for the law was, that none should be admitted on account of his estate, his dress, or stature, his beauty, his family, or the dignity of his ancestors ; to these no deference was paid ; to the rank of citizen nothing was necessary but wisdom, industry, the love of truth, contempt of pleasures, and a mind that would not bend or yield, though attacked by ever so many difficulties and dangers ; possessed of these qualities, whosoever he be, he is immediately admitted ; for the names of better or worse, noble

or ignoble, freeman or slave, are never mentioned or thought on there.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Now, Lycinus, you see I had no little or trifling object in view when my ambition was to become a denizen of such a noble, such a happy city.

L Y C I N U S.

Our pursuits then are the same, nor is there any thing which I more ardently wish to obtain; had it been near, and in sight of all men, I had long since been a citizen of it; but since, as both you and Hesiod, that old rhapsodist, tell us, it is a great way off, we must endeavour to find out the best way, and the surest guide to it; should we not?

H E R M O T I M U S.

The only means, no doubt of arriving at it.

L Y C I N U S.

As far as promises and professions go, we have guides enough; hundreds stand ready, and tell us they are inhabitants just come from thence; and as to ways, there is not only one but many to it, and all different from each other; one leads to the east, another to the west, one goes north, another south; some carry us through flowery groves, meads, and pleasant shades, without thorns or briars, whilst others are rough  
and

and stony, through perpetual heat, thirst, and labour; and yet all, they tell us, lead to one city, though they every one bring us out through paths directly opposite. Thus are we left still in doubt and uncertainty; for at the entrance of every path there meets you one, worthy no doubt of all your confidence, who stretches out his hand, desiring you to follow him, telling you that his is the only right way, and that all the rest are wandering in the dark, that they neither came from thence themselves, nor are able to direct others to it; the next and the next you meet tells you the same story, and so will every one of them. It is this variety of ways which distracts and confounds us, where each guide contends for, and praises his own, I cannot tell which to follow, or how I am ever to arrive at this feat of happiness.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

I can at once free you from all your doubts; trust to those who have gone the journey before you, and you cannot err.

## L Y C I N U S.

But who are they? which way did they travel, and what guide did they follow? for the same uncertainty occurs, only in another form, when, taking leave of the things themselves, we consider the men who perform them.

H E R-

H E R M O T I M U S.

How so?

L Y C I N U S.

Because one, for instance, strikes into Plato's road, and with him, praises that alone; a second goes into that of Epicurus, a third to another master, and you to your's: is it not so, my friend?

H E R M O T I M U S.

And why not?

L Y C I N U S.

You have not, therefore, removed my doubts, for still I am as ignorant as before, and know not on which traveller I must rely; for I perceive that each of them,\* together with his guide, has tried but one way, which he commends, and tells us it is the only one that leads to the city: but how can I know that he tells me truth, that he has got to the end of his journey? That he has seen some city, I may grant him, but whether he has ever been at that where you and I wish to be, or whether he may have gone to Babylon, and taken that for Corinth, I am still to learn. It is not every one who has seen a city that has been at Corinth, for Corinth is not the only one: but what confounds me most is, that as I know there is but one Corinth, so there is but one right and true way

way to it, and that all the rest will lead us any where else, any where rather than there, unless one could be foolish enough to suppose that the way to India, or the Hyperboreans, could lead us to Corinth.

HERMOTIMUS.

Which can never be.

LYCINUS.

Therefore, my good Hermotimus, great caution is necessary, both with regard to the path, and to our leaders in it: we must not here observe the old \* saying, “wherever our feet will carry us, there let us go;” for thus, instead of going into the path that leads to Corinth, we might get to Bactra, or Babylon: nor must we take our chance, and trust to fortune; in length of time this, perhaps, might bring us there; but in matters of such moment we must not stand the hazard of the † dye, shut up all our hopes in such a narrow compass; or, as the ‡ proverb says, “cross the Ionian or Æ-

\* *Old saying.*] Quocunque pedes ferunt. See Erasmus in Proverb. not unlike our own common expression, “follow your nose.”

† *The dye.*] It is observable that this image has been adopted by all languages, and is to be met with in almost every author ancient and modern.

‡ *The Proverb.*] Ægeum scaphula transmittere. See Erasmus. Prov. This proverbial phrase was usually applied to any very hazardous or desperate undertaking.

gean



gean in a wicker boat." If, aiming at truth, we miss the mark, Fortune is not to be blamed, because she stands alone, amongst a thousand falsehoods. Even \* Homer's archer, Teucer I think it was, could not do this, who, when he shot at the pigeon, only broke the cord that held it; it is probable, indeed, 'that we may hit some thing, but scarce so that, out of all, 'we should strike the very thing we aimed at: the danger is, when thus we trust that Fortune will chuse the best for us, lest we fall into some fatal error, when we have loosed our anchor and set sail, we cannot always return in safety, but may be tost about at sea, suffer head-ach, sickness, and a thousand terrors: when we ought, before we left the harbour, to have feated ourselves on an eminence, and seen whether the wind was fair for Corinth, chosen an able pilot, and provided a well-built vessel, that could weather a storm.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

It would certainly be most prudent: but I know, after all, if you go through the whole

\* *Homer's archer.*] From Homer's description of the funeral games in honour of Patroclus.

• — The well-aim'd arrow turn'd aside

Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd.

See Pope's *Homer's Iliad*, book xxiii. l. 1024.

circle,

circle, you will never find better leaders, or more expert pilots than the Stoics : if you wish to get to Corinth, follow them ; walk after Zeno and Chrysippus ; or you will never do it.

## LYCINUS.

This is all old and trite, Hermotimus ; those who follow Plato and Epicurus say just the same thing, every one tells me I shall never arrive at Corinth without him : thus I must either give credit to all, which would be absurd and ridiculous, or to neither of them ; and this is certainly the safest way, till we can find out somebody that will speak truth. For only suppose that, ignorant of it as I am now, I should embrace your opinion, and repose confidence in you as my friend, you, who are attached to the Stoic doctrines, and will acknowledge no other ; suppose that, after this, some god should call back to life Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, and the rest of them ; suppose they should bring me before their tribunal, should all surround me, and say,—how comes it, friend Lycinus, that you have thus preferred to us Zeno and Chrysippus, those men of yesterday, without ever consulting us, or attending to our arguments ? How could I answer them ? Would it be sufficient to say, I relied on Hermotimus, my old friend and companion : we know him not,  
might

might they reply, nor is he acquainted with us; you ought not, therefore, thus to have condemned us, absent and unheard; you ought not to have placed such confidence in a man who knows but one sect, and that imperfectly; it is not thus our lawgivers instruct their judges, nor do they permit them to hear one side only, and not the other, but to give equal attention to both, that the arguments of each being carefully weighed and considered, they may discern truth from falsehood; and this, if they do not perform, the law allows them to appeal to another judicature.

Thus, perhaps, my friend, would they interrogate me. Suppose, again, one of them should say,—What think you, Lycinus, if an *Æthiopian*, who had never been out of his own country, or seen such men as we are, should assert, in a public assembly, that there were not upon the face of the earth any men of white or yellow complexions, but that they were all black, would he be believed? Would not some of the elders reprove him, and say, how came you, who were never out of *Æthiopia*, to know what other men may be? Would not such a reproof be just, my friend?

H E R M O T I M U S.

No doubt of it.

L Y.

LYCINUS.

It would, you think: suppose then, but that, perhaps, you will not like so well, we apply this to ourselves.

HERMOTIMUS.

How do you mean?

LYCINUS.

Why, suppose, in like manner, they should say to me; thus it is, Lycinus, that your friend, Hermotimus, is acquainted with the doctrine of the Stoics only; he has never travelled into the regions of Plato, or Epicurus: if he asserts that beauty and truth are no where to be met with but in the Portico, will you not call him rash, thus to decide on all, when he knows but one; thus to judge of all countries, when he has never set his foot out of Æthiopia! How am I to answer this, Hermotimus?

HERMOTIMUS.

By telling him the truth, Lycinus: by saying that we adhere to the Stoic tenets, and teach philosophy by them; but are not ignorant of others: our masters, in their lectures, never fail to mention, and confute them.

LYCINUS.

And here, do you think, that Plato, Pythagoras, Epicurus, and the rest would remain

silent, or that they would not laugh at me, and say, what is your friend Hermotimus about? Does he think it fair and equitable to give credit to our adversaries, and to believe every thing which they report of us, either through ignorance, or because they wish to conceal the truth? If the president of the public games should see one of the combatants, before the battle began, practising a sham fight, and \* beating the air, would he, think you, crown the man as a conqueror? or would he not consider this merely as youthful sport and exercise; as the contest could not be decided, or victory declared, till one acknowledged himself conquered. Let not Hermotimus, therefore, because his masters fight with shadows, and beat us in our absence, imagine that he has subdued us, or that our arguments are so easily confuted: this is like children, who build houses and pull them down again immediately; or like young archers, who tie little bundles of straw to the top of a spear, and shoot at them; if at two yards distance when, if they chance to hit a straw, they think it a mighty feat in-

\* *Beating, &c.*] St. Paul alludes to this custom, "So fight I, as one that beateth the air." See Paul's Ep., 1 Cor. ix. 26.

deed : but the \* Persian, or the Scythian shoot not thus ; they will do it even on horseback, and in full speed ; they wish not for the mark they aim at, to stand still and wait for their arrows, but to move about, and fly from them as fast as possible ; thus they kill all their beasts and birds ; if they set up a mark to try their skill, it is some hard wood that can resist the stroke, some shield of tough bull's hide, hoping by such exercise that they may learn to pierce through the armour of their enemies. Tell your friend, Hermotimus, from us, good Lycinus, that his masters are only hitting bundles of straw, and boasting at the same time, that they have conquered so many armed men ; painting pictures of us, which they fight with, and conquering ; overcoming, and then supposing, what is very easy to suppose, that they have conquered us : but we may, every one of us, say of them, as Achilles did of Hector,

† With steadfast eye they will not dare to gaze  
At this bright helmet.

Plato, who was well acquainted with Sicily, brings us a story from thence, of Gelo of Syra-

\* *The Persian.*] The Persians were remarkable for their extraordinary skill and dexterity in the use of the bow.

† *With steadfast eye, &c.*] See Homer's *Iliad*, book xvi. l. 71.

cuse, who, it seems, had a stinking breath, which he, being a great monarch, nobody durst tell him of; till at length, a foreign woman met with, and took the liberty to acquaint him how the matter stood; when the king returned home to his wife, he was extremely angry with her that she had never mentioned it to him, though she must have known how offensive he was; but she hoped, she said, he would forgive her, alleging in excuse, that as she had never known, or conversed closely with any other man, she concluded that every body smelt in the same manner.

Thus might Plato say of Hermotimus, that conversing with Stoics only, it is no wonder he is a stranger to the breaths of other men; and thus also might Chrysippus complain, if leaving him unheard, I join the Platonics, and trust in none but those who herd with them, and them only. In a word, therefore, whilst it remains still a secret which is the best sect in philosophy, I am resolved not to follow any one; as that would be an affront upon all the rest.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

By Vesta, I intreat you, Lycinus, let Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, and all of them rest in peace, I shall not contend with them: but let you and I, my friend, enquire by ourselves  
whether

whether there be not in truth such a philosophy as we are in search of. Where was the necessity of calling in your Æthiopians, or Gello's wife?

L Y C I N U S.

If you think there is no occasion for, we will dismiss them. And now, speak your mind, for you seem to be teeming with something great and wonderful.

H E R M O T I M U S.

My opinion, then, is, that every man, who is acquainted with the doctrine of the Stoics only, may very easily learn the truth from them, without consulting others, or asking every body you meet; for, only consider, if a man should tell you that two and two make four, must you go about to all the arithmeticians to know whether it be so, or whether somebody else does not say that they make five, or seven? or do you not see immediately that he must have told you truth?

L Y C I N U S.

Immediately: no doubt.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Why may it not happen, then, that one should light on a Stoic, who will tell us the truth, and be persuaded by him, without going to any of the rest? when one knows that



four can never become five, though a thousand Plato's and Pythagoras's should affirm it.

L Y C I N U S.

This, *Hermotimus*, is nothing to the point in question: you compare things which all men agree in, to things which all men differ about: did you ever meet with any one who said that two and two made seven or eleven?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Never: none but a madman could ever assert it.

L Y C I N U S.

But, tell me (and, by the Graces I intreat you, stick to truth in your answer), did you never hear of Stoics and Epicureans differing about the beginnings and ends of all things?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Never.

L Y C I N U S.

Mark, now, how you endeavour to mislead your friend. I am in search of true philosophy, you carry me to the Stoics, and tell me, they, and they alone, have discovered that two and two make four; but this is a doubtful point; for the Platonics and Epicureans may say that they have found this out, and that you make five or seven of it: this you do when you affirm, that nothing but what is honest can be good; whilst the Epicureans tell us, nothing can be  
good

good that is not pleasant : you say, every thing in nature is corporeal, but Plato says there are many things incorporeal : you, therefore, argue unfairly, Hermotimus, by referring every thing to the Stoics, when the judgment of others ought to be consulted also, and every one heard in their turns, before we determine.

HERMOTIMUS.

Lycinus, you do not seem rightly to understand what I mean.

LYCINUS.

Make it plainer then, if you have any thing more to urge.

HERMOTIMUS.

I will immediately. Suppose, then, that two men came into the temple of Bacchus, or Æsculapius ; a cup is missing from the altar, both of them must be searched, to see which of them has got it in his bosom.

LYCINUS.

Certainly.

HERMOTIMUS.

For one of them must have it.

LYCINUS.

Most probably.

HERMOTIMUS.

But if you find it upon one, you need not strip the other, as it is plain he cannot have it.

L Y C I N U S.

Plain enough.

H E R M O T I M U S.

And if you do not find it in the bosom of the first, the other must have it, and there is no occasion to search him for it.

L Y C I N U S.

True.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Thus, my friend, if we find our cup amongst the Stoics, we need not strip any body else; we have what we were in search of, and why should we take any more trouble about it?

L Y C I N U S.

But, after all, my friend, if you do find the thing, you can never be certain that it is the very thing you were in search of. The comparison will not hold good; for first, it is not, in this case, only two who go into the temple, one of whom must have it, but a great many; then, again, we are not quite clear what the thing is, whether it be a cup, a phial, or a garland; for some of the priests call it one thing, and some another, nor are they agreed even about what it is made of: one calls it brass, another silver, another gold, and another tin: all, therefore, who go in must be stripped, if you expect to meet with what you are in  
search

search of: even if you find a gold phial upon one, still you must examine the rest.

HERMOTIMUS.

Why so?

LYCINUS.

Because it is not certain whether it was a phial, that they lost, or something else; and even, if this is determined, it is not yet agreed upon, that the phial was a gold one; nay, after all, if this was settled, and you should find a gold phial, still there is a necessity of searching the rest; you could not be sure this belonged to the temple; for, may there not be more golden phials than one?

HERMOTIMUS.

Certainly.

LYCINUS.

All, therefore, must be examined, and what is found upon each fairly produced, that so we may determine which is the very thing that was stolen out of the temple. What makes the affair still more perplexing is, that upon every one who is stripped may be found something; a first shall have a cup, a second a phial, a third a crown; one shall be of brass, another, perhaps, of gold, and another of silver; but whether either of them is the sacred one does not appear: you are still, therefore, at a loss  
for

for the thief, and if they found all alike, you could not guess which had stolen that very thing; for they might all be private property: the principal cause of all this uncertainty is, that the cup which is lost has no inscription on it; for if it had the name of the deity, or of the giver upon it, we should be at little trouble, and if once found on any one, we need not then examine or strip any of the rest. But, did you ever see the public games?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Often, and in many places.

L Y C I N U S.

Did you ever sit near the judges?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Yes, very lately, at the Olympics. Evandris, the Elean, procured me a seat amongst his countrymen, close to the \* Hellenodicæ, as I wished to be as near as possible.

\* *The Hellenodicæ.*] Were ten persons, one out of each of the Elean tribes, appointed to preside over the Olympic games in the Elean forum, where they were obliged to reside for ten months before the celebration of them, to take care that the candidates performed their προγυμνασματα, or preparatory exercises. They took an oath that they would act impartially, take no bribes, nor discover why they disliked or approved any of the combatants. They sat naked at the solemnity, and adjudged the prize as they thought proper. An appeal, however, lay from them, in particular cases, to the Olympian senate. See Potter.

L Y.

LYCINUS.

You know, then, that the combatants draw lots whom they are to contend with.

HERMOTIMUS.

I know it.

LYCINUS.

As you sat so close, you can tell best yourself then, how it was.

HERMOTIMUS.

In former times, when Hercules presided, it was determined by leaves of laurel.

LYCINUS.

I do not want to know what they did formerly, but how it is now.

HERMOTIMUS.

They bring a silver urn, sacred to the deity, into which are thrown little lots, in the shape of beans: on two of these is inscribed the letter A, on two others B, on two others C, and so on, according to the number of the combatants, two lots to every letter; then each of the candidates approaching, after praying to Jupiter for success, puts his hand into the urn, and takes out one of the lots, and after him another and another; an officer with a † whip

† *Whip* ] Probably such a one as our captain Vinegar at a horse-race, or cricket-match, who with a long whip prevents the mob from running in, and spoiling the sport. A very useful extempore magistrate.

standing by, to prevent any of them from seeing what letter they have drawn. When every one has got his own, the \* *Alytarches*, or one of the *Hellenodica*, I forget which of them, examines the lots of all, as they stand in a circle, and matches him who has drawn one A, with him who has got the other, B with B, and so on, if the combatants are in even numbers, to four, eight, twelve, or twenty; if uneven, five, seven, nine, &c. besides these, one odd lot, with a letter, is put into the urn, that has no letter answering to it; whoever draws this, having no corresponding adversary to oppose him, must stay till all the rest have contended, which is no little advantage to him, as he remains fresh himself, and is to attack those who are already worn out with the combat.

## L Y C I N U S.

Stop a moment: this is the very thing which I wanted; we will suppose there are nine combatants, and each has drawn his lot; do you go round, for I will make you a judge instead of a spectator, and examine the letters; you cannot tell which has the odd one, till you have compared them all.

\* *Alatarches*.] An Officer appointed, like our constables, by the *Hellenodica*, to preserve peace and good order at the public games, and to punish such as were unruly.

H E R-

HERMOTIMUS.

Why so?

LYCINUS.

Because whatever letter you might meet with first, you could not possibly tell it was that, for it is not marked beforehand with a K, an M, or an I: when you light upon A, you must look for the other, when upon B, for the other B that answers to it, and so on, till you find that single letter which has no other correspondent to it.

HERMOTIMUS.

But suppose that comes up first or second, what will you do with it?

LYCINUS.

What, indeed, Mr. Judge? would you immediately pronounce that to be the single one? or must not you first go through all the letters, to see if any one of them answers to it? unless you examine all the lots, you cannot be sure that this is the single one.

HERMOTIMUS.

That I can very easily: for if there are but nine, and I find E in the first or second place, I know that he who has this lot must be the single combatant.

LYCINUS.

How so?

HER-



H E R M O T I M U S.

Why, thus : there are two A's, two B's, two C's, and two D's, four letters for the eight combatants ; the next letter E, therefore, must be the odd one, and consequently belongs to him who is left single.

L Y C I N U S.

Shall I praise the art of your reply, or shall I say something in answer to it?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Answer it, by all means ; though I do not see what you can rationally produce against it.

L Y C I N U S.

You contend that the letters are all put in alphabetically, first A, then B, and so on, till there remains but one for the single combatant : and at the Olympics, I grant you, so it is : but suppose we take five letters without any order, as C S Z K T, inscribing four of them twice on eight lots, leaving the letter Z for the last ; if, on examining, Z comes first to hand, how can you tell that it belongs to the single combatant, unless you first go through them all, and observe that it has no corresponding Z to answer to it, and they are not placed alphabetically ?

H E R M O T I M U S.

There, indeed, I cannot so easily answer you.

L Y.

LYCINUS.

But let us consider this matter in another light; suppose, instead of letters, we inscribe on the lots certain marks or symbols, as is the custom of the Egyptians, who paint men with the heads of dogs or lions; but as these are absurd and ridiculous, let us take marks that are more simple and uniform, such as on two lots, for instance, two men, on two others two horses, two cocks, or two dogs, and let the ninth be marked with a lion: now if you should light on the lion first, how are you to know that to be the odd one, except you first go through them all, to see if there is any other mark of a lion corresponding with it.

HERMOTIMUS.

To this, in good truth, Lycinus, I shall give you no answer.

LYCINUS.

I suppose not, for it is unanswerable; if, therefore, you see, we want to find out the gold cup, or the best guide to Corinth, or the odd lot, we must first try and examine all with the utmost prudence and circumspection; and, even then, with difficulty shall we discover the truth. With regard to philosophy, if I repose confidence on any man, it shall be on him alone who knows every thing that is said  
about

about it by every one. I would not believe him if he was a stranger but to one sect; for that one might, perhaps, be the best of all: in like manner as if any one should bring me a handsome man, and say he was the most beautiful of all men, I would not give him credit, unless I was satisfied that he had himself seen all sorts of men; and if he had not, he could not possibly say, however beautiful he might be, that he was the most beautiful of all mankind. Now we, my friend, are in search, not only of the beautiful, but of perfect beauty, and we do nothing if we do not discover, ~~not~~ merely something handsome, but that summit of true beauty, which must be \* *UNIQUE*.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Granted.

L Y C I N U S.

Can you shew me a man, then, who has tried every path in philosophy, who knows all that has been said by Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Chrysippus, Epicurus, and the rest of them; and after, out of them all, hath chosen that which by his own experience he is satisfied is the only one which can guide him to true

\* *Unique*.] Greek, ἀριστάτοι καλλος ὅπερ ἀνάγκη εἶναι εἶναι. The French word here adopted in the translation, happily answers both to the καλλος and εἶναι of the original.

happiness? If we can meet with such a one, our labour is at an end.

HERMOTIMUS.

But such a man, Lycinus, we shall not easily find.

LYCINUS.

What then is to be done? Though we have not the good fortune to meet with any of these leaders, we need not despair. The best and safest way is for every man to go through every sect, and consider seriously what is advanced by every one of them.

HERMOTIMUS.

So, indeed, it should seem, if it did not contradict what you just now mentioned, namely, that when we have spread our sails, and ventured on the ocean, it is not always so easy to get back again: and how could a man try every path, if, as you say, he may be detained and kept back in the very first?

LYCINUS.

I will tell you how: we must imitate † Thefeus;

† *Thefeus*.] The story alluded to, which the unlearned reader may, perhaps, be unacquainted with, is briefly this: Minos, king of Crete, annually sacrificed a bull to Neptune; but chancing one year to pick out a very beautiful one for the purpose, he thought it too handsome, and substituted another in its stead. Neptune, being affronted at this, inspired his wife, Pasiphae, with a passion for the

feus ; get a clue of Ariadne at every labyrinth, and so extricate ourselves from it without any trouble.

H E R M O T I M U S.

But who shall be our Ariadne, or where shall we get thread enough for the clue ?

L Y C I N U S.

Courage, my friend ; never despair : I think I have got one we may hold by.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Where is it ?

L Y C I N U S.

It is none of mine, but an aphorism of one of your \* wise men. “ Be always sober, and never credulous :” if we take care not to believe too much, but judge deliberately, and let them talk on, we may, possibly, get out of the labyrinth.

fine bull, and the fruit of her amour was a monster, half man and half bull, called the Minotaur, which Minos confined in the famous labyrinth made by Dædalus, and sacrificed to it, every seventh year, seven young Athenian men and as many virgins: but the great Theseus delivered his country from this cruel tribute; by slaying the monster, whom, the poets tell us, he would never have got at, or got away from, if the fair Ariadne, Minos’s daughter, who fell in love with, had not supplied him with a clue, or thread, that guided him safe through the labyrinth.—Something of the same kind is related concerning the fair Rosamond, Woodstock bower, &c.

\* *Wise men.*] Epicharmus, the Sicilian philosopher. Tully has adopted this saying, *nervi (says he) atque artus sunt sapientiæ, non temere credere.*

H E R.

HERMOTIMUS.

The advice is good, let us follow it.

LYCINUS.

Be it so : and now whom shall we apply to first ? though that is of no great consequence ; suppose, for instance, as chance may direct us, we come to Pythagoras ; how long, think you, may we be learning all his doctrines ? including his five years silence, I suppose, about thirty years, or twenty at least.

HERMOTIMUS.

Thereabouts.

LYCINUS.

Plato, then, would take near as many ; and Aristotle as many more.

HERMOTIMUS.

Certainly not less.

LYCINUS.

With regard to Chrysippus, I need not ask you how many, as you have already told me that forty years are scarce sufficient.

HERMOTIMUS.

True.

LYCINUS.

Then for Epicurus, and the rest of them—you must think me moderate in my calculation, when you consider how many Stoics, Epicureans, and Platonists there are, who, at four-

score, acknowledge that they do not yet thoroughly understand all the doctrines of their own sect, so as to be perfect in their knowledge of it : this Chrysippus, Aristotle, and Plato themselves have confessed ; and Socrates, not inferior to either of them, long since declared, so far from knowing all things, that all he knew was that he knew nothing. Reckoning then, Pythagoras twenty, Plato twenty more, and so on for the rest, how many years will it make for ten sects only ?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Above two hundred.

L Y C I N U S.

Suppose we take off a fourth part, then there will remain a hundred and fifty ; or even one half.

H E R M O T I M U S.

You know best ; but I think, at this rate, very few would be able to go through all the sects, though they began as soon as they were born.

L Y C I N U S.

What then, in this case, my good friend, is to be done ? doth it not prove what I observed, that out of many we can never chuse the best, unless we try all, and he who decides without trial, if he finds out the truth, is indebted  
more

more to chance than judgment; was not that what we said?

HERMOTIMUS.

It was.

LYCINUS.

We must live a long time, indeed, before we can explore every thing, make choice of our philosophy, and by that become wise and happy: but before we can do this, we must dance about, as they say, in the dark, stumbling at every thing we meet, and whatever comes first to hand, believing that to be the great truth which we were in search of; if, by good fortune, we light on any thing valuable, we cannot be certain that it is what we want; so many things resembling each other, and every one pretending to be the truth.

HERMOTIMUS.

I know not how it is, Lycinus, but your arguments seem to me to have too much reason in them; and to say the truth, you have given me no little uneasiness, by scrutinizing things so nicely, where there was no necessity. Bad luck, I think, has attended me ever since I left my house this morning, and I was unfortunate in lighting on you, who, when I was just arrived at the summit of my hopes, have thrown me back into doubt and uncertainty, by almost



convincing me that the investigation of truth is beyond our strength, as it requires so many years to be masters of it.

L Y C I N U S.

You may as well, my good friend, blame your father Menecrates, or your mother, whatever her name be, for I know not, or rather, indeed, human nature, for not making you as long lived as Tithonus, and circumscribing us all in this manner within the short space of a century. I have only found out what arose from our rational enquiry into the matter.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Not so, Lycinus; you were always contentious, and, I know not why, hate philosophy, and laugh at the professors of it.

L Y C I N U S.

My dear Hermotimus, you and your master, perhaps, who are philosophers, can best tell what Truth is; I only know that she is not always agreeable to those who hear her; in her outward appearance Falsehood greatly excels her, whilst she, conscious of her own integrity, acts towards all men with boldness and confidence, and for that very reason they are angry with her; as you now are with me, for finding out the truth of this affair, and declaring to you that what we both so much admire is not  
easy

easy to be obtained : it is just as if you had fallen in love with a statue, which you mistook for a fine woman, and hoped to enjoy her ; while I, who knew it to be nothing but brass or stone, with the best intention, endeavoured to convince you that you could never get possession of her, and then you call me ill natured and malevolent, for not suffering you to be imposed on, or to hope, absurdly, for what could never be acquired.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

So we are never to philosophize, but give ourselves up to sloth and indolence, and live the life of fools.

## L Y C I N U S.

When did you hear me assert this ? I never forbid your philosophizing : I only say, when there are so many paths, all leading to philosophy and virtue, and the true one lays hidden from us, we should make a strict examination, that out of many we cannot pick out the best, without trying all, which seems to be a tedious experiment : how then, I ask you once more, will you act ? Will you follow the first who comes in your way, and philosophize with him, and shall he, by some propitious Mercury, make his market of you ?

## H E R M O T I M U S.

It is impossible to answer you, whilst you deny that any man can judge for himself, unless he could live as long as a phœnix, to go through the universe, and prove every thing: neither will you believe those who have tried the multitude, whose consent bears witness to what they approve.

## L Y C I N U S.

But who is this multitude? Does it consist of those who know and have experienced all things? If they are such men, one alone will suffice. I ask not for many of them: but if it is of the ignorant alone, their multitude will never induce me to believe them; when, knowing only one thing, or perhaps nothing, they pronounce decisively on all.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

You alone can spy out the truth; and all besides, who pretend to philosophize, are fools and madmen.

## L Y C I N U S.

Hermotimus, you asperse me cruelly; for never at any time did I assume a superiority over others, or place myself amongst the wise and learned. You forget what I but just now told you, that I never pretended to know more  
of

of the truth than any body else, but confessed that, with them, I was ignorant of it.

## HERMOTIMUS.

It may be right to go round to all, to enquire into their several tenets and opinions, and from thence to determine which is the best; but surely to assign so many years for every experiment is ridiculous, as if from a few one might not judge of all; something of this kind appears to me to be very easy, and would prevent delay. We are told of a certain statuary, Phidias, I believe it was, who, seeing the \* toe-nail of a lion, could tell from that of what size the lion himself was to be made: and you yourself, if any one stretched out a man's hand to you, and covered the body, could easily, I suppose, tell it was a man, though you did not see him; and, in like manner, it is easy, in a small part of a day, to get together the sum and substance of every thing that has been said on this matter, and all that nice enquiry, which takes up such a length of time, is unnecessary, with regard to a judgment of what is best, as the whole may be known from that collection.

## LYCINUS.

How weakly you argue, Hermotimus, to imagine that the whole can be known from particular parts: I have always heard, on the

\* *Toe-nail.*] Ex pede Herculem.

other hand, that he who knows the whole must know the parts also ; but he who is acquainted with a part only, doth not, therefore, know the whole. But, pray, answer me this question ; would Phidias, when he saw the toe-nail, have known it to be a lion's, if he had never seen a lion, or, when you saw the hand, could you tell it to be a man's, if you had never seen a man ? Your Phidias, therefore, is not at all to the purpose, and I might well cry out, this is nothing to Bacchus : how will you draw the parallel ? Phidias and you might know the whole from the parts, because you were before acquainted with a man and a lion ; but with regard to philosophers, Stoics, or any other, how from one part could you know any thing of the rest, or how can you pronounce them beautiful, when you are a stranger to the whole of which those parts consist ?

As to what you say about the substance of philosophy being learned in a day's time, what the masters say about the first principles and ends of things, their opinions of god and the soul, some calling every thing body, and others holding that many things are incorporeal ; some placing the chief good in pleasure, others in virtue ; all this, I grant, may be learned without much labour ; but to know which of these

is in the right, will require, not a part of one day, but a great many whole ones: have they written, think you, so many hundred, so many thousand books, to prove the truth of what you imagine to be so very clear, easy, and obvious to every capacity? Here, I am afraid, if you are impatient of delay, and will not examine every thing before you make your choice, you must have a priest to decide it for you. The most compendious way of avoiding delays and perplexity, in this case, is certainly to call in an Augur, and as you go through the several heads, consult the \* entrails concerning them; the oracle will save you an infinite deal of trouble, and shew you at once, in the liver of the victim, what choice you should make. I can tell you another scheme also, if you do not chuse to have sacrifices and victims, or be at the great expence of a priest; and that is, to take some pieces of paper, with the names of all the philosophers upon them, throw these

\* *The entrails.*] The divination by entrails, which Lucian here so severely rallies, was a principal branch of ancient superstition. If the entrails of the victim sacrificed, particularly the liver, were whole and sound, they drew from it omens of certain success; if the contrary, no enterprize was to be proceeded in. Pythagoras the soothsayer foretold that Alexander would die very speedily, because his victim's liver had no lobes.

into

into an urn, and let a young lad, whose † father and mother are both alive, take the urn, and draw out the first lot that comes to hand; whoever he is that is thus drawn, let him be your philosopher.

H E R M O T I M U S.

This is all idle raillery, Lycinus, and does not become you; but pray tell me, do you ever buy any wine?

L Y C I N U S.

Very often.

H E R M O T I M U S.

And did you walk round to all the vintners in the city, and taste all the wines, and compare them one with another?

L Y C I N U S.

Never.

H E R M O T I M U S.

You were contented, I suppose, when you hit on a good sort that was worth your money, to order it home.

L Y C I N U S.

Aye, by Jove, was I.

† *Whose father, &c.*] This circumstance seems to be inserted, not without humour to ridicule the circumstantial nicety generally made use of in all superstitious rites and ceremonies, particularly in divination by lots, which Lucian is here endeavouring to turn into ridicule.

H E R.

HERMOTIMUS.

From that single taste, you could judge what the rest would turn out?

LYCINUS.

I could.

HERMOTIMUS.

But if you had gone to every one of the vintners, and said, I want to buy a bottle of wine, let me taste every one of your pipes, that I may know which has the best liquor: do you think they would not have laughed at you?

LYCINUS.

Certainly: and with some reason.

HERMOTIMUS.

And it is the same thing with philosophy. One may know by a little taste, what the whole is: why therefore must we drink a pipe of it?

LYCINUS.

You are such a subtle disputant, that you think you shall slip through my fingers; but here you have laid a snare, and will fall into it yourself.

HERMOTIMUS.

How so?

LYCINUS.

By producing wine, which every body is acquainted with, and comparing it with philosophy; a thing which we know very little of, and which all mankind dispute about. There  
is



is not, indeed, the least similitude between them; unless, perhaps, that philosophers sell their doctrines as inn-keepers do their wine; and moreover, frequently adulterate it, and give bad measure also. But let us examine your argument; you say that all the wine in the cask is the same: it may be so, and withal, that from the tasting but a little of it, we may judge of the whole: I will grant you this also; but mark what follows: do the philosophers, your master, for instance, or any of the rest of them, say always the same, or talk about the same things, or do they say sometimes one, and sometimes another; for their arguments are various: were it not so, you would not have ran after, and attended him so often, but have been satisfied with hearing him once.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Certainly.

L Y C I N U S.

How then by the first taste could you know every thing? for new things were perpetually pouring in upon you, and it was not, like the wine, always the same; so that you could not get well soaked, unless you had drank up the whole cask: for the gods seem to have hid the summum bonum at the bottom of the vessel, even under the very lees. You must swallow  
the

the last drop, therefore, or you will never find the draught of nectar which you so much thirst after: but you seem to think it of such a nature, that if you do but taste it, you must instantly become all wisdom and perfection. As they say of the \* priestess at Adelphi, when she drinks of the second fountain, that she is immediately full of the god, and delivers her oracles to all that ask for them: and yet you told me but just now, that you had drank up half the cask, and were still but as if you had just began.

Let us see then if we cannot furnish you with a better comparison. Your cask and your inn-keeper may remain; but we will fill your vessels not with wine, but with several sorts of grain, wheat o' top, then beans, then barley, under these lentiles, tares, and other things; if you wanted to buy some of the seeds, and the owner should pull out some wheat by way of sample, and put it into your hand to look at, could you tell from thence, whether the tares were good, the lentiles fit to eat, or the beans rotten?

\* *The Priestess*, &c.] The Pythia, or priestess of Delphi, before she ascended the tripods, used to wash her whole body, in the Castalia, a fountain at the foot of Parnassus; and to drink large draughts of the water, which never failed to inspire her, and she immediately began to prophecy. See *Fotter's Antiquities*.

## HERMOTIMUS:

HERMOTIMUS.

Certainly, no.

LYCINUS.

Neither can you, in like manner, from what any one man calls true philosophy, tell whether it be all so; for it does not all taste the same, like the wine, which you compared it to, but has a great deal of variety in it, and such as requires no little, or slight examination. If you buy bad wine, you only lose a trifle; but, according to your own account, to wallow in the mire, is a bad affair indeed. Add to this, that he who desires to taste a whole cask, that he may buy one bottle, does the inn-keeper a considerable injury; but, with philosophy, it is quite another thing: drink as much as you please, the cask is still full, and the landlord never the worse for it: the more you draw, as the proverb says, the more flows in. Just the contrary of the † Danaids sieve, for whatever was poured into that, ran out immediately: but here, the more you take away, the more still remains behind.

† *The Danaids.*] The punishment of the Danaids in hell, for killing their husbands, was to fill a large tub, with holes in the bottom of it, with water, which consequently ran out as fast as poured in. The dolium Danaidum, or Danaids sieve, passed afterwards into a proverbial expression, to signify any thing impracticable.

But

But I could compare your philosophy to something else : do not think I mean to affront you, when I say, it is like hemlock, aconite, or any other poison : if you take only a small portion, with the tip of your finger, and taste it, it will not hurt you ; but, if you are not cautious, how much, in what manner, and in what you take it, woe be to him that swallows it. Now you assert, that the least taste, will suffice to judge of the whole.

HERMOTIMUS.

Be that as it may, is there a necessity that we must live a hundred years, and suffer a thousand troubles and inconveniencies, or give up philosophy ?

LYCINUS.

We must : nor can it be otherwise, if, as you \* observed at first, “ life is short, and art long ;” and yet you seem to be angry, that you cannot, in one day, arrive at the wisdom of a Chrysippus, Plato, or Pythagoras.

HERMOTIMUS.

Lycinus, you do not act fairly by me, but circumvent and drive me up into a corner, merely from envy, I believe, because I have made some progress in learning ; and you, ad-

\* *As you observed.*] See the quotation from Hippocrates at the beginning of this Dialogue.

vanced as you are in life, have totally neglected it.

L Y C I N U S.

What have you to do then? trouble yourself no more about a madman, but let me go my own way, and you go your's: as you have began, so make an end of it.

H E R M O T I M U S.

But you are so violent and positive, you will not suffer me to make my choice, before I have tried every thing.

L Y C I N U S.

That is, indeed, what I have always asserted; but when you call me positive and violent, you, as the † poet says, accuse the guiltless, and are yourself the aggressor: reason will tell you much harsher things than any I have said to you, and yet you find fault with me.

H E R M O T I M U S.

What more can she say? I should wonder if you had omitted any thing that could be advanced against me.

L Y C I N U S.

She may still deny that all we can do, though we examine ever so closely, will suffice, to make choice of the best, but that we may still want something towards it.

† *The poet Homer.*] See II. A. v. 653.

HERMOTIMUS.

And what is that ?

LYCINUS.

Judgment, ingenuity, acuteness ; a sharp, penetrating, uncorrupted understanding, which is indispensibly necessary in forming a decisive opinion in these things, and without which, all our labour will be vain and fruitless : there must be withal, a great deal of time to consider of every thing ; nor must we regard the age or character of the man, nor his reputed wisdom : we must act as the judges of the \* Areopagus do, try the cause by night and in the dark, that we may attend, not to those who speak, but to that which is spoken : then, when our choice is fixed and determined, we may be at liberty to philosophise.

HERMOTIMUS.

Yes ; after death : for, according to you, no man's life is long enough to go through all, examine, choose, and after the choice is made, to enter on philosophy ; and yet this, you say, is the only method.

\* *The Areopagus.*] The great court of judicature at Athens, where we are told they tried causes by night, for a very ridiculous reason, which Lucian here alludes to. Justice Fielding (who has as much sagacity as any of the Greek judges had) does the same. But this mode is not from choice, but necessity ; and will probably soon be adopted in Guild Hall, or the King's Bench.

L Y C I N U S.

I am sorry, Hermotimus, to add that even all this, may not be sufficient : we may rashly conclude we have discovered something certain, and yet have found nothing ; like fishermen, who, feeling something heavy in their nets, draw them up, imagining that they have got a plentiful draught, when, behold, a stone appears, or an earthen vessel full of sand : such, perhaps, may be our fate.

H E R M O T I M U S.

What you mean by your nets, I know not, but you have fairly caught me in them.

L Y C I N U S.

Get out then as fast as you can ; for you can swim, thank heaven, as well as any body. For myself, with all I can do, I have not yet discovered, nor perhaps ever shall, whether any of us have yet found out what we are in search of, or are all still ignorant of it.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Has no body found out the truth then ?

L Y C I N U S.

That is still a doubt : all perhaps may be deceived, and the truth may be different from any thing that has yet come to light.

H E R M O T I M U S.

How can that be ?

L Y.

LYCINUS.

Thus: let us suppose a certain number, twenty for instance; then, take twenty beans in your hand, close it, and ask the men, how many you have got there: one guesses seven, another five, another thirty, another ten or fifteen, and so on: it may happen that some body shall guess the right: what say you?

HERMOTIMUS.

Most certainly.

LYCINUS.

It may happen, too, that all shall guess wrong, and no body tell that you have just twenty.

HERMOTIMUS.

It may so.

LYCINUS.

And so it is with happiness; some philosophers say it is one thing, and some another: one calls it virtue, another pleasure, and another something else: one of these may be the chief good, and yet it may, after all, be something different from every one of them. We seem, therefore, to be hurrying on to the end, before we have found out the beginning: we should first know, that truth had been discovered by some one of the philosophers; and then enquire, which of them we might place our confidence in.



H E R M O T I M U S.

So that you think we may go through every philosophy, and yet not find out the truth : is that your conclusion ?

L Y C I N U S.

Do not ask me, my friend, but Reason ; she perhaps will answer you, that we cannot, whilst it is still a doubt, whether any thing that has yet been said may be depended on.

H E R M O T I M U S.

We shall never then, you think, know any thing, but must leave off philosophy, and live the life of fools : as it plainly follows from what you say, that no mortal man can ever arrive at any perfection in it. For, first, you expect that he should choose out the best sect ; a task which requires the greatest care and assiduity ; and when at last we come to reckon the number of years necessary to the examination of every one, it exceeds all bounds : the business is lengthened out to several generations, and life is gone before truth appears : nay, it is even a doubt with you, whether the truth was ever discovered at all.

L Y C I N U S.

And will you swear that it ever was ?

H E R M O T I M U S.

That I certainly can not.

HERMOTIMUS. 215

LYCINUS.

Have I not purposely passed over many other things, which demand a long, and severe investigation?

HERMOTIMUS.

What are they?

LYCINUS.

Did you never meet with Stoics, Epicureans, and Platonists, who tell you, that they alone know the reasons and first principles of all things; and that none but themselves, however worthy of confidence they may otherwise be, are in the least acquainted with them?

HERMOTIMUS.

I have.

LYCINUS.

Is it not then a difficult matter to distinguish those who really do know, from those who only pretend to it?

HERMOTIMUS.

Certainly.

LYCINUS.

If, therefore, you want, for instance, to know who is the best Stoic, you must go, if not to all, at least to most of them, to try and examine, before you choose your master; being first provided with a good discerning faculty of judging, that you may not fix on the worst, instead

of the best of them. You must consider, (which I did not mention before, that I might not give you offence,) how much time this will take you up; and yet, in these dark and intricate subjects, it is absolutely necessary. This is the only chance you have of finding out the truth, and every thing else will be useless, without this happy faculty; which, like a touchstone, will enable you to distinguish the false metal from the true. Without this, believe me, you will be led by the \* nose by every body, must follow, as the cattle do the bough that is held before you. You will be like water poured on a table, that may be drawn any way by a finger; or a reed by the river side, bending to every blast. If, therefore, you can meet with a master, who himself knows, and can teach you the art of demonstration, and how to determine in doubtful cases, your labour is at an end; for then, what is good and true, will immediately appear, falsehood will be detected: you will be able to make choice of the best philosophy, will acquire that happiness which you have so long been in search of, and possess every thing that is desirable.

\* *By the nose.*] The translation here is literal.

HERMOTIMUS.

Now, Lycinus, you say something that gives me hope and comfort ; I will instantly find out a man who shall instruct me in this noble art of judging and distinguishing : all that follows will be easy, free from toil, uncertainty, and delay. How much am I obliged to you for shewing me this best and shortest way !

LYCINUS.

Not so much, perhaps, as you may imagine. I have pointed out nothing to you as yet, that can bring you nigher to the object in view ; we are even farther off than ever, or at best but where we were before, after all our labour.

HERMOTIMUS.

Indeed ! you throw me back into sorrow and despair : how can this possible be ?

LYCINUS.

Because, my friend, though we might find a man, who professed himself acquainted with this art of demonstration, and pretended to teach it to others, we could not rely upon him, but must still search for another, to inform us whether this man spoke truth or not : and when we had got him, it would still be a doubt whether he was a proper judge, and we should yet want another proof ; for, how should we tell which was the best ? you see, therefore, how end-

endless the labour is, and that there is nothing certain, or to be depended on. The demonstrations themselves may be called in question, and no one point is absolutely certain. They would persuade us, that they know some things, from their knowledge of other things, which they are not yet agreed about: they put light and darkness together; compare things which differ widely from each other; and then call it demonstration: prove, for instance, that because these are altars, there must of necessity be gods. Thus, running as it were in a circle, they return always to the place they set out at, and wander still in doubt and uncertainty.

## H E R - M O T I M U S.

How you treat me, Lycinus, by thus reducing all my treasure to a cinder! my labour, it seems, is vain, and so many years consumed for nothing.

## L Y C I N U S.

It may be some comfort to you, however, to reflect, that it is not yourself alone who has been thus disappointed, but that all the philosophers in the world are fighting,\* as one may say, for the \* ass's shadow. For who can go  
through

\* *The ass's shadow.*] Demosthenes was one day haranguing the senate, who would not suffer him to go on, when he told them the following story: Two men, said he,  
were

through all? this, you acknowledge, is impossible. A man may as well repine, and quarrel with fortune, because he cannot get up into heaven; sink under the waves of the sea in Sicily, and rise up at Cyprus; or fly from Greece to India: when the cause of his grief, is only because he flattered himself with the hopes of all this; or dreamed of it, or fancied it in his own mind: not considering beforehand, whether his hopes were fixed on what was attainable, or agreeable to the condition of human nature. Reason, my friend, has waked you out of your pleasing dream, and now you are angry with her: the vision is so delightful, that you are loath to open your eyes. And this is the case with all those, who form in their own ima-

were travelling together, one purchased of the other an ass; they jogged on, the heat of the weather was intense; the ass's body threw a shade on the ground, they wanted both to lye down under it; on this a quarrel ensued: the man who had sold the beast, said, he did not sell the shade; the other insisted that he purchased every thing the ass could give, and consequently the shade of it. Here Demosthenes stopped: the hearers desired to know the issue of the dispute; and how it was determined. You are mighty eager, said Demosthenes, to hear any thing about the shade of an ass, and yet will not listen to me when I am to speak on the important concerns of the commonwealth.

The ass's shadow became afterwards a proverbial expression, to signify, like the *lana caprina*, any dispute about trifles. See Plutarch.

ginations

ginations an island of the blest ; whilst they are digging up hidden riches, and enjoying kingdoms ; for the goddess Hope is most magnificent in her presents ; and never contradicts her votaries, though they wish to be as big as Colossus, to fly in the air, or to find mountains of gold : if, whilst they are dreaming of these things, one of their little Jacques should ask them how they are to procure the necessaries of life, or pay the rent for their house which has been long due ; they grow angry, as if the asker had deprived them, by the question, of all their promised happiness, and it is a chance if they do not bite his nose off for it. Be not you, therefore, my good friend, in like manner enraged at me, if, whilst you are flying in the air, digging up treasures, or encouraging vain and idle fancies, and hoping for things which can never be obtained ; I, out of friendship and regard, suffer you not to remain all your life in a dream, how sweet soever it is, but force you to rise up, and go about those necessary works that are agreeable to nature, and to reason. What you were lately upon, was every whit as absurd as Hippocentaurs, Gorgons, and Chimeras : any of those things that poets and painters have feigned, which never were, or could be ; and yet the multitude believe in them, and see them,

them, only because they are strange, improbable, and ridiculous. Thus you, Hermotimus, because you had heard from some idle fabulist, that there was a certain beauteous form, superior to every thing else in nature, excelling the Graces and celestial Venus; not considering whether it was true, or if any such beauty existed, immediately fell in love with her: as they say Medea did with Jason in a dream. But what misled you, and all those who fell in love with the same empty shade, was, if I mistake not, that he who recommended her to you, as soon as he found that you implicitly believed him, went on with success, and made his whole description so coherent, that he easily conducted you to your beloved: none of you, in the mean time, enquired, whether you were going the right way or not: or, if your guides had not misled you, but followed the steps of him that went before, as sheep do those of their leader: when you ought, before you entered the path, to have considered, whether you should strike into it at all.

But, perhaps, you may understand the argument better by a similitude. Suppose, for instance, one of your adventurous poets should tell you of a man who had three heads and six hands; if you swallow this, without considering

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ing whether it is possible or not, he immediately goes on to inform you that this man had likewise fix<sup>d</sup> eyes, and as many ears, that he spoke with three voices at a time, eat his food with three mouths, that instead of ten fingers, as we have, he had thirty; if he made a warrior of him, he would put into three of his hands a target, a basket-hilt, and a shield, and into the other three an axe, a lance, and a sword: and who could deny the truth of all this? it is agreeable to what was first granted, though it should certainly have been considered before, \* whether it ought to have been granted, or not: if you give up that, the rest follows of course, and you cannot refuse your assent, when it corresponds so well with the promises admitted. And thus it is with you; from strong prepossession, when you have got into the path, without considering whether it be the right one, you are drawn into the consequence, true or false. If any body tells you

\* *Whether it ought.*] This puts us in mind of the question proposed by Charles the Second, of facetious memory, to the Royal Society: If a tub or vessel be filled quite, or brim full, with water, and a large fish be thrown into it—*Quære*, why does not the water run over.—It is somewhere, if I am not mistaken, related, that the Society puzzled themselves a long time about the solution of this miraculous circumstance.—Never reflecting whether the fact was true or not.

that

that twice five make seven, and you believe it without counting, he will soon persuade you that four times five is fourteen, or any thing else; just as it is in the wonderful science of geometry, where they lay down certain absurd postulata, which must be granted, such as individual points and lines without latitude, pretending, on such rotten foundations, to build demonstration, and to deduce true conclusions from false principles: in like manner you also, taking for granted the principles of some particular sect, believe every thing that follows from them, and embrace falsehood instead of truth. Some of you die in the midst of their hopes, and before they have found out that they were imposed on; others discover the deceit in their old age, but are ashamed to acknowledge it, or to confess that, at their time of life, they have been employed in such childish trifles: they continue, therefore, in the same error, cry up what is before them, and exhort others to embrace it, that they may not be the only dupes, but comfort themselves with the thought, that thousands are in the same condition; if they confess the truth, they plainly perceive that they will not appear to be such grave and respectable characters, exalted above the vulgar, or meet with such deference and esteem

esteem as they used to do : they will never, willingly, acknowledge their ignorance, or that they are like the multitude. You will find very few, indeed, that have courage enough to own that they have been deceived, or who will dissuade others from treading in the same path : if you light on such a man, call him, as he is, the friend of truth, sober, just, or, if you please, a philosopher, for he alone deserves that name ; all beside, either know nothing of the truth, though they pretend to it, or conceal their ignorance through fear and shame, and because they wish to be thought superior to the rest of mankind. But let us bury in total oblivion every thing that has passed between us on this subject ; let us suppose that the Stoic philosophy is the only true one, and that there is none besides it worthy of our care ; let us then consider whether it be such a one as we may hope to attain, or whether all who hitherto attempted it have laboured in vain. I hear of wonderful things promised to those who arrive at the summit of it, and that they alone possess every thing good and desirable ; but you best know whether you have ever lit on such a perfect Stoic, as was never subdued by pain, or misled by pleasure, or enslaved by passion ; one who was superior to envy, a contemner of riches ;

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one who, in a word, was completely happy, as he must be, who is the rule and model of perfect virtue; for he who is deficient in the least of these, is imperfect, however excellent he may be with regard to any thing else; if not, there never yet was the truly happy and complete Stoic.

HERMOTIMUS.

Such a one, I must own, I never yet have seen.

LYCINUS.

You are right, Hermotimus, to confess the truth. How then can you any longer pursue philosophy, when you plainly perceive, that neither your master, nor your master's master, nor any that went before him, though you go back to the tenth generation, was ever so wise as to be perfectly happy: nor will it suffice to say, it is enough if you can approach nearly towards happiness: this is doing nothing; for he is equally a stranger, and in the open air, who stands on the outside of the door, be he ever so near, as he who stands at a great distance from it, with this only difference, that he who is nearest must be most unhappy, in being close to that felicity which he cannot possess. Do you put yourself to all this trouble, therefore, only to get near to perfect happiness? for such

we will suppose it to be; is it for this alone you spend so much time, wear yourself out with watchings, and bring yourself to the grave? For this, you say, you will labour for these twenty years at least to come, that, after all, at fourscore, (and who can promise you will live so long?) you may be one of those who are not yet happy; unless, indeed, you think that you alone are able to gain that, which so many better and abler men before you, with all their toil and labour, could never acquire. But, even taking all this for granted, where is the good resulting from it that deserves so much toil and trouble? How little time is left for enjoyment, when you are grown old and no longer able to relish such pleasures, with one foot, as they say, in the \* grave! unless, indeed, you are looking forward to another life, and are learning here how to live better in it; which is much the same as if a man should prepare to set out a good supper, and, in the mean time perish with hunger. You seem to have forgot that virtue consists in good works, in acting with justice, wisdom, and fortitude. But you (by you I mean all your eminent philosophers), spend your time in idle words, disputes, and syllogisms; in these you throw away

\* *The grave.*] A literal translation.

the greatest part of your lives, and esteem him who excels in them as the noblest of all conquerors. For this reason, I suppose, you admire your old master, because he can raise doubts and scruples, know how to ask a subtle question, to make use of frauds and quirks, and how to hamper his opponent with insuperable difficulties: so busy about the bark, that you neglect the fruit, and divert yourselves with throwing the leaves at one another: do you do any thing else from morning to night?

H E R M O T I M U S.

To say the truth, no.

L Y C I N U S.

Is it not, then, justly said of you, that you leave the substance to catch at the shadow, the body of the serpent for the skin only, or rather that you are like a man pouring water into a mortar, and beating it with an iron pestle, thinking all the time he is doing a great and necessary work, not knowing that though, as they say, he beat his heart out, the water will be water still. But let me ask you one question; would you wish to resemble your master in any thing, his learning excepted? to be, like him, a passionate, sordid, and litigious voluptuary? for so, by Jupiter, he is, though the world in general do not know it.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

Some there are, certainly, who do not.

## L Y C I N U S.

Shall I tell you what I heard of a certain old philosopher, whose house is much frequented by our youth for instruction : he flew into a violent passion, the other day, with one of his pupils, for not paying him his salary, which had been due sixteen days before, when the lad's uncle, who stood by, a plain countryman, who knew nothing of your fine philosophy, cried out, Pray, wonderful Sir, complain not of any injury done you, because we have not paid you for a few empty words ; what you told us you have yet in your own possession, and are just as learned as you were before ; but with regard to what we sent him to you for, he is not at all improved ; for he debauched my neighbour Echeocrates's daughter, and would have suffered for the rape, but that the father was poor, and I bought him off with a talent of good gold : and not long since he beat his mother, who had caught him hiding a cask of wine under his coat, which he was going to carry off to his jovial club ; add, to this, that, in impudence, lying, and quarrelling, he is a much greater proficient than he was a twelve-month ago. I had much rather you  
would

would have prevented all this, than have taught him to inform us every night at supper, how a \* crocodile seized a child, and promised to give him back again, when his father should answer some certain question, about I know not what; or to tell us, that if it was day it could not possibly be night: sometimes he introduces his horns, and perplexes us all; meditates gravely on his habits, relations, ideas, conceptions, and such stuff, which we laugh at: sometimes he will tell us that god is not in heaven, but that he passes through, and is † inherent in wood, stone, animals, and things the most trifling and contemptible. When his mother asks him how he can throw away his time in such nonsense, he tells her, if he can but learn these things he shall be rich, happy, and a king, and all mankind, besides, nothing but his slaves and vassals.

Thus spake the countryman; and now mark what an old woman's answer the philosopher returned to him. Do not you think, said he, if the young man had not been under my care, that he would have done something much worse, something, perhaps, which he might have been

\* *A crocodile.*] This has been explained before.

† *Inherent, &c.*] The system of the famous French philosopher, Malbranche, seems to be founded on this idea. See an account of Malbranche, in Bayle's Dictionary.



hanged for? But philosophy restrained him, moderated his passions, and he is, at least, tolerable: he is ashamed of doing any thing misbecoming the great science I have taught him; if, therefore, I do not deserve any reward for making him better, you are at least indebted to me for what my philosophy has prevented his being guilty of: as nurses send children to school, where, if they learn nothing, they are at least out of harm's way: as to every thing else, I have fulfilled my duty, and, if you will come to me to-morrow morning, you shall see how he can ask questions and answer them, how many things he has learned, and how many books he has read, about axioms, and syllogisms, and comprehensions, and duties, and a thousand other things. If he beat his mother, and debauched a girl, what is that to me? I am not his tutor.

Thus did the old man talk about philosophy; and you, I suppose, will tell us, that all we are to expect from this noble science is, that we shall be never the worse for it: is it really so, my friend, or had we formed better hopes from it; did we not expect to become a little better than idiots by it? What say you to this?

## HERMOTIMUS.

I can only say, my friend, that I am ready to cry when I think what a fool I have been, so thoroughly am I at last convinced by sense and reason: I lament my folly, in throwing away so much time to no purpose. I am like a man just recovered from a fit of drunkenness, I see, with shame, what I have been so long in love with, and how much I have suffered for it.

## LYCINUS.

There is no reason, however, to cry about it; Æsop's advice, in one of his fables, is, I think, a most excellent one: he tells us of a man, who was sitting on the shore, near a tempestuous sea, and numbering the waves; but finding himself puzzled in the calculation, he was horribly fretted and vexed about it; when a fox, standing by, said to him, Why, my friend, will you give yourself so much uneasiness about what is past? think no more of the waves that are gone, but begin and number those before you. Do you, therefore, since you are convinced of your error, for the future be content to live like other men, be a good common citizen, and aim at nothing great or singular; if you are wise, do not be

Q4

ashamed,

ashamed, old as you are, of changing for the better.

Do not imagine, my good friend, whatever I may have said, that I had any enmity against the Portico, or meant to affront the Stoics in particular; my argument holds, equally, against every sect, and I should have said the very same thing, if you had been a Platonist, or an Aristotelian.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

I believe you; and shall immediately change my whole appearance: you shall see me no more with a long rough beard, refusing myself proper food and nourishment, but acting on an easier and more liberal plan. I may even, perhaps, put on purple, to shew the world I have done with all these trifles. I wish I could as easily get rid of all I have learned: if I could cast it all up, I would gladly swallow a dose of hellebore (for a different reason than \* Chrysippus did it), to prevent any of their stuff from rising in my mind for the future. I am infinitely obliged to you, Lycinus, for snatching me out of the waves, when I was almost overwhelmed by them, and when I

\* *Chrysippus*.] When Chrysippus, we are told, was to dispute with Carneades, about some important points, he took a dose of hellebore to clear his head,

was carried down by the torrent, descending, like a propitious deity, in your car, at the end of the tragedy, to save me. Recovered, as I have been, I should celebrate this day as a festival, and \* shave my head, like those who escape a ship-wreck; and as for philosophers, from this time forth, if, against my will, I chance to meet one in the street, I shall turn aside, and avoid him as I would a mad dog.

† *Shave my head.*] This custom is mentioned before.

# HARMONIDES.

*This little Piece of LUCIAN's carries with it the Appearance of a Letter address'd to some very great Man, probably the prime Minister of Macedonia, whose Favour he was ambitious to obtain, as the certain Road to Honour and Preferment. A Vein of Panegyric and Flattery, not often to be met with in this Author, runs through it, which seems in some Measure to call in Question the Genuineness of it. My Readers will determine for themselves, with regard to its Authenticity.*

**H**ARMONIDES thus spake, of old, to his master, \* Timotheus; “inform me, if possible

\* *Timotheus.*] One of the most celebrated poets and musicians of antiquity. He was born at Miletus, an Ionian city of Caria, 446 years before Christ, a contemporary of Philip of Macedon, and, according to Dryden's Ode, of Alexander also, excelled in lyric and dithyrambic poetry, and no less in his performance on the cithara. According to Pausanias, he added four new strings to that instrument, which before had only seven, for which he was banished by virtue of a curious Spartan act of parliament, quoted, from Causabon, by Dr. Burney, in his history of Greek Music, and which I shall here subjoin, for the entertainment of my readers.

“Whereas Timotheus the Milesian, coming to our city, has dishonoured our ancient music, and, despising the lyre of seven strings, has, by the introduction of a greater variety of notes, corrupted the ears of our youth, and, by  
the

possible (said he), how I may become famous amongst men, and known throughout all Greece; greatly, I must acknowledge, am I already indebted to you, who have taught me to tune the flute well, to blow it sweetly and harmoniously, to place my fingers properly, to keep time, to perceive the character of every † mode, the divine breathing of the Phrygian, the solemn gravity of the Doric, the softness and beauty of the Ionic; all this I learned from you; but I am not yet arrived at that perfection, which I was ambitious of, in singing to it, which would procure me fame and glory, which would render me so illustrious, that men should point at me as I pass along, and say, there goes Harmonides, the prince of musicians; in the same manner as when you came first from Bœotia, performed in the ‡ Pandio-

the number of his strings, given to our music an effeminate dress, the kings, and the ephori, have therefore resolved to pass censure on him, and to oblige him to cut off his superfluous strings, and to banish him from our city, that men, may be warned, &c." See Burney, vol. i. page 407.

† *Mode.*] For a full and accurate account of the modes, I must refer the curious reader to Burney's Dissertation on the Music of the Ancients, vol. i. page 47.

‡ *Pandionides.*] Some tragedy of that name, not now extant, on the story of Progne and Philomela, daughters of Pandion.

nides,

nides, and gained the victory in Ajax, your name-sake having composed the music: what tongue did not then resound with the praises of Timotheus the Theban! and even to this day, wherever you appear, the people flock round you, as all the feathered race do round the bird of night. It was this that animated me to the study of the flute, and for which alone I have taken so much pains; nor would I wish to excel in it, were I to remain inglorious and unknown, even though I had the skill of a \* Marfyas, or Olympus. † Hidden talents, as the proverb says, are of no value: teach me, therefore, how I may distinguish myself, and my art also, so shall I be doubly obliged to you, both for my skill in music, and the glory which I shall acquire by it.

To this Timotheus thus replied. “Your ambition, Harmonides, is noble; to acquire

\* *Marfyas.*] Plato tells us that we are indebted to Marfyas and Olympus for wind-music. To them is likewise attributed the invention of the Phrygian and Lydian measure. Marfyas is also said, by some, to have been the inventor of the double flute, though others give it to his father Hyagius. For a farther account of these eminent musicians, see Burney’s Dissertation.

† *Hidden talents.*] Tu licet et Thamyras superes atque Orpheæ cantu,

Non erit ignotæ gratia magna lyrae.

Ov. Art. Amand.

honour

honour and glory, and be distinguished amongst men, is no mean or inconsiderable reward ; this you are desirous to obtain, by appearing in public, and displaying your abilities before the multitude : but even by doing this you will not be universally known ; for where will you find a theatre to perform in, large enough to contain all Greece : the only method by which you can ever gain the desired end is, in my opinion, this ; shew yourself sometimes on the public stage, but depend not on the multitude ; there is a shorter, and an easier way to glory ; chuse out the best and noblest of the Grecians, the wise few, who are acknowledged judges, and on whom you may rely, if they admire and praise you, you will soon be known to all the world besides : for if those, whom all commend, commend you, what occasion will you have for the approbation of the vulgar, who always follow those that can decide better than themselves ? The multitude is composed of low and ignorant artificers, those whom the great praise, they will praise also. In the public games, the spectators, we know, clap and hiss, but it is only four or five who judge and determine."

Such was the advice of Timotheus, but Harmonides lived not to profit by it ; for the first time he contended in public, exerting himself



too strenuously, from an ardent desire of success, he breathed his last; we are told, upon the instrument, and, without gaining the crown of victory, died on the spot.

The advice of Timotheus, in this speech, in my opinion, not only suits Harmonides, but may be applied to all those who pant for glory, and popular applause; as I had the same ambition, therefore, I was resolved to follow it, and for that purpose considered with myself who was the greatest man in this city, whose judgment others would rely on, and on whom alone I might safely depend, when you occurred to me as the proper person; one in whom all virtues are united, the rule, as it were, and standard of perfection. If you had seen my works, and praised them (and much I wish you had), I should have gained the desired end of all my labours, and, by your favour alone, acquired the approbation of all. To have preferred any other suffrage to your's, would have been unpardonable folly: to one alone I would trust my cause, which would be the same as if I had shewn myself to all mankind; for you are of more consequence than all: the kings of Sparta had two voices, and every body else but one; but you unite in yourself the power of the ephori, and of the senate also. In learning, indeed, you  
ought

ought always to preside and direct, because you are always candid and judicious, and therefore it is, that, alarmed as I am at the difficulty of my undertaking, I repose full confidence in you ; and the rather, as I think you will be favourable to me, because I belong to the same city, which you have yourself been so great an ornament to, both in your public and private capacity : if the majority of votes should chance to be against me, you, and the few such as you, may yet prevail, make up the deficiency, and, as you always do correct every thing that is amiss, set all to rights again. It will not satisfy my ambition that I have been formerly admired, that I am already celebrated, and that men praise my eloquence ; I prize all this as shadows, and mere nothing, in comparison with your applause, which is the great end of all : I would have no doubts or uncertainty about my merit, but be pronounced at once the best of all men :—but before I enter the lists, in such a noble contest, shall I not hope for some propitious omen ? Confirm it, gracious gods, and give your sanction to the praise I have received, that hereafter I may appear with confidence. He need not fear to stand on any ground, who has conquered at Olympia.

# HERODOTUS,

OR

ÆT I O N.

*This little Piece seems imperfect, being only a Kind of Proœmium, or Preface, to a long Speech, supposed to have been spoken by LUCIAN, before a large Assembly in Macedonia, when he travelled through Greece. His Account of ÆTION's Picture is curious, and gives us a favourable Opinion of the State of the polite Arts in his Time. The Speech both begins and ends abruptly.*

**W**OULD to heaven I could imitate Herodotus ! I will not say in every thing, for that is beyond my hopes, but even in one of his perfections ; either the beauty of his diction, the harmony of his periods, the native sweetness of his Ionic dialect, the richness of his sentiments, or any other of those numberless and inimitable graces, which he is master of : the manner, indeed, in which he made himself and his history known, may easily be followed : for, when he sailed from Caria into Greece, he considered within himself how he might most expeditiously, and with the least trouble, render himself and his writings most  
con-

conspicuous; to go round to the Athenians, Corinthians, Argives, and Lacedæmonians, one after another, he rightly judged would have been a laborious, and a tedious task: he thought it a wrong method to divide his work into so many little parts, to make himself known amongst men, and bent his thoughts towards some method of finding all Greece assembled together, when the great Olympic games began, and the historian, seizing on this favourable opportunity, the circumstance which he had long wished for, the council and nobles all met, came into the lower part of the temple, and produced himself before them, not as a spectator, but a candidate in the lists, there repeated his history, and so charmed every hearer, that his nine books were honoured with the names of the nine Muses.

From this time he was better known than all the conquerors there, every body repeated the name of Herodotus; many had themselves heard him at the great assembly, and as many had been told of him by others: they distinguished him, they pointed him out, and cried, \* that is he, that is Herodotus, who wrote our battles with the Persians, in the Ionic dialect, and celebrated our victories in his divine songs.

\* *That is he.*] Οὗτος μὲν, et dicier—Hic est. Juv.

Thus did he reap the fruits of his conquest, the universal suffrage of admiring Greece, and his triumph was adorned, not by one herald, but by every city whose inhabitants had been eye-witnesses of that magnificent spectacle. In this, nearest path to fame and honour, he was afterwards followed by Hippias the Sophist, Prodicus, Anaximenes, Polus of Agrigentum, and many others, who repeated their works before the general assembly, and became, in a short time, universally celebrated and admired.

But why need I mention ancient orators, sophists, and historians, when a recent example is before us, of Ætion the painter, who so lately produced his picture of Alexander and Roxana, at the same place, and with such success, that Proxenidas, the chief judge, was so charmed with it, that he gave him his daughter in marriage.

You will naturally ask what there could be so extraordinary in this picture, as to induce the judge to take Ætion, who was a stranger, for his son in law : it is now in Italy, where I have seen, and am, therefore, able to give you a full description of it.

The † scene is a handsome inner chamber,  
with

† *The scene is, &c.*] The picture here so accurately described by Lucian, had undoubtedly no inconsiderable share

with a nuptial bed in it, on which Roxana, a most beautiful virgin, is reclining, with her eyes fixed on the ground, as ashamed of looking up to Alexander, who stands by her. She is attended by several smiling Cupids, one of whom is behind, lifting up her veil, and discovering her beauties to the bridegroom; whilst another, in the character of a slave, pulls off her slipper, that she may lie down; another lays hold on Alexander's robe, and seems drawing him, with all his strength, towards the bride: he has a garland in his hand, which he offers her; Hephæstion stands close to him, with a torch in his hand, and leaning on a beautiful youth, whom I take to be Hymen, though there is no name inscribed over him; in another part of the picture are a number of Cupids, sporting with Alexander's armour, two

share of merit; a better proof of this cannot be given, than that the immortal Raphael was so struck with it, as to paint one on the same subject, wherein he adheres closely in every part to Lucian's description, except that our author lays his scene in the inner chamber of a house, and Raphael in a camp. Raphael's picture made part of the furniture of his own bed-chamber, and is now at his villa near Rome; there are prints from it, engraved by, and may be found in Hamilton's Collection of the Italian School. The French painter, Coypel, likewise employed his pencil on this story, which he has treated nearly in the same manner: his print is reckoned a very good one.

of them, like porters, sweating under a burthen, carrying his spear, with two more at a little distance, one lying upon his shield, and borne, like a king in triumph, by several, who take hold of the handles of it, whilst the other gets into his coat of mail, and conceals himself, as if with a design to frighten the rest if they come that way : nor are these sports without design, as the artist meant by them to point out the hero's passion for war, and to shew that, how much soever he might be in love with Roxana, he had not forgot his arms. The picture, it may be observed, had something nuptial in it, which might recommend *Ætion* to the daughter of *Proxenidas*, as the marriage of *Alexander* was a type of his own, and the hero, whose wedding was represented, a kind of bridesman to the painter, who went away equally happy.

Herodotus, (to return to him,) sung the victories of Greece before the Olympic judges, and acquired immortal honour ; far be it from me to compare myself to that great writer, though, in one thing, there seems to be a similarity between us ; when I first came into Macedonia, I considered within myself in what manner I should act ; I wished to make myself known to every one, but to go round to  
every

every city was a difficult task : I thought it best, therefore, to come before your great assembly, and address myself to you, the flower of all Macedonia ; not from lanes, or corners, not from Pisa itself, but from a nobler city ; not the dregs of the populace, not a croud gathered to a spectacle, and listening to an Herodotus ; but to a company of orators, historians, and sophists of the first rank ; far superior to any thing at the Olympic games. I cannot compare myself to a Glaucus, a Milo, or Polydamas, that would be vain-glorious ; and yet if you consider me separately, and as a candidate in my own profession, I shall, I flatter myself, be intitled to your esteem and approbation.



# T H E S C Y T H I A N.

*This seems to have been an Oration, or, perhaps, only Part of one, spoken by LUCIAN, before some popular Assembly at Athens, probably before he had distinguished himself as a Writer. As a Foreigner, he endeavours to recommend himself to the Athenians, and to conciliate the public Favour. The Comparison, which he draws between Anacharsis and himself, though it savours rather too much of authorial Vanity, is ingenious, and his artful Address to two leading Men, towards the End of the Discourse, shews a Knowledge of Mankind, which, we may suppose, was of no little Service to him.*

**A**NACHARSIS was not the first who came out of Scythia to learn the arts of Greece; for before him Toxaris, a man of great wisdom and knowledge, and one who had a taste for truth and beauty, travelled thither: he was not of royal or noble race, but a plebeian of that country, one of those whom they call \* Ootipedes, which signifies master of two oxen, and

\* Ootipedes.] Eight-footed.—Because they were masters, or owners, of two oxen. Small farmers to be sure.

one waggon; he never returned to Scythia, but died at Athens; soon after which he was ranked amongst the heroes; and the Athenians, to this day, offer up an annual sacrifice to him, under the title of the foreign physician: how he came by this appellation, and why he was thus honoured as a son of *Æsculapius*, it may not be amiss to inform you, that you may learn it is not the Scythians alone who bestow immortality, and send messengers to † *Zamolxis*, but that the Athenians also deify their Scythian heroes.

During the time of the great † plague, the wife of *Architeles*, the *Areopagite*, saw, in the middle of the night, the figure of *Toxaris* stand-

† *Zamolxis*.] The great deity of the Scythians; who believed that if they lived a good life, they should meet him in the regions of the blessed. Every five years this barbarous people sent what they called a messenger to him; the manner of which was no less singular than cruel: when they had fixed on the person to be immortalized, they drew out three pikes, or javelins, and threw the man up into the air, if he had the good fortune to fall upon one of the javelins, and be killed by it, they looked upon it as a propitious omen, and that *Zamolxis* accepted the victim, and would favour them in every undertaking; if he did not die with the wounds, they considered him as a rascal, and tried the experiment on some other person. This story is told by *Herodotus*.

† *Plague*.] In the time of the *Peloponnesian* war. As related by *Thucydides*.

ing by her, and commanding her to tell the Athenians, that the pestilence would cease, if they sprinkled the streets of the city with wine; by repeating this (for the Athenians followed the advice), whether it was that the smell arising from the wine dispelled the noxious vapours, or that Toxaris, who was a skilful physician, made use of any other means, the plague was stayed; in consideration of this, a white horse is annually sacrificed at his tomb, on the spot where Dimænete was supposed to have seen him, when he prescribed the remedy, and where Toxaris was buried, with an inscription, at present scarce legible. There was likewise a small pillar, with a figure of Toxaris, who held an out-stretched bow in his right hand, and in his left a book, both which are still to be seen, though one half of the monument, and the face of the man are destroyed by time. Not far from the double gate, and on the left, as you go to the Academy, you will find the little tomb, and part of the pillar lying on the ground; it is always crowned with garlands, and \* several persons, it is said, by resorting to it, have

\* *Several persons, &c.*]\* This favours much of Romish superstition, nor can we at all reconcile the strange credulity of Lucian in this point, with his general character.

been cured of fevers : nor is this improbable ; as Toxaris formerly preserved the whole city.

It was during the life of Toxaris (and this is the reason why I mentioned him) that Anacharsis came into Greece ; and when he landed at the Piræus, being a barbarian, and an utter stranger to the country, ignorant of every thing in it, and not knowing what to do with himself, he suffered no little uneasiness : his dress and arms rendered him an object of derision to the multitude, and he could find no body who understood his language ; insomuch that he began at length to repent of his journey, and resolved, though he had but just set foot in Athens, to turn back again, sail to the Bosphorus, and make the best of his way home : in this situation, Toxaris, like a good genius, met him as he entered the Ceramicus ; attracted by his foreign habit, he came up to him ; it is, indeed, most probable that he must have known Anacharsis, who was a man of the first rank in Scythia, though he might not recollect Toxaris, who was dressed in the Grecian manner, without a girdle, or a sword, close shaved, and, in short, appearing in all respects as a native of Athens, such an entire change had time wrought in him. Are not you, said Toxaris, in the Scythian tongue, Anacharsis, the son of Daucetus ?

Ana-

Anacharfis shed tears of joy, at thus meeting with a man who could speak his language, and seemed to know him so well; how came you, said he, stranger, to know me? I am your countryman, replied the other, though, being of inferior rank, you do not recollect me; my name is Toxaris. And are you, said Anacharfis, that Toxaris whom I have heard so much of, who left his wife and family in Scythia, in search of Grecian literature, and came to Athens, where he now lives honoured and revered by the greatest persons in it? I am he, said Toxaris. Know then, replied Anacharfis, that I am your disciple and follower; struck with the same passion as yourself for Grecian knowledge, I left my native country, and have suffered so many hardships in my journey hither, that if I had not lit on you, I had determined, before sun-set, to go back to my ship, such uneasiness did I feel at being totally ignorant of every thing around me; but, by our country's gods, by Zamolxis, and the \* scymitar, I now intreat thee, Toxaris, to take a stranger under thy protection, lead me round the city, and shew me every thing that is worth seeing in it; explain to me the laws of Athens, her manners,

\* *Scymitar.*] See Lucian's Toxaris, where this oath is explained.

her rites and ceremonies, her policy, and customs; bring me acquainted with her great men, shew me all those things which induced you, as well as myself, to take so long a journey, and do not suffer me to return home without a thorough knowledge of them.

It was not (replied Toxaris), like a lover of science, after coming to the very door, thus to talk of retreating; be of good courage, however, my friend, for you shall not go back so soon as you intended; this city will not so easily part from you, nor does it want allurements sufficient to detain a stranger in it, but will lay hold on you so strongly, that you will soon forget even your wife and children, if you have left any behind you. And, now, I will tell you how you may get a complete view of Athens, and of every thing remarkable throughout all Greece; there is here a great and wise man, a native of this place, who has travelled through Asia and Ægypt, well known to the first persons in the kingdom, though he is himself poor and indigent; you will find him old, like me, and habited like a plebeian, yet, on account of the extraordinary wisdom, and many virtues which he possesses, admired and esteemed by all the citizens, who acknowledge him as their legislator, and live and act as he directs them :

them : if you can make him your friend, and experience how great a man he is, you will have in him alone, all Greece ; the summit and perfection of every thing that is to be seen or known amongst us : I cannot confer a greater favour, than to introduce and recommend you to him.

Let us not then delay, said Anacharsis ; bring us together, I beseech you, Toxaris, as soon as possible ; but I fear he will be difficult of access, and, perhaps, pay no regard to your recommendation. Never fear that, said Toxaris, I know I shall do him the greatest favour, by giving him an opportunity of shewing kindness to a stranger ; follow me, and you shall soon experience his hospitality, justice, candour, and benevolence ; and see, my friend, as if sent by heaven's appointment, he approaches towards us ; that is he who comes this way, he seems wrapped in meditation, and is talking to himself.

Toxaris then went up to Solon ; I have brought you, said he, a valuable present, a stranger, who stands in need of your friendship and protection ; a Scythian by birth, who has left his country and family to live with us, and see the wonders of Greece. I have pointed out to him the shortest way to be acquainted with  
every

every thing, and every body worth knowing here, and for this purpose I have brought him to you. If I have any knowlege of Solon, I doubt not but he will treat him hospitably, pay him public honours, and adopt him a citizen of Greece.

And now (turning to the Scythian), Anacharis, he cried, you have seen Solon, and in him every thing; he is Athens; he is Greece; you are no longer a stranger here; all men know, and all love you; so much depends on this good old man; living with him you will soon forget Scythia; you reap the reward of your travels, the great end of all your labour; here you see the Grecian laws, and the philosophy of Athens. Acknowledge yourself at length the happiest of mankind, to be thus blessed with Solon's friendship.

How much Solon was pleased with the present which Toxaris had made him, and all that he said on the occasion, would be tedious to relate; suffice it to observe, that they afterwards lived together, Solon shewing him every thing instructing, and recommending him, taking every method to make him live easily and happily in Greece: whilst Anacharis, on his part, admired the wisdom of Solon so much, that he would never stir from him; for, as Toxaris  
had



foretold, from Solon alone, in a short time, every thing, became acquainted with body, and was universally esteemed; his approbation, indeed, was a matter of no little consequence, for all men considered him as their great legislator, and implicitly obeyed him, always loving and valuing those whose conduct he applauded. Anacharsis was, moreover, initiated into the sacred mysteries, the only barbarian who ever enjoyed that privilege, having before been made a denizen of Athens; if we may believe Theoxenus, who relates this of him: nor would he ever, I suppose, have returned into Scythia, if the death of Solon had not driven him out of Greece.

And, now, you will expect, no doubt, that I should put an end to my tale, and inform you for what purpose I brought Toxaris and Anacharsis thus out of Scythia, and old Solon to Athens: the truth is, something parallel to Anacharsis's adventures happened to myself; by the Graces, I beseech you, my friends, be not angry at the simile, or because I compare myself to a man of such rank and family; he was a barbarian as well as myself, and, I hope, you will own, a Syrian is not inferior to a Scythian. I do not mean to draw the comparison with regard to his birth, but to other circumstances;

stances ; for, when I first came an utter stranger to your city, I was struck with the size and beauty of it, the number of its inhabitants, its dignity, and splendor. I was astonished, and lost in admiration, like the \* young man at the palace of Menelaus : and well I might be at the sight of a city so grand, noble, and flourishing.

In this situation, I considered what I should do ; I had resolved to give you a specimen of my abilities as an orator ; how indeed could I pass over in silence, such a subject ! I enquired, therefore, (for I will confess the truth) who were the principal men in the city, to whom I might apply, as patrons, who would be of the greatest service to me : very soon, not one or two barbarians, like Toxaris and Anacharsis, but numbers ; all, indeed, whom I met, told me the same thing ; however, though in different words, Know, stranger, they all cried, there are in this city many good and sensible men, nor will you find so many, perhaps, any where else ; but there are two, superior in rank and dignity, as well as in goodness to all the rest, in learning and elegance, equal to the ten famous orators of Greece ; such favourites of the people, that they are universally beloved, which is

\* *Young man.*] See Homer's *Odyssey*, B. IV. l. 74.

the greatest happiness to the commonwealth : whatever they command is performed, for they command nothing but what is good : great as they are; they leave no room for envy; respectable for their kindness, benevolence, and hospitality; at the same time, how mild they are, and how easy of access you will soon know, and may report to others : what will most excite your wonder is, that they are both to be found in the same house, a son and father : the latter you would take for a Solon, a Pericles, or Aristides; the former, tall, and with a form full of manly beauty, captivates you at first sight; but if he speaks, your ears are charmed and riveted to him, such wondrous eloquence is the youth possessed of : when he comes into the senate, the whole city listens to him, as the Athenians, they tell us, did to the son of Clinias. They repented, indeed, of their love for Alcibiades, but the whole nation loves, and reverences this youth : he is the joy and happiness of all, a public good. If he and his father receive and honour you with their friendship, the city is yours; they need only, by the waving of a hand, to signify their opinion of you, and your fortune is made.

Such, I swear by almighty Jove (if an oath is necessary to confirm it), was the general voice :  
and

and by experience, I know it is not half what they might have said. This, therefore, as the \* Coan poet says, is not a time for idleness and delays : I must pull every rope, say, and do all I can, to gain their patronage and friendship ; so shall I make a prosperous voyage, the sky will be serene, the waves placid, and I shall soon arrive at the desired haven.

*Coan poet.*] Bacchylides.

# Z E U X I S :

O R,

## A N T I O C H U S.

*This seems to be another Oration, probably spoken by LUCIAN, before the same Assembly, and in the same Place as the last, which he alludes to in the first Sentence: the Example of ZEUXIS is extremely apposite to the Purpose, as well as that of ANTI-  
OCHUS. Both the Stories are curious and enter-  
taining.*

AS soon as I was got home the other day, after having repeated my oration, several of my auditors came, (as I am speaking to friends, I may venture to mention it,) embraced, and complimented me highly on the occasion: their extravagant praises made me blush; partly, indeed, for fear that I should not hereafter answer their expectations: what they principally dwelt on, was the novelty of every thing I had said. What an admirable speech, they cried, how clever he must be at invention! how wonderfully new! They must surely have been greatly affected, or they would not have flattered a stranger in this manner; the excess  
of

of their praises, to say the truth, gave me no little uneasiness; and when they were gone, I said to myself, was there nothing in my writings worthy of commendation but the novelty of them? is there no judicious observance of ancient rules, no Attic elegance, no art in the composition, no sensible reflections, no style or beauty? Surely if there had, they would not have praised them thus, for being strange and uncommon: they might, after all, have been charmed principally with this; for, as Homer tells us,

\* Novel lays attract our ravish'd ears.

And yet, not with this alone, but partly with the other perfections which I mentioned; and to which, their novelty served as a crown, or ornament, to set off and recommend them, so that there might be some parts deserving of serious applause. This reflection soothed my pride, and made me almost believe them, when they told me, I was the only good Grecian writer, a miracle of parts, and so forth; and yet, perhaps, they would have given this kind of praise to a mountebank.

\* Την γὰρ αἰδοῖν μᾶλλον ἐπικλειῖς ἀνδρῶντος,

Ἡτις ἀκροῦνται μωρὰ τὴν ἀμφιπλήνεται. Od. A'. l. 35 l.

which Pope thus translates,

—Novel lays attract our ravish'd ears,

But old the mind with inattention hears.

I will tell you a story of Zeuxis. That famous painter seldom chose to handle trite and common subjects, such as heroes, gods, and battles, but always endeavoured to strike out something new, and exerted all his art and skill upon it: amongst other things, he painted a female centaur, with two young ones: there is an exact copy of it now at Athens; the original was said to have been sent into Italy by Sylla the Roman general, and lost at sea with the whole cargo, somewhere, I believe, near Malta. The copy, however, I have seen, and will describe to you; not that I pretend to be a judge of pictures, but because, when I saw it in a painter's collection, there, it made a strong impression on me, and I perfectly recollect every part of it.

\* The Centaur is lying down on a smooth turf; that part which represents a mare, is stretched on the ground, with the hind feet extended backwards; the forefeet not reaching out as if she laid on her side, but one of them as kneeling, with the hoof bent under, the other raised up, and trampling on the grass,

\* *The Centaur.*] The picture of Zeuxis is very exactly and accurately described by Lucian, and according to his account, had no small degree of merit in it. Zeuxis, if we may credit our author, must have been the STRUZZ of antiquity.

like

like a horse prepared to leap : she holds one of the young ones in her arms, and suckles it like a child at her woman's breast ; and the other at her dugs like a colt. In the farther part of the picture, is seen a male centaur, as watching from a place of observation, supposed to be the father ; he is behind, and discovers only the horse part of the figure, and appears smiling, shewing a lyon's cub, which he lifts up, as if to frighten the young ones in sport.

With regard to correctness in drawing, the colouring, † light and shade, symmetry, proportion, and other beauties of this picture ; as I am not a sufficient judge of the art, I leave it to painters, whose business it is to explain and illustrate them : what I principally admire in Zeuxis is, his shewing so much variety, and all the riches of his art, in the management of one subject, representing a man so fierce and terrible, the hair so nobly dishevelled, rough and flowing over the shoulders where it joins the horse, and the countenance, though smiling, amazingly wild and savage : the female Centaur is a most beautiful mare, of Thessalian breed, such as had been never ridden, or tamed :

† *Light and shade.*] Gr. Σκιασας ες διον.—Umbrarum rationem ; what can this mean, but the knowledge of light and shade ? This, however, according to the judgment of some modern critics, was unknown to the ancients.



all the upper part resembling a very handsome woman, except the ears, which are like a satyr's : that part of the figure, where the body of the woman joins to that of the horse, incorporating, as it were, insensibly, and by flow degrees, so that you can scarce mark the transition, deceiving the sight most agreeably : the ferocity that appears in the young ones, is, moreover, admirably expressed ; as well as the childish innocence in their countenances when they look towards the young lyon, clinging at the same time to the breast, and getting as close as possible to their mother.

When Zeuxis produced this work, he expected, no doubt, to meet with universal approbation from the spectators ; every body, indeed, praised and admired it ; and how could they do otherwise ? above all they commended, as my friends did with regard to me, the novelty of the invention ; said it was a most uncommon subject, and unattempted by any of his predecessors. But, when Zeuxis understood that their admiration was confined entirely to the novelty of it, and that they passed over all the art which he had exerted in it, “ Cover up the picture, said he to his pupil, and let it be carried home, for these people are only in love with the dregs, as it were, of the art, and take

no notice of the real merit of the picture, the novelty of the performance alone, runs away with all the praise and admiration."

Thus did Zeuxis act, perhaps with too much resentment. There is something similar to it in what happened to Antiochus, firnamed Soccer, in his war with the Gallo-Grecians. I will tell you, if you please, that story also. This prince, knowing that his enemies were strong and numerous, that they had a powerful phalanx in the van, armed with breast-plates of brass, and twenty thousand horse to support them; besides, eighty chariots with scythes, and as many without: against all these he had little hopes of success, his own army being but just raised, and consisting of very few troops, most of them light-armed soldiers, both horse and foot; he thought it therefore most prudent to put an end to the war if possible, and conclude a peace with them: but Theodotus, the Rhodian, a brave and skilful general, coming up, exhorted him by no means to despair. Antiochus had, it seems, sixteen elephants; these, he advised him carefully to conceal behind the ranks, so as not to be seen by the enemy; when the trumpets sounded, and the battle began, their horse advanced, the chariots of the Gallo-Grecians opened to give them way, when four

of the elephants rushed out against one party, and four against another, eight more opposed the chariot-drivers: this, they thought would frighten the horses, and make the enemy fall upon, and destroy one another: and so it happened; for neither the Gallo-Grecians themselves, nor their horses, having ever seen an elephant, they were terrified at a sight so unsuspected, and even before the monsters approached, as soon as they heard them bellow at a distance, and saw their trunks and teeth shining under their black hides, as if they would tear every thing to pieces, they fled away, before a dart was thrown, in the utmost confusion: the foot, in the mean time, slain by each other, and trod upon by the cavalry, who rushed upon them with all their force, and the chariots driving back upon their own men, which caused great slaughter amongst them; as  
\* Homer says,

In heaps on heaps, the foe tumultuous flies.

The horses, thus, once broke, and put out of their way, were routed by the elephants, threw down their drivers, and left the cars rolling on, and mowing down numbers with their scythes; the elephants treading upon them, and with their trunks tossing their bodies into the

\* *Homer says.*] See Pope's *Odyssey*, b. xvi. l. 351.

air, and tearing them in pieces; infomuch, that Antiochus, by their means, at length gained a complete victory. Most of the enemy were either slain or taken prisoners, except a few, who saved themselves by flight. The Macedonians sung a pean, crowned Antiochus, and exulted on the victory: but he, with tears in his eyes, cried out, "Should we not rather blush, my fellow-soldiers, to think our success was all owing to these sixteen beasts; if the enemy had not been struck with the novelty of the fight, what would have become of us?" He commanded, therefore, that nothing but an elephant should be inscribed on the trophy.

I am much afraid, lest something like Antiochus's battle should happen to myself; it is perhaps, my elephants alone, that frighten, and cause so much admiration; it is the novelty of a female Centaur, which appears so new and wonderful; and all the rest of Zeuxis's performance was but labour in vain. I will not think so, for you understand painting well, and are exquisite judges of the art: I hope my productions will be worthy of your approbation,

TO THAT EXCELLENT HISTORIAN,  
THE VERY LEARNED AND INGENIOUS  
Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON,  
PRINCIPAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,  
THIS TRACT IS INSCRIBED BY  
THE TRANSLATOR.

INSTRUCTIONS  
FOR  
WRITING HISTORY.

LUCIAN, *in this Letter to his Friend PHILO, after having, with infinite Humour, exposed the Absurdities of some contemporary Historians, whose Works being consigned to Oblivion, have never reached us, proceeds, in the latter Part of it, to lay down most excellent Rules and Directions for writing History. My Readers will find the one to the last Degree pleasant and entertaining; and the other no less useful, sensible, and instructive. This is, indeed, one of LUCIAN's best Pieces.*

My dear Philo,

**I**N the reign of \* Lyfimachus, we are told, that the people of Abdera were seized with

\* *Lyfimachus.*] One of Alexander's generals, to whose share on the division of the empire, after that monarch's death, fell the kingdom of Thrace, in which was situated the city of Abdera.

a violent epidemical fever, which raged through the whole city, continuing for seven days, at the expiration of which, a copious discharge of blood from the nostrils in some, and in others a profuse sweat, carried it off; it was attended, however, with a very ridiculous circumstance; every one of the persons affected by it, being suddenly taken with a fit of tragedizing, spouting iambics, and roaring out most furiously, particularly the \* *Andromeda* of Euripides, and the speech of Perseus, which they recited in most lamentable accents: the city swarmed with these pale seventh-day patients, who, with loud voices, were perpetually bawling out

O tyrant love, o'er gods and men supreme, &c.

And this they continued every day for a long time, till winter and the cold weather coming on, put an end to their delirium: for this disorder, they seem, in my opinion, indebted to Archelaus, a tragedian at that time in high estimation, who, in the middle of summer, at the very † hottest season of the year, exhibited

\* *Andromeda.*] A small fragment of this tragedy, and which has in it the very line here quoted by Lucian, is yet extant in Barnes's edition of Euripides.

† *Hottest season.*] This story may afford no useless admonition to the managers of the Hay-market, and other summer theatres, who, it is to be hoped, will not run the hazard of inflaming their audiences with too much tragedy in the dog-days.

the

the Andromeda, which had such an effect on the spectators, that several of them, as soon as they rose up from it, fell insensibly into the tragedizing vein; the Andromeda naturally occurring to their memories, and Perseus, with his Medusa, still hovering round them.

Now if, as they say, one may compare great things with small: this Abderian disorder seems to have seized on many of our Literati of the present age; not that it sets them on acting tragedies, (for the folly would not be so great in repeating other people's verses, especially if they were good ones,) but ever since the war was begun against the Barbarians, the defeat in † Armenia, and the victories consequent on it, not one is there amongst us who does not write a history, or rather, I may say, we are all Thucydides's, Herodotus's, and Xenophon's. Well may they say, § war is the parent of all things, when one action can make so many historians. This puts me in mind of what happened at

† *Armenia.*] This alludes to the Parthian war, in the time of Severian; the particulars of which, except the few here occasionally glanced at, we are strangers to. Lucian, most probably by this tract, totally knocked up some of the historians who had given an account of it, and prevented many others who were intimidated by the severity of his strictures, from attempting to transmit the history of it to posterity.

§ *War is, &c.*] This saying is attributed to Empedocles, Sinope :

|| Sinope: when the Corinthians heard that Philip was going to attack them, they were all alarmed, and fell to work, some brushing up their arms, others bringing stones to prop up their walls, and defend their bulwarks, every one, in short, lending a hand: Diogenes observing this, and having nothing to do, (for no body employed him,) tucked up his robe, and, with all his might, fell a-rolling his tub, which he lived in, up and down the \* Cranium: What are you about? said one of his friends; Rolling my tub, replied he, that whilst every body is busy around me, I may not be the only idle person in the kingdom. In like manner, I, my dear Philo, being very loath, in this noisy age, to make no noise at all, or to act the part of a mute in the comedy, think it highly proper that I should roll my tub also: not that I mean to write history myself, or be a narrator of facts; you need not fear me, I am not so rash, knowing the danger too well if

¶ *Sinope.*] The most famous of the Pontic cities, and well known as the residence of the renowned Cynic philosopher. It is still called by the same name, and is a port-town of Asiatic Turkey, on the Euxine.

\* *Cranium.*] A kind of school or gymnasium, where the young men performed their exercises: the choice of such a place by a philosopher, to roll a tub in, heightens the ridicule.

I roll



I roll it amongst the stones, especially such a tub as mine, which is not over strong, so that the least pebble I strike against, would dash it in pieces. I will tell you, however, what my design is, how I mean to be present at the battle, and yet keep out of the reach of danger: I intend to shelter myself from the † waves and the smoke, and the cares that writers are liable to, and only give them a little good advice, and a few precepts; to have, in short, some little hand in the building, though I do not expect my name will be inscribed on it, as I shall but just touch the mortar with the tip of my finger.

There are many, I know, who think there is no necessity for instruction at all with regard to this business, any more than there is for walking, seeing, or eating, and that it is the easiest thing in the world for a man to write history, if he can but say what comes uppermost: but you, my friend, are convinced that it is no such easy matter, nor should be negligently and carelessly performed; but that, on the other hand, if there be any thing in the whole circle of literature, that requires more than ordinary care and attention, it is undoubtedly this: at least, if a man would wish, as

† *Waves, &c.*] See Homer's *Odyssey*, M. l. 219.

Thucydides says, to labour for posterity. I very well know, that I cannot attack so many without rendering myself obnoxious to some, especially those whose histories are already finished, and made public; even if, what I say, should be approved by them, it would be madness to expect that they should retract any thing, or alter that which had been once established, and, as it were, laid up in royal repositories: it may not be amiss, however, to give them these instructions, that in case of another war, the Getæ against the Gauls, or the Indians, perhaps, against the Barbarians, (for with regard to ourselves there is no danger, our enemies being all subdued) by applying these rules if they like them, they may know better how to write for the future: if they do not chuse this, they may even go on by their old measure, the \* physician will not break his heart if all the people of Abdera follow their own inclination, and continue to act the Andromeda.

Criticifm is twofold; that which teaches us what we are to chuse, and that which teaches us what to avoid: we will begin with the last, and consider what those faults are, which a

\* *The Physician, &c.*] Alluding to the story he set out with.

writer of history should be free from; next, what it is that will lead him into the right path, how he should begin, what order and method he should observe, what he should pass over in silence, and what he should dwell upon, how things may be best illustrated and connected. Of these, and such as these, we will speak hereafter; in the mean time, let us point out the faults which bad writers are most generally guilty of, the blunders which they commit in language, composition, and sentiment, with many other marks of ignorance, which it would be tedious to enumerate, and belong not to our present argument; the principal faults, as I observed to you, are in the language and composition.

You will find on examination, that history in general has a great many of this kind, which, if you listen to them all, you will be sufficiently convinced of; and, for this purpose, it may not be unreasonable to recollect some of them by way of example: and the first that I shall mention, is that intolerable custom which most of them have of omitting facts, and dwelling forever on the praises of their generals and commanders, extolling to the skies their own leaders, and degrading beyond measure those of their enemies, not knowing how much history differs

differs from panegyric; that there is a great wall between them; or, that to use a musical phrase, they are a double \* octave distant from each other: the sole business of the panegyrist, is, at all events, and by every means to extol, and delight the object of his praise, and it little concerns him whether it be true or not. But history will not admit the least degree of falsehood, any more than, as physicians say, the † wind-pipe can receive into it any kind of food.

These men seem not to know, that poetry has its particular rules and precepts; and that history is governed by others directly opposite: that, with regard to the former, the licence is immoderate, and there is scarce any law, but what the poet prescribes to himself. When he is full of the Deity, and possessed, as it were, by the Muses, if he has a mind to put ‡ winged horses to his chariot, and drive some through

\* *Double octave.*] δισδιαπασων. Gr. the Latin translation renders it octava duplici. See Burney's Dissertation on Music, Sect. 1.

† *The wind-pipe.*] Gr. Την ασπρηιαν τραχειαν, aspera arteria, or the wind-pipe. The comparison is strictly just, and remarkably true; as we may all recollect how dreadful the sensation is, when any part of our food slips down what is generally called the wrong way.

‡ *Winged horses.*] See Homer's Iliad, τ. 1. 227. and Virgil's Camilla, in the 7th book of the Æneid.

the waters, and others over the tops of unbending corn, there is no offence taken : neither, if his \* Jupiter hangs the earth and sea at the end of a chain, are we afraid that it should break, and destroy us all : if he wants to extol Agamemnon, who shall forbid his bestowing on him the head and eyes of Jupiter, the breast of his brother Neptune, and the belt of Mars ? The son of Atreus and Ærope, must be a composition of all the gods ; nor are Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune, sufficient, perhaps, of themselves, to give us an idea of his perfection. But, if history admits any adulation of this kind, it becomes a sort of prosaic poetry, without its numbers or magnificence ; a heap of monstrous stories, only more conspicuous by their incredibility : he is unpardonable, therefore, who cannot distinguish one from the other ; but lays on history the paint of poetry, its flattery, fable, and hyperbole : it is just as ridiculous as it would be to clothe one of our robust wrestlers, who is as hard as an oak, in fine purple, or some such meretricious garb, and put † paint on

\* *Jupiter* ] See Homer's *Il.* *Θ.* l. 18. One of the blind bard's speciosa miracula, which Lucian is perpetually laughing at.

† *Paint.* ] *ψευμδιον*, or cerussa. Painting, we see, both amongst men and women, was practised long ago, and has

on his cheeks; how would such ornaments debase and degrade him! I do not mean, by this, that in history we are not to praise sometimes, but it must be done at proper seasons, and in a proper degree, that it may not offend the readers of future ages; for future ages must be considered in this affair, as I shall endeavour to prove hereafter.

Those, I must here observe, are greatly mistaken, who divide history into two parts, the useful and the agreeable; and, in consequence of it, would introduce panegyric, as always delectable, and entertaining to the reader: but the division itself is false and delusive; for the great end and design of history, is, to be useful: a species of merit, which can only arise from its truth; if the agreeable follows, so much the better; as there may be beauty in a wrestler: and yet Hercules would esteem the brave though ugly Nicostratus as much as the beautiful Alcæus. And thus, History, when she adds pleasure to utility, may attract more admirers; though, as long as she is possessed

at least the plea of antiquity in its favour. According to Lucian, the men laid on white; for the *ψιμνιδιον*, was probably ceruse, or white lead: the ladies, we may suppose, as at present, preferred the rouge.

of that greatest of perfections, truth, she need not be anxious concerning beauty.

In history, nothing fabulous can be agreeable; and flattery is disgusting to all readers, except the very dregs of the people: good judges look with the eyes of Argos on every part, reject every thing that is false and adulterated, and will admit nothing but what is true, clear, and well expressed; these are the men you are to have a regard to when you write, rather than the vulgar, though your flattery should delight them ever so much. If you stuff history with fulsome encomiums, and idle tales, you will make her like Hercules in Lydia; as you may have seen him painted, waiting upon Omphale, who is dressed in the lion's skin, with his club in her hand; whilst he is represented, cloathed in yellow and purple, and spinning, and Omphale beating him with her slipper: a ridiculous spectacle, wherein every thing manly and godlike is sunk and degraded to effeminacy.

The multitude perhaps, indeed, may admire such things; but the judicious few, whose opinion you despise, will always laugh at what is absurd, incongruous, and inconsistent: every thing has a beauty peculiar to itself: but if you put one instead of another, the most beautiful becomes ugly, because it is not in its proper place,

place. I need not add, that praise is agreeable only to the person praised, and disgustful to every body else, especially when it is lavishly bestowed; as is the practice of most writers, who are so extremely desirous of recommending themselves by flattery, and dwell so much upon it, as to convince the reader it is mere adulation; which they have not art enough to conceal, but heap up together, naked, uncovered, and totally incredible: so that they seldom gain what they expected from it; for the person flattered, if he has any thing noble or manly in him, only abhors and despises them for it as mean parasites. Aristobulus, after he had written an account of the single combat between Alexander and Porus, shewed that monarch a particular part of it, wherein, the better to get into his good graces, he had inserted a great deal more than was true: when Alexander seized the book and threw it (for they happened at that time to be sailing on the Hydaspes,) directly into the river: “thus, said he, ought you to have been served yourself, for pretending to describe my battles, and killing half a dozen elephants for me with a single spear.” This anger was worthy of Alexander, of him who could not bear the adulation of that



architect \*, who promised to transform mount Athos into a statue of him : but he looked upon the man, from that time, as a base flatterer, and never employed him afterwards.

What is there in this custom, therefore, that can be agreeable, unless to the proud and vain ; to deformed men, or ugly women, who insist on being painted handsome, and think they shall look better, if the artist gives them a little more red and white ! Such, for the most part, are the historians of our times, who sacrifice every thing to the present moment, and their own interest and advantage ; who can only be despised as ignorant flatterers of the age they live in ; and as men, who, at the same time, by their extravagant stories, make every thing which they relate liable to suspicion. If, notwithstanding, any are still of opinion, that the agreeable should be admitted in history, let them join that which is pleasant with that which is true, by the beauties of style and diction, instead of foisting in, as is commonly done, what is nothing to the purpose.

I will now acquaint you with some things I lately picked up in Ionia and Achaia, from se-

\* *Architect* ] Dinocrates : the same story is told of him, with some little alteration, by Vitruvius. Mention is made of it likewise by Pliny and Strabo.

veral historians, who gave accounts of this war, By the Graces, I beseech you, to give me credit for what I am going to tell you, as I could swear to the truth of it, if it were polite to swear in a dissertation. One of these gentlemen begins by invoking the Muses, and intreats the goddesses to assist him in the performance : what an excellent setting out ! and how properly is this form of speech adapted to history ! a little farther on, he compares our emperor to Achilles, and the Persian king to Therfites ; not considering, that his Achilles would have been a much greater man, if he had killed Hector, rather than Therfites ; if the brave should fly, he who pursues must be braver. Then follows an encomium on himself, shewing how worthy he is to recite such noble actions ; and when he is got on a little, he extols his own country, Miletus, adding, that in this he had acted better than Homer, who never tells us where he was born. He informs us, moreover, at the end of his preface, in the most plain and positive terms, that he shall take care to make the best he can of our own affairs ; and, as far as lies in his power to get the upper hand of our enemies, the Barbarians : after investigating the cause of the war, he begins thus : “ That vilest of all wretches, Vologesus, entered upon

the war for these reasons." Such is this historian's manner. Another, a close imitator of Thucydides, that he may set out as his master does, gives us an exordium, that smells of the true Attic honey, and begins thus : " Creperius Calpurnianus, a citizen of Pompeia, hath written the history of the war between the Parthians and the Romans, shewing how they fought with one another, commencing at the time when it first broke out." After this, need I inform you how he harangued in Armenia, by another Corcyræan orator ? or how, to be revenged of the Nisibæans, for not taking part with the Romans, he sent the plague amongst them, taking the whole from Thucydides, excepting the long walls of Athens : he had begun from Æthiopia, descended into Ægypt, and passed over great part of the royal territory ; well it was that he stopt there : when I left him, he was burying the miserable Athenians at Nisibis ; but as I knew what he was going to tell us, I took my leave of him.

Another thing very common with these historians, is, by way of imitating Thucydides, to make use of his phrases, perhaps with a little alteration, to adopt his manner, in little modes and expressions, such as, " you must yourself acknowledge," " for the same reason," " a little more,

more, and I had forgot," and the like : this same writer, when he has occasion to mention bridges, fosses, or any of the machines used in war, gives them Roman names : but how does it suit the dignity of history, or resemble Thucydides, to mix the Attic and Italian thus, as if it was ornamental and becoming ?

Another of them gives us a plain simple journal of every thing that was done, such as a common soldier might have written, or a sutler, who followed the camp : this, however, was tolerable, because it pretended to nothing more ; and might be useful, by supplying materials for some better historian. I only blame him for his pompous introduction, " Callimorphus, physician to the sixth legion of spearmen, his history of the Parthian war : " then his books are all carefully numbered, and he entertains us with a most frigid preface, which he concludes with saying, that " a physician must be the fittest of all men to write history, because *Æsculapius* was the son of *Apollo*, and *Apollo* is the leader of the *Muses*, and the great prince of literature."

Besides this, after setting out in delicate Ionic, he drops, I know not how, into the most vulgar

vulgar style, and expressions, used only by the very dregs of the people.

And here I must not pass over a certain wise man, whose name, however, I shall not mention; his work is lately published at Corinth, and is beyond every thing one could have conceived. In the very first sentence of his preface he takes his readers to task, and convinces them, by the most sagacious method of reasoning, that “none but a wise man should ever attempt to write history:” then comes syllogism upon syllogism; every kind of argument is by turns made use of, to introduce the meanest and most fulsome adulation; and even this is brought in by syllogism and interrogation. What appeared to me the most intolerable, and unbecoming the long beard of a philosopher, was, his saying in the preface, that our emperor was above all men most happy, whose actions even philosophers did not disdain to celebrate: surely this, if it ought to be said at all, should have been left for us to say rather than himself.

Neither must we here forget that historian, who begins thus; “I come to speak of the Romans and Persians;” and a little after he says, “for the Persians ought to suffer;” and in another place, “there was one Osroes, whom the Greeks call Oxyrrhoes,” with many things  
of

of this kind. This man is just such a one as him I mentioned before, only that one is like Thucydides, and the other, the exact resemblance of Herodotus.

But there is yet another writer, renowned for eloquence, another Thucydides, or rather superior to him, who most elaborately describes every city, mountain, field, and river, and cries out with all his might, “ may the great averter of evil turn it all on our enemies !” This is colder than Caspian snow, or Celtic ice. The emperor’s shield takes up a whole book to describe : the \* Gorgon’s eyes are blue, and black, and white ; the serpents twine about his hair, and his belt has all the colours of the rainbow : how many thousand lines does it cost him to describe Vologesus’s breeches, and his horse’s bridle, and how Ofroe’s hair looked when he

\* *The Gorgon’s eyes, &c.*]

His buckler’s mighty orb was next display’d ;  
Tremendous Gorgon frown’d upon its field,  
And circling terrors fill’d th’ extensive shield :  
Within its concave hung a silver thong,  
On which a mimic serpent creeps along,  
His azure length in easy waves extends,  
Till, in three heads, th’ embroider’d monster ends.

See Pope’s *Homer’s Iliad*, book xi. l. 43.

Lucian here means to ridicule, not Homer, but the historian’s absurd imitation of him.

swam over the Tigris, what sort of a cave he fled into, and how it was shaded all over with ivy, and myrtle, and laurel, twined together: you plainly see how necessary this was to the history, and that we could not possibly have understood what was going forward without it.

From inability, and ignorance of every thing useful, these men are driven to descriptions of countries and caverns, and when they come into a multiplicity of great and momentous affairs, are utterly at a loss; like a servant enriched on a sudden by coming into his master's estate, who does not know how to put on his cloaths, or to eat as he should do; but when fine birds, fat fows, and hares are placed before him, falls to and eats till he bursts, of salt meat, and pottage. The writer, I just now mentioned, describes the strangest wounds, and the most extraordinary deaths you ever heard of; tells us of a man's being wounded in the great toe, and expiring immediately; and how on Priscus, the general; bawling out loud, seven and twenty of the enemy fell down dead upon the spot. He has told lies, moreover, about the number of the slain, in contradiction to the account given in by the leaders: he will have it that seventy thousand two hundred and thirty six of the enemy died at Europus, and of the Romans only  
two,

two, and nine wounded. Surely nobody in their senses can bear this.

Another thing should be mentioned here also, which is no little fault: from the affectation of Atticism, and a more than ordinary attention to purity of diction, he has taken the liberty to turn the Roman names into Greek, to call Saturninus, *Κρανιος*, Chronius; Fronto, *Φροντις*, Frontis; Titianus, *Τιτανιος*, Titanius, and others still more ridiculous. With regard to the death of Severian, he informs us, that every body else was mistaken, when they imagined that he perished by the sword, for that the man starved himself to death, as he thought that the easiest way of dying; not knowing (which was the case), that he could only have fasted three days, whereas many have lived without food for seven: unless we are to suppose that Osroes stood waiting till Severian had starved himself completely, and for that reason he would not live out the whole week.

But in what class, my dear Philo, shall we rank those historians who are perpetually making use of poetical expressions, such as “the engine crush’d, the wall thunder’d,” and in another place, “Edeffa resounded with the shock of arms, and all was noise and tumult around;” and again, “often the leader in his mind re-  
volved



volved how best he might approach the wall :” at the same time amongst these were interspersed some of the meanest and most beggarly phrases, such as “ the leader of the army epistolized his master ;” “ the soldiers bought utensils ;” “ they washed and waited on them ;” with many other things of the same kind, like a tragedian with a high cothurnus on one foot, and a slipper on the other. You will meet with many of these writers, who will give you a fine heroic long preface, that makes you hope for something extraordinary to follow, when, after all, the body of the history shall be idle, weak, and trifling, such as puts you in mind of a sporting Cupid, who covers his head with the mask of a Hercules, or Titan. The reader immediately cries out, the \* mountain has brought forth. Certainly it ought not to be so ; every thing should be alike, and of the same colour ; the body fitted to the head, not a golden helmet, with a ridiculous breast-plate, made of stinking skins, shreds, and patches, a basket shield, and hog-skin boots ; and yet numbers of them put the head of a Rhodian Colossus on the body of a dwarf, whilst others shew you a body

\* *The mountain.*] The Greek expression was proverbial. Horace has adopted it, *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*

without a head, and step directly into the midst of things, bringing in Xenophon for their authority, who begins with "Darius and Parysatis had two sons" so likewise have other ancient writers; not considering that the narration itself may sometimes supply the place of preface, or exordium, though it does not appear to the vulgar eye, as we shall shew hereafter.

All this, however, with regard to style and composition, may be borne with, but when they misinform us about places, and make mistakes, not of a few leagues, but whole days journies, what shall we say to such historians? One of them, who never, we may suppose, so much as conversed with a Syrian, or picked up any thing concerning them in the † barber's shop, when he speaks of Europus, tells us, "it is situated in Mesopotamia, two days journey from Euphrates, and was built by the Edeffenes." Not content with this, the same noble writer has taken away my poor country, Samosata, and carried it off, tower, bulwarks, and all,

† *Barber's shop.*] Lucian adds, το λεγουμενον, ut est in proverbio, by which it appears that barbers and their shops were as remarkable for gossiping and tittle-tattle in ancient, as they are in modern times. Aristophanes mentions them in his *Plutus*, they are recorded also by Plutarch, and Theophrastus styles them κοινὰ συμπόσια.

to Mesopotamia, where he says it is shut up between two rivers, which at least run close to; if they do not wash the walls of it; after this, it would be to no purpose, my dear Philo, for me to assure you that I am not from Parthia, nor do I belong to Mesopotamia, of which this admirable historian has thought fit to make me an inhabitant.

What he tells us of Severian, and which he swears he heard from those who were eye-witnesses of it, is, no doubt extremely probable; that he did not chuse to drink poison, or to hang himself, but was resolved to find out some new and tragical way of dying; that, accordingly, having some large cups of very fine glass, as soon as he had taken the resolution to finish himself, he broke one of them in pieces, and with a fragment of it cut his throat; he would not make use of sword or spear, that his death might be more noble and heroic.

To complete all, because \* Thucydides made funeral oration on the heroes who fell at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, he also thought something should be said of Severian: these historians, you must know, will always have a little struggle with Thucydides, though he had nothing to do with the war in Armenia;

\* *Thucydides*.] See Thucydides, book ii. cap. 34.

our writer, therefore, after burying Severian most magnificently, places at his sepulchre one Afranius Silo, a centurion, the rival of Pericles, who spoke so fine a declamation upon him as, by heaven, made me laugh till I cried again, particularly when the orator seemed deeply afflicted, and, with tears in his eyes, lamented the sumptuous entertainments and drinking bouts, which he should no more partake of: to crown all with an imitation of † Ajax, the orator draws his sword, and, as it became the noble Afranius, before all the assembly, kills himself at the tomb: so, Mars defend me! but he deserved to die much sooner, for making such a declamation: when those, says he, who were present beheld this, they were filled with admiration, and beyond measure extolled Afranius: for my own part, I pitied him for the loss of the cakes and dishes which he so lamented, and only blamed him for not destroying the writer of the history, before he made an end of himself.

Others there are, who, from ignorance, and want of skill, not knowing what should be mentioned, and what passed over in silence, entirely omit, or slightly run through things of

† *Ajax.*] Who fell upon his sword. See the *Ajax* of Sophocles.

the greatest consequence, and most worthy of attention, whilst they most copiously describe and dwell upon trifles; which is just as absurd as it would be, not to take notice of, or admire the wonderful beauty of the \* Olympian Jupiter, and at the same time to be lavish in our praises of the fine polish, workmanship, and proportion of the base and pedestal.

I remember one of these, who dispatches the battle at Europus in seven lines, and spends some hundreds in a long frigid narration, that is nothing to the purpose; shewing, how “a certain Moorish cavalier, wandering on the mountains in search of water, lit on some Syrian rustics, who helped him to a dinner; how they were afraid of him at first, but afterwards became intimately acquainted with him, and received him with hospitality; for one of them, it seems, had been in Mauritania, where his brother bore arms.” Then follows a long tale, “how he hunted in Mauritania, and saw several elephants feeding together; how he had like to have been devoured by a lion; and how many fish he bought at Cæsarea.” This admirable historian takes no notice of the battle, the attacks or defences, the truces, the guards on

\* *Olympian Jupiter.*] For a description of this famous statue, see Pausanias.

each side, or any thing else; but stands from morning to night looking upon Malchion, the Syrian, who buys cheap fish at Cæsarea: if night had not come on, I suppose, he would have supped there, as the † chars were ready. If these things had not been carefully recorded in the history, we should have been sadly in the dark, and the Romans would have had an insufferable loss, if Mausarcas, the thirsty Moor, could have found nothing to drink, or returned to the camp without his supper; not to mention here, what is still more ridiculous, as how “a piper came up to them out of the neighbouring village, and how they made presents to each other, Mausarcas giving Malchion a spear, and Malchion presenting Mausarcas with a buckle.” Such are the principal occurrences in the history of the battle of Europus. One may truly say of such writers, that they never saw the roses on the tree, but took care to gather the prickles that grew at the bottom of it.

† *Chars*.] The *σκαρς*, or scarts, is mentioned by several ancient authors, as a fish of the most delicate flavour, and is supposed to be of the same nature with our chars in Cumberland, and some other parts of this kingdom. I have ventured, therefore, to call it by this name, till some modern Apicius can furnish me with a better.

Another of them, who had never set a foot out of Corinth, or seen Syria or Armenia, begins thus, "it is better to trust our eyes than our ears; I write, therefore, what I have seen, and not what I have heard;" he saw every thing so extremely well, that he tells us, "the Parthian dragons (which amongst them \* signifies no more than a great number, for one dragon brings a thousand), are live serpents, of a prodigious size, that breed in Persia, a little above Iberia; that these are lifted up on long poles, and spread terror to a great distance; and that when the battle begins, they let them loose on the enemy." Many of our soldiers, he tells us, were devoured by them, and a vast number pressed to death by being locked in their embraces: this he beheld himself from the top of a high tree, to which he had retired for safety. Well it was for us that he so prudently determined not to come nigh them, we might otherwise have lost this excellent writer, who with his own brave hand performed such feats in this battle: for he went through many

\* *Signifies, &c.*] Dragons, or fiery serpents, were used by the Parthians, and Suidas tells us, by the Scythians also, as standards, in the same manner as the Romans made use of the eagle, and under every one of these standards were a thousand men. See Lipf. de Mil. Rom. cap. 4.

dangers,

dangers, and was wounded some where about Susa, I suppose, in his journey from Cranium to Lerna. All this he recited to the Corinthians, who very well knew that he had never so much as seen a view of this battle painted on a wall; neither did he know any thing of arms, or military machines, the method of disposing troops, or † even the proper names of them.

Another famous writer has given an account of every thing that passed, from beginning to end, in Armenia, Syria, Mesopotamia, upon the Tigris, and in Media, and all in less than five hundred lines, and when he had done this, tells us, he has written a history; the title, which is almost as long as the work, runs thus, “A narrative of every thing done by the Romans in Armenia, Media, and Mesopotamia, by Antiochianus, who gained the prize in the sacred games of Apollo.” I suppose, when he was a boy, he had conquered in a running-match.

I have heard of another likewise, who wrote the history of what ‡ was to happen hereafter,  
and

† See Arrian.

‡ *Was to happen.*] The idea here so deservedly laughed at, of a history of what was to come, if treated, not seriously, as this absurd writer treated it, but ludicrously, as Lucian would probably have treated it himself, might open



and describes the taking of Vologesus prisoner, the murder of Osroes, and how he was to be given to a lion; and above all, our own much to be wished for triumph, as things that must come to pass. Thus prophesying away, he soon got to the end of the story. He has built, moreover, a new city in Mesopotamia, most magnificently magnificent, and most beautifully beautiful, and is considering with himself whether he shall call it Victoria, from victory, or the City of Concord, or Peace, which of them, however, is not yet determined, and this fine city must remain without a name, filled as it is with nothing but this writer's folly and nonsense: he is now going about a long voyage, and to give us a description of what is to be done in India; and this is more than a promise, for the preface is already made, and the third legion, the Gauls, and a small part of the Mauritanian forces under Cassius, have already passed the river; what they will do afterwards, or how they will succeed against the elephants, it will be some time be-

a fine field for wit and humour. Something of this kind appeared in a news-paper a few years ago, which, I think, was called *News for a hundred Years hence*; and though but a rough sketch, was well executed: a larger work, on the same ground, and by a good hand, might afford much entertainment.

fore

fore our wonderful writer can be able to learn, either from Mazuris, or the Oxydraci.

Thus do these foolish fellows trifle with us, neither knowing what is fit to be done, nor if they did, able to execute it, at the same time determined to say any thing that comes into their ridiculous heads; affecting to be grand and pompous, even in their titles: of “the Parthian victories so many books;” Parthis, says another, like Atthis; another more elegantly calls his book, the Parthonica of Demetrius.

I could mention many more of equal merit with these, but shall now proceed to make my promise good, and give some instructions how to write better. I have not produced these examples merely to laugh at and ridicule these noble histories; but with the view of real advantages, that he who avoids their errors, may himself learn to write well; \* if it be true, as the logicians assert, that of two opposites, between which there is no medium, the one being taken away, the other must remain.

\* *If it be, &c.*] This kind of scholastic jargon was much in vogue in the time of Lucian, and it is no wonder he should take every opportunity of laughing at it, as nothing can be more opposite to true genius, wit, and humour, than such pedantry.

Somebody, perhaps, will tell me, that the field is now cleansed and weeded, that the briars and brambles are cut up, the rubbish cleared off, and the rough path made smooth; that I ought therefore to build something myself, to shew that I not only can pull down the structures of others, but am able to raise up and invent a work truly great and excellent, which nobody could find fault with, nor Momus himself turn into ridicule.

I say, therefore, that he who would write history well must be possessed of these two principal qualifications, a fine understanding, and a good style: one is the gift of nature, and cannot be taught; the other may be acquired by frequent exercise, perpetual labour, and an emulation of the ancients. To make men sensible and sagacious, who were not born so, is more than I pretend to; to create and new-model things in this manner, would be a glorious thing indeed; but one might as easily make gold out of lead, silver out of tin, a \* Titornus

\* *A Titornus, &c.*] Milo, the Crotonian wrestler, is reported to have been a man of most wonderful bodily strength, concerning which a number of lies are told, for which the reader, if he pleases, may consult his dictionary. He lost his life, we are informed, by trying to rend with his hands an old oak, which wedged him in, and pressed him to death. The poet says,

— he

nus out of a Conon, or a Milo out of a Leotrophides.

What then is in the power of art or instruction to perform? not to create qualities and perfections already bestowed, but to teach the proper use of them: for as † Iccus, Herodicus, Theon, or any other famous wrestler, would not promise to make Antiochus a conqueror in the Olympic games, or equal to a Theagenes, or Polydamas; but only that where a man had natural abilities for this exercise, he could, by his instruction, render him a greater proficient in it: far be it from me also, to promise the invention of an art, so difficult as this, nor do I say that I can make any body an historian; but that I will point out to one of good understanding, and who has been in some measure used to writing, certain proper paths (if such they appear to him), which if

———— he met his end,

Wedg'd in that timber, which he strove to rend.

Titornus was a rival of Milo's, and, according to Ælian, who is not always to be credited, rolled a large stone with ease, which Milo with all his force could not stir. Conon was some slim Macaroni of that age, remarkable only for his debility, as was Leotrophides also, of crazy memory, recorded by Aristophanes, in his comedy, called the Birds.

† Iccus, &c.] The Broughtons of antiquity; men, we may suppose, renowned in their time for teaching the young nobility of Greece to bruise one another *secundum artem*.

any

any man shall tread in, he may, with greater ease and dispatch, do what he ought to do, and attain the end which he is in pursuit of.

Neither can it be here asserted, be he ever so sensible or sagacious, that he doth not stand in need of assistance, with regard to those things which he is ignorant of; otherwise he might play on the flute, or any other instrument, who had never learned, and perform just as well; but without teaching, the hands will do nothing; whereas, if there be a master, we quickly learn, and are soon able to play by ourselves.

Give me a scholar, therefore, who is able to think and to write, to look with an eye of discernment into things, and to do business himself, if called upon, who hath both civil and military knowledge; one, moreover, who has been in camps, and has seen armies in the field and out of it, knows the use of arms, and machines, and warlike engines of every kind; can tell what the front, and what the horn is, how the ranks are to be disposed, how the horse is to be directed, and from whence, to advance or to retreat; one, in short, who does not stay at home, and trust to the reports of others: but, above all, let him be of a noble and liberal mind; let him neither fear nor hope for any thing; otherwise he will only resemble those unjust

just judges, who determine from partiality or prejudice, and give sentence for hire; but, whatever the man is, as such let him be described; the historian must not care for Philip, when he loses his eye by the arrow of \* After, at Olynthus, nor for Alexander, when he so cruelly killed Clytus at the banquet: Cleon must not terrify him, powerful as he was in the senate, and supreme at the tribunal, nor prevent his recording him as a furious and pernicious man; the whole city of Athens must not stop his relation of the Sicilian slaughter, the seizure of † Demosthenes, the death of Nicias, their violent thirst, the water which they drank, and the death of so many of them whilst they were drinking it; he will imagine (which will certainly be the case), that no man in his senses will blame him for recording things exactly as they fell out; however some may have miscarried by imprudence, or others by ill fortune, he is only the relator, not the author of them; if they are beaten in a sea-fight, it is not he who sinks them; if they fly,

\* *After.*] See Diodorus Siculus, lib. vii. and Plutarch.

† *Demosthenes.*] Concerning some of these facts, even recent as they were then with regard to us, historians are divided. Thucydides and Plutarch tell the story one way, Diodorus and Justin another. Well might our author, therefore, find fault with their uncertainty.

it is not he who pursues them; all he can do is to wish well to, and offer up his vows for them; but by passing over, or contradicting facts, he cannot alter or amend them. It would have been very easy, indeed, for Thucydides, with a stroke of his pen, to have thrown down the walls of Epipolis, sunk the vessel of Hermocrates, or made an end of the execrable Gylippus, who stopped up all the avenues with his walls and ditches, to have thrown the Syracusans on the Lautumiæ, and have let the Athenians go round Sicily and Italy, according to the early hopes of Alcibiades: but what is past and done Clotho cannot weave again, nor Atropos recall.

The only business of the historian is to relate things exactly as they are: this he can never do as long as he is afraid of Artaxerxes, whose \* physician he is; as long as he looks for the purple robe, the golden chain, or the † Nisæan horse, as the reward of his labours; but

\* *Physician.*] Lucian alludes, it is supposed, to Ctesias, the physician to Artaxerxes, whose history is stuffed with encomiums on his royal patron. See Plutarch's Artaxerxes.

† *Nisæan horse.*] The Campus Nisæus, a large plain in Media, near the Caspian mountains, was famous for breeding the finest horses, which were allotted to the use of kings only; or, according to Xenophon, those favourites on whom the sovereign thought proper to bestow them. See the Cyropæd. book viii.

Xenophon,

Xenophon, that just writer, will not do this, nor Thucydides. The good historian, though he may have private enmity against any man, will esteem the public welfare of more consequence to him, and will prefer truth to resentment; and, on the other had, be he ever so fond of any man, will not spare him when he is in the wrong; for this, as I before observed, is the most essential thing in history, to sacrifice to truth alone, and cast away all care for every thing else. The great universal rule and standard is, to have regard not to those who read now, but to those who are to peruse our works hereafter.

To speak impartially, the historians of former times were too often guilty of flattery, and their works were little better than games and sports, the effects of art. Of Alexander, this memorable saying is recorded, “ I should be glad (said he), Onesicritus, after my death, to come to life again for a little time, only to hear what the people then living will say of me : for I am not surpris’d that they praise and caress me now, as every one hopes by baiting well to catch my favour.” Though Homer wrote a great many fabulous things concerning Achilles, the world was induced to believe him, for this only reason, because they were written  
long



long after his death, and no cause could be assigned why he should tell lies about him.

‡ The good historian then must be thus described : he must be fearless, uncorrupted, free, the friend of truth and of liberty, one who, to use the words of the comic poet, calls a † fig a fig, and a skiff a skiff, neither giving nor with-holding from any, from favour, or from enmity, not influenced by pity, by shame, or by remorse ; a just judge, so far benevolent to all, as never to give more than is due to any in his work : a stranger to all, of no country, bound only by his own laws, acknowledging no sovereign, never considering what this or that

‡ *The good historian, &c.*] This fine picture of a good historian has been copied by Tully, Strabo, Polybius, and other writers ; it is a standard of perfection, however, which few writers, ancient or modern, have been able to reach. Thuanus has prefixed to his history these lines of Lucian ; but whether he, or any other historian, hath answered in every point to the description here given, is, I believe, yet undetermined.

† *A fig a fig, &c.*] The saying is attributed to Aristophanes, though I cannot find it there. It is observable that this proverbial kind of expression, for freedom of words and sentiments, has been adopted into almost every language, though the image conveying it is different. Thus the Greeks call a fig a fig, &c. We say, an honest man calls— a spade a spade ; and the French call un chat un chat.—Boileau says, j'appelle un chat un chat, and Rolet un fripon.  
man

man may say of him, but relating faithfully every thing as it happened.

This rule therefore Thucydides observed, distinguishing properly the faults and perfections of history ; not unmindful of the great reputation which Herodotus had acquired, insomuch that his \* books were called by the names of the Muses. Thucydides tells us, that he “ wrote for posterity, and not for present delight ; that he by no means approved of the fabulous, but was desirous of delivering down the truth alone to future ages.” It is the useful, he adds, which must constitute the merit of history, that by the retrospection of what is past, when similar events occur, men may know how to act in present exigencies.

Such an historian would I wish to have under my care : with regard to language and expression, I would not have it rough, and vehement, consisting of † long periods, or complex

\* *Books.*] Herodotus’s history is comprehended in nine books, to each of which is prefixed the name of a Muse ; the first is called Clio, the second Euterpe, and so on. A modern poet, I have been told, the ingenious Mr. Aaron Hill, improved upon this thought, and christened (if we may properly so call it) not his books, but his daughters by the same poetical names of Miss Cli. Miss Melp-y, Miss Terps-y, Miss Urania, &c.

† *Long periods.*] Both Thucydides and Livy are reprehensible

plex arguments ; but soft, quiet, smooth, and peaceable. The reflections short and frequent, the style clear and perspicuous : for as freedom and truth should be the principal perfections of the writer's mind ; so, with regard to language, the great point is, to make every thing plain and intelligible, not to use remote and far-fetched phrases, or expressions, at the same time avoiding such as are mean and vulgar : let it be, in short, what the lowest may understand ; and, at the same time, the most learned cannot but approve. The whole may be adorned with figure and metaphor, provided they are not turgid or bombast, nor seem stiff and laboured, which, like meat too highly seasoned, always give disgust.

History may sometimes assume a poetical form, and rise into a magnificence of expression, when the subject demands it ; and especially when it is describing armies, battles, and sea-fights. The \* *Pierian spirit* is wanting then to

henfible in this particular ; and the same objection may be made to Thuanus, Clarendon, Burnet, and many other modern historians

\* *Pierian spirit.*] How just is this observation of Lucian's, and at the same time how truly poetical is the image which he makes use of to express it ! It puts us in mind of his rival critic Longinus, who, as Pope has observed,—is himself the great sublime he draws,

swell

swell the sails with a propitious breeze, and carry the lofty ship over the tops of the waves. In general, the diction should creep humbly on the ground, and only be raised as the grand and beautiful occurring shall require it; keeping, in the mean time, within proper bounds, and never soaring into enthusiasm; for then it is in danger of ranging beyond its limits, into poetic fury: we must then pull in the rein, and act with caution, well knowing that it is the worst vice of a writer, as well as of a horse, to be wanton and unmanageable. The best way therefore is, whilst the mind of the historian is on horseback, for his style to walk on foot, and take hold of the rein, that it may not be left behind.

With regard to composition, the words should not be so blended and transposed as to appear harsh and uncouth; nor should you, as some do, subject them entirely to the † rhythmus; one is always faulty, and the other disagreeable to the reader.

† *The Rhythmus.*] By this very just observation, Lucian means to censure all those writers, and we have many such now amongst us, who take so much pains to smooth and round their periods, as to disgust their readers by the frequent repetition of it, as it naturally produces a tiresome sameness in the sound of them; and at the same time discovers too much that laborious art and care, which it is always the author's business, as much as possible, to conceal.

Facts must not be carelessly put together, but with great labour and attention ; if possible, let the historian be an eye-witness of every thing he means to record : or, if that cannot be, rely on those only who are uncorrupt, and who have no bias from passion or prejudice, to add or to diminish any thing. And here much sagacity will be requisite to find out the real truth. When he has collected all, or most of his materials, he will first make a kind of diary, a body whose members are not yet distinct ; he will then bring it into order and beautify it, add the colouring of style and language, adopt his expression to the subject, and harmonize the several parts of it ; then, like Homer's \* Jupiter, who casts his eye sometimes on the Thracian, and sometimes on the Mysian forces ; he beholds now the Roman, and now the Persian armies, now both, if they are engaged, and relates what passes in them. Whilst they are embattled, his eye is not fixed on any particular part, nor on any one leader, unless, perhaps, a † Brasidas steps forth to scale the walls, or a Demosthenes to prevent him. To the generals he gives his first attention, listens to their

\* *Jupiter.*] See Homer's *Il.* b. xiii. l. 4.

† *Brasidas.*] The famous Lacedæmonian general. The circumstance alluded to, is in Thucydides. *B.* iv.

commands, their counsels, and their determination : and, when they come to the engagement, he weighs in equal scale the actions of both, and closely attends the pursuer and the pursued, the conqueror and the conquered. All this must be done with temper and moderation, so as not to fatiate or tire, not inartificially, not childishly, but with ease and grace. When these things are properly taken care of, he may turn aside to others, ever ready and prepared for the present event, \* keeping time, as it were, with every circumstance and event : flying from Armenia to Media, and from thence with clattering wings to Italy, or to Iberia, that not a moment may escape him.

The mind of the historian should resemble a looking-glass, shining, clear, and exactly true, representing every thing as it really is, and nothing distorted, or of a different form, or colour. He writes not to the masters of eloquence, but simply relates what is done : it is not his to consider what he shall say, but only how it is to be said. He may be compared to Phidias, Praxiteles, Alcamenus, or other eminent artists ;

\* *Keeping time.*] Gr. *ομονομετρο*, a technical term, borrowed from music, and signifying that tone of the voice which exactly corresponds with the instrument accompanying it.

for neither did they make the gold, the silver, the ivory, or any of the materials which they worked upon : these were supplied by the Elians, the Athenians, and Argives ; their only business was to cut and polish the ivory, to spread the gold into various forms, and join them together ; their art was properly to dispose what was put into their hands : and such is the work of the historians, to dispose and adorn the actions of men, and to make them known with clearness, and precision. To represent what he hath heard, as if he had been himself an eye-witness of it. To perform this well, and gain the praise resulting from it, is the business of our historical Phidias.

When every thing is thus prepared, he may begin if he pleases without preface or exordium, unless the subject particularly demands it ; he may supply the place of one, by informing us what he intends to write upon, in the beginning of the work itself : if, however, he makes use of any preface, he need not divide it, as our orators do, into three parts, but confine it to two, leaving out his address to the benevolence of his readers, and only soliciting their attention and complacency : their attention he may be assured of, if he can convince them that he is about to speak of things great, or necessary,

or

or interesting, or useful; nor need he fear their want of complacency, if he clearly explains to them the causes of things, and gives them the heads of what he intends to treat of.

Such are the exordiums which our best historians have made use of. Herodotus tells us, "he wrote his history, lest in process of time the memory should be lost of those things which in themselves were great and wonderful, which shewed forth the victories of Greece, and the slaughter of the barbarians;" and Thucydides sets out with saying, "he thought that war most worthy to be recorded, as greater than any which had before happened; and that, moreover, some of the greatest misfortunes had accompanied it." The exordium, in short, may be lengthened or contracted according to the subject matter, and the transition from thence to the narration, easy and natural. The body of the history is only a long narrative, and as such it must go on with a soft and even motion, alike in every part, so that nothing should stand too forward, or retreat too far behind. Above all, the style should be clear and perspicuous, which can only arise, as I before observed, from a harmony in the composition: one thing perfected, the next which succeeds should be coherent with it; knit together, as it were, by



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one common chain, which must never be broken: they must not be so many separate and distinct narratives, but each so closely united to what follows, as to appear one continued series.

Brevity is always necessary, especially when you have a great deal to say, and this must be proportioned to the facts and circumstances which you have to relate. In general, you must slightly run through little things, and dwell longer on great ones. When you treat your friends, you give them boars, hares, and other dainties; you would not offer them beans, \* *saperda*, or any other common food.

When you describe mountains, rivers, and bulwarks, avoid all pomp and ostentation, as if you meant to shew your own eloquence; pass over these things as slightly as you can, and rather aim at being useful and intelligible. Observe how the great and sublime Homer acts on these occasions; as great a poet as he is, he says nothing about Tantalus, Ixion, Tityus, and the rest of them. But, if Parthenius, Euphorion, or Callimachus, had treated this subject, what a number of verses they would have spent in

\* *Saperda*.] A coarse fish that came from Pontus, or the Black Sea.

——*Saperdas advehe Ponto*.

See *Perf. Sat.* v. l. 134,  
rolling

rolling Ixion's wheel, and bringing the water up to the very lips of Tantalus! Mark also, how quickly Thucydides, who is very \* sparing of his descriptions, breaks off, when he gives an account of any military machine, explains the manner of a siege, even though it be ever so useful and necessary, or describes cities, or the port of Syracuse. Even in his narrative of the plague, which seems so long, if you consider the multiplicity of events, you will find he makes as much haste as possible, and omits many circumstances, though he was obliged to retain so many more.

When it is necessary to make any one speak, you must take care to let him say nothing but what is suitable to the person, and to what he speaks about, and let every thing be clear and intelligible: here, indeed, you may be permitted to play the orator, and shew the power of eloquence. With regard to praise, or dispraise, you cannot be too modest and circumspect; they should be strictly just and impartial, short and seasonable: your evidence, otherwise, will not be considered as legal, and you will incur

\* *Sparing.*] Here doctors differ. Several of Thucydides's descriptions are certainly very long, many of them, perhaps, rather tedious.

'the same censure as \* Theopompus did, who finds fault with every body from enmity and ill-nature; and dwells so perpetually on this, that he seems rather to be an accuser, than an historian.

If any thing occurs that is very extraordinary or incredible, you may mention without vouching for the truth of it, leaving every body to judge for themselves concerning it: by taking no part yourself, you will remain safe.

Remember, above all, and throughout your work, again and again, I must repeat it, that you write not with a view to the present times only: that the age you live in may applaud and esteem you, but with an eye fixed on posterity; from future ages expect your reward, that men may say of you, "that man was full of honest freedom, never flattering or servile, but in all things the friend of truth." This commendation, the wise man will prefer to all the vain hopes of this life, which are but of short duration.

Recollect the story of the Cnidian architect, when he built the tower in Pharos, where the

\* *Theopompus*.] Lucian is rather severe on this writer. Cicero only says, *De omnibus omnia libere palam dixit*; he spoke freely of every body. Other writers, however, are of the same opinion with our satirist with regard to him. See Dionf. Plutarch. Cornelius Nepos, &c.

fire

fire is kindled to prevent mariners from running on the dangerous rocks of Parætônia, that most noble and most beautiful of all works; he carved his own name on a part of the rock on the inside, then covered it over with mortar, and inscribed on it the name of the reigning sovereign: well knowing that, as it afterwards happened, in a short space of time these letters would drop off with the mortar, and discover under it this inscription, “Sostratus the Cnidian, son of Dexiphanes, to those gods who preserve the mariner.” Thus had he regard not to the times he lived in, not to his own short existence, but to the present period, and to all future ages, even as long as his tower shall stand, and his art remain upon earth.

Thus also should history be written, rather anxious to gain the approbation of posterity by truth and merit, than to acquire present applause, by adulation and falsehood.

Such are the rules which I would prescribe to the historian, and which will contribute to the perfection of his work, if he thinks proper to observe them; if not, at least, I have \* rolled my tub.

\* *Rolled my tub.*] Alluding to the story of Diogenes, as related in the beginning.

# THE TRUE HISTORY.

## BOOK I.

LUCIAN's True History is, as the Author himself acknowledges in the Preface to it, a Collection of ingenious Lies, calculated principally to amuse the Reader, not without several Allusions, as he informs us, to the Works of ancient Poets, Historians, and Philosophers, as well as, most probably, the Performances of contemporary Writers, whose Absurdities are either obliquely glanced at, or openly ridiculed and exposed. We cannot but lament that the Humour of the greatest Part of these Allusions must be lost to us, the works themselves being long since buried in Oblivion. LUCIAN's True History, therefore, like the Duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal, cannot be half so agreeable as when it was first written; there is, however, enough remaining to secure it from contempt. The Vein of rich Fancy, and Wildness of a luxuriant Imagination, which run through the whole, sufficiently point out the Author as a Man of uncommon Genius and Invention. The Reader will easily perceive that Bergerac, Swift, and other Writers have read this Work of LUCIAN's, and are much indebted to him for it.

P R E.

## P R E F A C E.

**A**S athletics of all kinds hold it necessary, not only to prepare the body by exercise and discipline, but sometimes to give it proper relaxation, which they esteem no less requisite, so do I think it highly necessary also for men of letters, after their severer studies, to relax a little, that they may return to them with the greater pleasure and alacrity; and for this purpose there is no better repose than that which arises from the reading of such books as not only, by their humour and pleasantry, may entertain them, but convey at the same time some useful instruction, both which, I flatter myself, the reader will meet with in the following history; for he will not only be pleased with the novelty of the plan, and the variety of lies, which I have told with an air of truth, but with the tacit allusions so frequently made, not, I trust, without some degree of humour, to our ancient poets, historians, and philosophers, who have told us some most miraculous and incredible stories, and which I should have pointed out to you, but that I thought they would be sufficiently visible on the perusal.

Ctesias, the Cnidian, son of Ctesiochus, wrote an account of India, and of things there,  
which

which he never saw himself, nor heard from any body else. Iambulus also has acquainted us with many wonders which he met with in the great sea, and which every body knew to be absolute falsehoods: the work, however, was not unentertaining. Besides these, many others have likewise presented us with their own travels and peregrinations, where they tell us of wondrous large beasts, savage men, and unheard-of ways of living. The great leader and master of all this rhodomontade is Homer's Ulysses, who talks to Alcinous about the\* winds pent up in bags, man-eaters, and one-eyed Cyclops, wild men, creatures with many heads, several of his companions turned into beasts by enchantment, and a thousand things of this kind, which he related to the ignorant and credulous Phæacians.

These, notwithstanding, I cannot think much to blame for their falsehoods, seeing that the custom has been sometimes authorised, even by

\* *Winds, &c.*] See Homer's *Odyssæy* — The strange stories which Lucian here mentions, may certainly be numbered, with all due deference to so great a name, amongst the *nugæ canoræ* of old Homer. Juvenal certainly considers them in this light, when he says,

Tam vacui capitis populum Phæaca putavit.

Some modern critics, however, have endeavoured to defend them.

the pretenders to philosophy: I only wonder that they should ever expect to be believed: being, however, myself incited, by a ridiculous vanity, with the desire of transmitting something to posterity, that I may not be the only man who doth not indulge himself in the liberty of fiction, as I could not relate any thing true (for I know of nothing at present worthy to be recorded), I turned my thoughts towards falsehood, a species of it, however, much more excusable than that of others, as I shall at least say one thing true, when I tell you that I lye, and shall hope to escape the general censure, by acknowledging that I mean to speak not a word of truth throughout. Know ye, therefore, that I am going to write about what I never saw myself, nor experienced, nor so much as heard from any body else, and, what is more, of such things as neither are, nor ever can be. I give my readers warning, therefore, not to believe me.

\* ONCE upon a time (then), I set sail from the Pillars of Hercules, and getting into the Western Ocean, set off with a favourable wind;

† *Once upon, &c.*] Here the history begins, what goes before may be considered as the author's preface, and should have been marked as such in the original.

the



### 318 THE TRUE HISTORY.

the cause of my peregrination was no more than a certain impatience of mind, and thirst after novelty, with a desire of knowing where the sea ended, and what kind of men inhabited the several shores of it; for this purpose I laid in a large stock of provision, and as much water as I thought necessary, taking along with me fifty companions of the same mind as myself. I prepared withal, a number of arms, with a skilfull pilot, whom we hired at a considerable expence, and made our ship (for it was a pinnace), as tight as we could in case of a long and dangerous voyage.

We failed on with a prosperous gale for a day and a night, but being still in sight of land, did not make any great way; the next day, however, at sun-rising, the wind springing up, the waves ran high, it grew dark, and we could not unfurl a sail; we gave ourselves up to the winds and waves, and were tossed about in a storm, which raged with great fury for threescore and nineteen days, but on the eightieth the sun shone bright, and we saw not far from us an island, high and woody, with the sea round it quite calm and placid, for the storm was over: we landed, got out, and, happy to escape from our troubles, laid ourselves down on the ground for some time, after which we arose, and chusing

ing out thirty of our company to take care of the vessel, I remained on shore with the other twenty, in order to take a view of the interior part of the island..

About three stadia from the sea, as we passed through a wood, we found a pillar of brass, with a Greek inscription on it, the characters almost effaced; we could make out however these words, “ thus far came Hercules and Bacchus :” near it were the marks of two footsteps on a rock, one of them measured about an acre, the other something less; the smaller one appeared to me to be that of Bacchus, the larger that of Hercules; we paid our adorations to the deities, and proceeded. We had not got far before we met with a river, which seemed exactly to resemble wine, particularly that of \* Chios :

\* *Of Chios.*] Among the Greek wines, so much admired by ancient Epicures, those of the islands of the Archipelago were the most celebrated, and of these the Chian wine, the product of Chios, bore away the palm from every other, and particularly that which was made from vines growing on the mountain called Arevisia, in testimony of which it were easy, if necessary, to produce an amphora full of classical quotations.

The present inhabitants of that island make a small quantity of excellent wine for their own use, and are liberal of it to strangers who travel that way, but dare not, being under Turkish government, cultivate the vines well, or export the product of them.

it

it was of a vast extent, and in many places navigable ; this circumstance induced us to give more credit to the inscription on the pillar, when we perceived such visible marks of Bacchus's presence here. As I had a mind to know whence this river sprung, I went back to the place from which it seemed to arise, but could not trace the spring ; I found, however, several large vines full of grapes, at the root of every one the wine flowed in great abundance, and from them, I suppose the river was collected. We saw a great quantity of fish in it, which were extremely like wine, both in taste and colour, and after we had taken and eat a good many of them we found ourselves intoxicated ; and when we cut them up, observed that they were full of grape stones ; it occurred to us afterwards that we should have mixed them with some water-fish, as by themselves they tasted rather too strong of the wine.

We passed the river in a part of it which was fordable, and a little farther on met with a most wonderful species of vine, the bottoms of them that touched the earth were green and thick, and all the upper part most beautiful women, with the limbs perfect from the waist, only that from the tops of the fingers branches sprung out full of grapes, just as Daphne is represented as  
turned

turned into a tree when Apollo laid hold on her; on the head, likewise, instead of hair they had leaves and tendrils; when we came up to them they addressed us, some in the Lydian tongue, some in the Indian, but most of them in Greek; they saluted us also, and, which was remarkable, whoever they kissed reeled about as if he was drunk; they would not suffer us to taste their grapes, but when any body attempted it, cried out as if they were \* hurt. \* \* \* \*

We left them and returned to our companions in the ship, to whom we related every thing that had happened to us, not forgetting our little intrigue with the vines. We then took our casks, filled some of them with water, and some with wine from the river, slept one night on shore, and the next morning set sail, the wind being very moderate. About noon, the island being now out of sight, on a sudden a most violent whirlwind arose, and carried the ship above three thousand stadia, lifting it up above the water, from whence it did not let us down again into the seas but kept us † suspended in mid air, in this manner we  
hung

‡ *Hurt.*] Here two or three lines are purposely omitted in the translation, the learned reader who looks into the original will see the reason of it.

† *Suspended.*] In the same manner as Gulliver's island of  
Vol. II. Y Laputa.

hung for seven days and nights, and on the eighth, beheld a large tract of land, like an island, \* round, shining, and remarkably full of light; we got on shore, and found on examination that it was cultivated, and full of inhabitants, though we could not then see any of them, as night came on. Other islands appeared, some large, others small, and of a fiery colour; there was also below these another land with seas, woods, mountains, and cities in it, and this we took to be our native country: as we were advancing forwards, we were seized on a sudden by the † Hippogypi, for so it seems they were called by the inhabitants; these Hippogypi are men carried upon vulturs, which they ride as we do horses: these vulturs have each three heads, and are immensely large: you may judge of their size, when I tell you that one of their feathers is bigger than the mast of a ship. The Hippogypi have orders, it seems, to fly round the kingdom, and

Laputa.—From this passage it is not improbable but that Swift borrowed the idea.

\* *Round, shining, &c.*] The account which Lucian here gives us of his visit to the moon, perhaps, suggested to Bergerac, the idea of his ingenious work, called, *A Voyage to the Moon*.

† *Hippogypi.*] Equi vultures, horse vulturs; from *ἵππος*, a horse; and *γυψ*, a vulture.

if

If they find any stranger, to bring him to the king: they took us, therefore, and carried us before him: as soon as he saw us, he guessed by our garb what we were; You are Grecians, said he, are ye not? We told him we were: and how, added he, got ye hither through the air? we told him every thing that had happened to us; and he, in return, related to us his own history, and informed us, that he also was a man, that his name was ‡ Endymion, that he had been taken away from our earth in his sleep, and brought to this place where he reigned as sovereign. That || spot, he told us, which now looked like a moon to us, was the earth. He desired us withal, not to make ourselves uneasy, for that we should soon have every thing we wanted. If I succeed, says he, in the war which I am now engaged

[*That spot.*] Lucian, we see, has founded his history on matter of fact. Endymion, we all know, was a king of Lycia, though some call him a shepherd. Shepherd or king, however, he was so handsome, that the moon, who saw him sleeping on mount Latmos, fell in love with him. This no orthodox heathen ever doubted: Lucian, who was a free-thinker, laughs indeed, at the tale. But has made him ample amends in this history, by creating him emperor of the moon.

|| *That spot.*] Modern astronomers are, I think, agreed, that we are to the moon just the same as the moon is to us. Though Lucian's history may be false, therefore his philosophy, we see, was true.

in against the inhabitants of the Sun, you will be very happy here. We asked him then, what enemies he had, and what the quarrel was about? Phaeton, he replied, who is king of the Sun, (for that \* is inhabited as well as the Moon,) has been at war with us for some time past : the foundation of it was this ; I had formerly an intention of sending some of the poorest of my subjects to establish a colony in Lucifer, which was uninhabited : but Phaeton, out of envy, put a stop to it, by opposing me in the mid-way with his † Hippomyrmices ; we were overcome and desisted, our forces at that time being unequal to theirs : I have now, however, resolved to renew the war, and fix my colony ; if you have a mind, you shall accompany us in the expedition ; I will furnish you every one with a royal vultur, and other accoutrements ; we shall set out to-morrow. With all my heart, said I, whenever you please. We staid, however, and supped with him ; and

\* *That, &c.*] This, I am afraid, is not so agreeable to the modern system ; our philosophers all asserting, that the sun is not habitable. As it is a place, however, which we are very little acquainted with, they may be mistaken, and Lucian may guess as well as ourselves, for aught we can prove to the contrary.

† *Hippomyrmices.*] Horse-ants, from *ἵππος*, a horse ; and *μυρμής*, an ant.

rising

rising early the next day, proceeded with the army, when the spies gave us notice that the enemy was approaching. The army consisted of a hundred thousand, besides the scouts, and engineers, together with the auxiliaries, amongst whom, were eighty thousand Hippogypi, and twenty thousand who were mounted on the † *Lachanopteri*; these are very large birds, whose feathers are of a kind of herb, and whose wings look like lettuces. Next to these stood the § *Cinchroboli*, and the || *Schorodomachi*. Our allies from the north, were three thousand ¶ *Pfyllotoxotæ*, and five thousand \*\* *Anemodromi*; the former take their names from the fleas which they ride upon, every flea being as big as twelve elephants; the latter are foot-soldiers, and are carried about in the air without wings, in this manner; they have large gowns hanging down to their feet, these they tuck up, and spread in the form of a sail, and the wind

† *Lachanopteri*.] From *λαχανος*, *olus*, any kind of herb; and *πτερος* *penna*, a wing.

§ *Cinchroboli*.] *Millii jaculatores*, darters of millet; millet is a kind of small grain.—A strange species of warriors!

\* || *Schorodomachi*.] *Alliis pugnantes*, garlic-fighters: these, we are to suppose, threw garlic at the enemy, and served as a kind of stink-pots.

¶ *Pfyllo toxotæ*.] *Pulci sagittarii*, Flea-archers.

\*\* *Anemodromi*.] *Venti cursores*, wind-couriers.



drives them about like so many boats: in the battle they generally wear targets. It was reported, that seventy thousand † *Stratho-balani* from the stars over Cappadocia, were to be there, together with five thousand \* *Hippogerani*; these I did not see, for they never came: I shall not attempt, therefore, to describe them; of these, however, most wonderful things were related.

Such were the forces of Endymion; their arms were all alike; their helmets were made of beans, for they have beans there of a prodigious size and strength; and their scaly breast-plates of lupines sewed together, for the skins of their lupines are like a horn, and impenetrable; their shields, and swords, the same as our own.

The army ranged themselves in this manner: the right wing was formed by the Hippogypi, with the king, and round him his chosen band to protect him, amongst which, we were admitted; on the left, were the Lachanopteri; the auxiliaries in the middle; the foot were in all about sixty thousand myriads. They have spiders, you must know, in this country, in infinite numbers, and of pretty large dimensions,

† *Stratho-balani.*] *Passeres glandium*, acorn-sparrows.

\* *Hippogerani.*] *Equi grues*, horse-cranes.

each of them being as big as one of the islands of the Cyclades; these were ordered to cover the air from the Moon quite to the Morning-star: this being immediately done, and the field of battle prepared, the infantry was drawn up under the command of Nycteron, the son of Eudianax.

The left wing of the enemy, which was commanded by Phaeton himself, consisted of the Hippomyrmices: these are large birds, and resemble our ants, except, with regard to size, the largest of them covering two acres: these fight with their horns, and were in number about fifty thousand. In the right wing were the † Acroconopes, about five thousand, all archers, and riding upon large gnats. To these succeeded the ‡ Acrocoraces, light infantry, but remarkably brave, and useful warriors, for they threw out of slings exceeding large radishes, which whoever was struck by, died immediately, a most horrid stench exhaling from the wound; they are said, indeed, to dip their arrows in a poisonous kind of mallow. Behind

† *Acroconopes.*] Air-flies.

‡ *Acrocoraces.*] Gr. *Αεροκόρακες*, air-crows; but as all crows fly through the air, I would rather read *Αεροκόρδανες*, which may be translated, air-dancers, from *χορδή*, cordax, a lascivious kind of dance, so called.

these, stood ten thousand § *Caulomycetes*, heavy-armed soldiers, who fight hand to hand; so called, because they use shields made of mushrooms, and spears of the stalks of asparagus. Near them, were placed the \* *Cynobalani*, about five thousand, who were sent by the inhabitants of Syrius; these were men with dogs heads, and mounted upon winged acorns: some of their forces did not arrive in time; amongst whom, there were to have been some slingers from the Milky-way, together with the † *Nephelocentauri*: they indeed came, when the first battle was over, and I ‡ wish they had never come at all: the slingers did not appear, which, they say, so enraged Phaeton, that he set their city on fire.

Thus prepared, the enemy began the attack: the signal being given, and the asses braying on each side, for such are the trumpeters they make use of on these occasions, the left wing of the Heliots, unable to sustain the onset of

§ *Caulomycetes*.] Gr. *Καυλομυκητες*, Caulo fungi, stalk and mushroom men.

\* *Cynobalani*.] Gr. *Κυνοβαλανι*, cani glandacii, acorn-dogs.

† *Nephelocentauri*.] Gr. *Νεφελονενταυροι*, nubicentauri, cloud-centuars.

‡ *I wish*, &c.] The reason for this wish is given a little farther on in the History.

our Hippogypi, soon gave way, and we pursued them with great slaughter : their right wing, however, overcame our left. The Acroconopes falling upon us with astonishing force, and advancing even to our infantry, by their assistance we recovered : and they now began to retreat, when they found the left wing had been beaten. The defeat then becoming general, many of them were taken prisoners, and many slain : the blood flowed in such abundance, that the clouds were tinged with it, and looked red, just as they appear to us at sun-set : from thence it distilled through upon the earth. Some such thing, I suppose, happened formerly amongst the gods, which made Homer believe that § Jove rained blood at the death of Sarpedon.

When we returned from our pursuit of the enemy, we set up two trophies ; one, on account of the infantry engagement in the spider's web, and another in the clouds, for our battle in the air. Thus prosperously every thing went on, when our spies informed us, that the Nephelocentaurs, who should have been with Phaeton before the battle, were just arrived : they made, indeed, as they approached towards us, a most formidable appearance, being half winged horses, and half men ; the men from the waist

§ *Jove, &c.*] See Hom. Il. II. l. 459.

upwards,

upwards, about as big as the Rhodian Colossus, and the horses of the size of a common ship of burthen. I have not mentioned the number of them, which was really so great, that it would appear incredible : they were commanded by || Sagittarius from the Zodiac : as soon as they learned that their friends had been defeated, they sent a message to Phaeton to call him back, whilst they put their forces into order of battle, and immediately fell upon the \* Selenites, who were unprepared to resist them, being all employed in the division of the spoil, they soon put them to flight, pursued the king quite to his own city, and slew the greatest part of his birds : they then tore down the trophies, ran over all the field woven by the spiders, and seized me and two of my companions. Phaeton at length, coming up, they raised other trophies for themselves : as for us, we were carried that very day to the palace of the Sun, our hands bound behind us by a cord of the spider's web.

[|| *Sagittarius*.] Some authors tell us that Sagittarius was the same as Chiron the centaur; others, that he was Crocus, a famous hunter, the son of Euphemia, who nursed the Muses, at whose intercession, he was, after his death, promoted to the ninth place in the zodiac, under the name of Sagittarius.

\* *Selenites*.] The inhabitants of the moon.

The

The conquerors determined not to besiege the city of the Moon, but when they returned home, resolved to build a wall between them and the Sun, that his rays might not shine upon it; this wall was double, and made of thick clouds, so that the Moon was always eclipsed, and in perpetual darkness. Endymion, sorely distressed at these calamities, sent an embassy, humbly beseeching them to pull down the wall, and not to leave him in utter darkness, promising to pay them tribute, to assist them with his forces, and never more to rebel: he sent hostages withal. Phaeton called two councils on the affair; at the first of which they were all inexorable, but at the second changed their opinion: a treaty at length was agreed to, on these conditions.

† The Helio<sup>t</sup>s and their allies on one part, make the following agreement with the Selenites and their allies, on the other:—"That the Helio<sup>t</sup>s shall demolish the wall now erected between them; that they shall make no interruptions into the territories of the Moon; and restore the prisoners according to certain articles of ransom to be stipulated concerning them: that the Selenites shall permit all the other stars

†. *The Helio<sup>t</sup>s, &c.*] A good burlesque on the usual form and style of treaties.

to enjoy their rights and privileges: that they shall never wage war with the Heliots, but assist them whenever they shall be invaded: that the king of the Selenites shall pay to the king of the Heliots, an annual tribute of ten thousand casks of dew,\* for the insurance of which, he shall send ten thousand hostages: that they shall mutually send out a colony to the Morning-star, in which, whoever of either nation shall think proper, may become a member: that the treaty shall be inscribed on a column of amber, in the midst of the air, and on the borders of the two kingdoms. This treaty was sworn to, on the part of the Heliots, by \* Pyronides, and Therites, and Phlogius; and on the part of the Selenites, by Nyctor, and Menius, and Polylampus."

Such was the peace made between them: the wall was immediately pulled down, and we were set at liberty. When we returned to the Moon, our companions met and embraced us, shedding tears of joy, as did Endymion also. He intreated us to remain there, or to go along

\* *Pyronides.*] Gr. Πυρωνιδης, igneus, fiery, φλογμος, flaming, Νυκτωρ, nocturnus, nightly, Μηνιος, menstruus, monthly, Πολυλαμτης, multi lucius, many lights. These all make good proper names in Greek, and sound magnificently, but do not answer so well in English. I have therefore preserved the original words in the translation.

with the new colony, 'promising to give me his son in marriage, for they have no women there; this I could by no means be persuaded to, but begged he would let us down into the sea. As he found I could not be prevailed on to stay, after feasting us most nobly for seven days, he dismissed us.

I will now tell you every thing which I met with in the Moon, that was new and extraordinary. In the first place, they never breed there from women, but from men; they always marry males, and do not so much as know the name of woman; the men are wives till five and twenty, and then marry themselves. The fœtus is borne not in the womb, but in the calf of the leg; and when the embryo is conceived, the calf swells; it appears dead when it first comes out, but they breathe upon it in the open air, and it vivifies: for this reason, I suppose, we call this part in Greek † *Gastronymia*, because, amongst these people it bears the fœtus instead of the belly. But what I am going to tell you, is still more wonderful. There is a race of men amongst them, whom they call *Dendritæ*, and which are produced in this manner: they plant the right testicle of a man into the ground, from whence springs up a large

† *Gastronymia*.] The belly of the leg.



tree, fleshy, and like a phallus, with leaves, and branches; its fruit is an acorn about a cubit long; when this is ripe, they gather it, and out of it comes a man † \* \* \* \* \*

Amongst them, when a man grows old, he does not die, but dissolves into smook, and turns to air. They all eat the same food, which is, frogs roasted on the ashes from a large fire; of these they have plenty which fly about in the air, they get together over the coals, snuff up the scent of them, and this serves them for victuals. Their drink is air squeezed into a cup, which produces a kind of dew. They neither make water, nor go backwards, having no outlets of that kind as we have. \* \* \*

He who is quite bald, is esteemed a beauty amongst them, for they abominate long hair; whereas, in the comets, it is looked upon as a perfection at least; so we heard from some strangers who were speaking of them: they have, notwithstanding, small beards a little above the knee; no nails to their feet, and only one great toe. Every one has a large cabbage on his bum, growing out like a tail, which is

† Gentle reader,

Wherever you meet with these *Shandean* marks, or asterisks \*, you may conclude, that Lucian says something in the original, which a modest man would not wish to repeat after him.

always

always green, and even if they fall upon it, never breaks. They have honey here, which is extremely sharp, and when they exercise themselves, wash their bodies with milk : this, mixed with a little of their honey, makes excellent \* cheese. Their oil is extracted from onions, is very rich, and smells like ointment. Their wines, which are in great abundance, yield water, and the grape-stones are like hail : I imagine, indeed, that whenever the wind shakes their vines, and bursts the grape, then comes down amongst us what we call hail. They make use of their belly which they can open and shut as they please, as a kind of bag, or pouch, to put any thing in they want : it has no liver or intestines, but is hairy and warm within, in-somuch, that new-born children, when they are cold, frequently creep into it. The garments of the rich amongst them, are made of glass, but very soft : the poor have woven brags ; which they have here in great abundance, and by pouring a little water over it, so manage as to card it like wool. I am afraid to mention their eyes, lest, from the incredibility of the thing, you should not believe me. I must,

\* *Cheese.*] Here Lucian, like other story-tellers, is a little deficient in point of memory. If they eat, as he tells us, nothing but frogs, what use could they have for cheese?

however, inform you, that they have eyes which they take in and out whenever they please ; so that they can preserve them any where till occasion serves, and then make use of them : many who have lost their own, borrow from others ; and there are several rich men who keep a stock of eyes by them. Their ears are made of the leaves of plane-trees, except of those who spring, as I observed to you, from acorns : these alone have wooden ones. I saw likewise another very extraordinary thing in the king's palace, which was, a looking-glass that is placed in a well not very deep ; whoever goes down into the well, hears every thing that is said upon earth, and if he looks into the glass, beholds all the cities and nations of the world, as plain as if he was close to them. I myself saw several of my friends there, and my whole native country ; whether they saw me also, I will not pretend to affirm. He who does not believe these things, whenever he goes there will know that I have said nothing but what is true.

To return to our voyage, We took our leave of the king and his friends, got on board our ship, and set sail. Endymion made me a present of two glass robes, two brass ones, and a whole coat of armour made of lupines, all  
which

which I left in the \* whale's belly. He likewise sent with us a thousand Hippogypi, who escorted us five hundred stadia.

We sailed by several places, and at length reached the new colony of the Morning-star, where we landed and took in water: from thence we steered into the Zodiac, leaving the Sun on our left, we passed close by his territory, and would have gone ashore, many of our companions being very desirous of it; but the wind would not permit us: we had a view, however, of that region, and perceived that it was green, fertile, and well-watered, and abounding in every thing necessary and agreeable. The Nephelocentaurs, who are mercenaries in the service of Phaeton, saw us and flew aboard our ship, but, recollecting that we were included into the treaty, soon departed; the Hyppogypi likewise took their leave of us.

All the next night and day, we continued our course downwards, and towards evening came upon † Lyncopolis: this city lies between the Pleiades and the Hyades; and a little below the Zodiac: we landed, but saw no men, only a number of lamps running to and fro, in

\* *Whale's belly.*] Of which we shall see an account in the next adventure.

† *Lyncopolis.*] The city of Lamps.

the market-place, and round the port; some little ones, the poor, I suppose, of the place; others, the rich and great among them, very large, light, and splendid; every one had its habitation or candlestick to itself, and its own proper name, as men have. We heard them speak: they offered us no injury, but invited us in the most hospitable manner; we were afraid, notwithstanding; neither would any of us venture to take any food or sleep. The king's court is in the middle of the city: here he sits all night, calls every one by name, and if they do not appear, condemns them to death for deserting their post: their death is, to be put out: we stood by, and heard several of them plead their excuses for non-attendance. Here I found my own lamp, talked to him, and asked him how things went on at home: he told me every thing that had happened. We staid there one night, and next day loosing our anchor, sailed off very near the clouds; where we saw, and greatly admired the city of \* *Nephelo-coccygia*, but the wind would not permit us to land. Coronus, the son of Cottiption, is king there. I remember, † Aristo-

\* *Nephelo-coccygia*.] The cloud-cuckow.

† *Aristophanes*.] See his comedy of the Birds.

phanes the poet, speaks of him, a man of wisdom and veracity, the truth of whose writings nobody can call in question. About three days after this, we saw the ocean very plainly, but no land, except those regions which hang in the air, and which appeared to us all bright and fiery. The fourth day, about noon, the wind subsiding, we got safe down into the sea. No sooner did we touch the water, but we were beyond measure rejoiced. We immediately gave every man his supper, as much as we could afford; and afterwards jumped into the sea and swam, for it was quite calm and serene.

It often happens, that prosperity is the forerunner of the greatest misfortunes. We had sailed but two days in the sea, when early in the morning of the third, at sun-rise, we beheld on a sudden, several whales, and one amongst them, of a most enormous size, being not less than fifteen hundred stadia in length; he came up to us with his mouth wide open, disturbing the sea for a long way before him, the waves dashing round on every side; he whetted his teeth, which looked like so many long spears, and were white as ivory: we embraced and took leave of one another, expecting him every moment; he came near, and swallowed us up at once, ship and all: he did not, however,

crush us with his teeth, for the vessel luckily slipped through one of the interstices: when we were got in, for some time it was dark, and we could see nothing; but the whale happening to gape, we beheld a large space, big enough to hold a city with ten thousand men in it; in the middle were a great number of small fish, several animals cut in pieces, sails and anchors of ships, men's bones, and all kinds of merchandize: there was likewise, a good quantity of land, and hills, which seemed to have been formed of the mud which he had swallowed: there was also a wood, with all sorts of trees in it, herbs of every kind; every thing, in short, seemed to vegetate: the extent of this might be about two hundred and forty stadia. We saw, also, several sea-birds, gulls, and kingfishers, making their nests in the branches. At our first arrival in these regions, we could not help shedding tears; in a little time, however, I roused my companions, and we repaired our vessel; after which, we sat down to supper on what the place afforded. Fish of all kinds we had here in plenty, and the remainder of the water which we brought with us from the Morning-star. When we got up the next day, as often as the whale gaped, we could see mountains and islands, sometimes only the sky;  
and

and plainly perceived by our motion, that he travelled through the sea at a great rate, and seemed to visit every part of it. At length, when our abode became familiar to us, I took with me seven of my companions, and advanced into the wood, in order to see every thing I could possibly : we had not gone above five stadia, before we met with a temple dedicated to Neptune, as we learned by the inscription on it, and, a little farther on, several sepulchres, monumental stones, and a fountain of clear water ; we heard the barking of a dog, and seeing a smoke at some distance from us, concluded there must be some habitation not far off : we got on as fast as we could, and saw an old man and a boy very busy in cultivating a little garden, and watering it from a fountain ; we were both pleased and terrified at the sight, and they, as you may suppose, on their part not less affected, stood fixed in astonishment, and could not speak : after some time, however, “ Who are you, said the old man, and whence come ye ? are you dæmons of the sea, or unfortunate men, like ourselves ? for such we are, born and bred on land, though now inhabitants of another element ; swimming along with this great creature, who carries us about with him, not knowing what is to become of us, or whether



we are alive or dead." To which I replied, " We, father, are men as you are, and but just arrived here, being swallowed up, together with our ship, but three days ago : we came this way to see what the wood produced, for it seemed large and full of trees; some good genius led us towards you, and we have the happiness to find we are not the only poor creatures shut up in this great monster; but give us an account of your adventures, let us know who you are, and how you came here." He would not, however, tell us any thing himself, or ask us any questions, till he had performed the rites of hospitality; he took us into his house, therefore, where he had got beds, and made every thing very commodious : here he presented us with herbs, fruit, fish, and wine; and when we were satisfied, began to enquire into our history : when I acquainted him with every thing that had happened to us; the storm we met with; our adventures in the island; our sailing through the air; the war, &c. from our first setting out, even to our descent into the whale's belly.

He expressed his astonishment at what had befallen us, and then told us his own story, which was as follows : " Strangers, said he, I am a Cyprian by birth, and left my country  
to

to merchandise with this youth, who is my son, and several servants. We sailed to Italy with goods of various kinds, some of which you may, perhaps, have seen in the mouth of the whale : we came as far as Sicily with a prosperous gale, when a violent tempest arose, and we were tossed about in the ocean for three days, where we were swallowed up, men, ship and all, by the whale, only we two remaining alive ; after burying our companions, we built a temple to Neptune, and here we have lived ever since, cultivating our little garden, raising herbs, and eating fish, or fruit : the wood, as you see, is very large, and produces many vines, from which we have excellent wine ; there is likewise a fountain, which perhaps you have observed, of fresh and very cold water. We make our bed of leaves, have fuel sufficient, and catch a great many birds, and live fish. Getting out upon the gills of the whale, there we wash ourselves when we please. There is a salt lake, about twenty stadia round, which produces fish of all kinds, and where we row about in a little boat, which we built on purpose. It is now seven and twenty years since we were swallowed up. Every thing here, indeed, is very tolerable, except our neighbours, who are disagreeable, troublesome, savage, and

unfociable." " And are there more (replied I), besides ourselves in the whale?" " A great many, said he, and those very unhospitable, and of a most horrible appearance: towards the tail, on the western parts of the wood, live the \* *Tarichanes*, a people with eel's eyes, and faces like crabs, bold, warlike, and that live upon raw flesh. On the other side, at the right hand wall, are the † *Tritonomendetes*, in their upper parts men, and in the lower resembling weazels. On the left are the ‡ *Carcinochires*, and the † *Thynnocephali*, who have entered into a league offensive and defensive with each other. The middle part is occupied by the § *Paguradæ*, and the || *Pfittopodes*, a warlike nation, and remarkably swift-footed. The eastern parts, near the whale's mouth, being washed by the sea, are most of them uninhabited: I have some of these, however, on condition of paying an annual tribute to the *Pfittipodes* of five

\* *Tarichanes*.] *Salsamentarii*. Salt-fish-men,

† *Tritonomendetes*.] Triton-weazels.

‡ *Carcinochires*.] Greek, *καρκινοχειρες*, *cancrî-mani*, crab's hands.

† *Thynnocephali*.] *Thynno-cipites*, tunny-heads, i. e., men with heads like those of the tunny-fish.

§ *Paguradæ*.] Greek. *παγυραδαι*, crab-men.

|| *Pfittopodes*.] *Φιττοποδες*, sparrow-footed, from *φιντρα*, *passer marinus*.

hundred

hundred oysters. Such is the situation of this country ; our difficulty is how to oppose so many people, and find sustenance for ourselves." "How many may there be, said I?" "More than a thousand, said he." "And what are their arms?" "Nothing, replied he, but fish-bones." "Then, said I, we had best go to war with them, for we have arms and they none ; if we conquer them we shall live without fear for the future." This was immediately agreed upon, and, as soon as we returned to our ship, we began to prepare. The cause of the war was to be the non-payment of the tribute, which was just now becoming due : they sent to demand it ; he returned a contemptuous answer to the messengers : the Pfittopodes and Paguradæ were both highly enraged, and immediately fell upon Scintharus (for that was the old man's name), in a most violent manner.

We, expecting to be attacked, sent out a detachment of five and twenty men, with orders to lie concealed till the enemy was past, and then to rise upon them, which they did, and cut off their rear : we, in the mean time, being likewise five and twenty in number, with the old man and his son, waited their coming up, met, and engaged them with no little danger, till at length they fled, and we pursued them

them even into their trenches : of the enemy there fell an hundred and twenty ; we lost only one, our pilot, who was run through by the rib of a mullet. That day, and the night after it, we remained on the field of battle, and erected the dried back-bone of a dolphin as a trophy. Next day some other forces, who had heard of the engagement, arrived, and made head against us ; the Tarichanes, under the command of Pelamus, in the right wing, the Thynnocephali on the left, and the Carcinochires in the middle ; the Tritonomendetes remained neuter, not chusing to assist either party : we came round upon all the rest, by the temple of Neptune, and with a hideous cry rushed upon them ; as they were unarmed, we soon put them to flight, pursued them into the wood, and took possession of their territory. They sent ambassadors a little while after, to take away their dead, and propose terms of peace ; but we would hear of no treaty, and attacking them the next day, obtained a complete victory, and cut them all off, except the Tritonomendetes, who, informed of what had passed, ran away up to the whale's gills, and from thence threw themselves into the sea. The country being now cleared of all enemies, we rambled through it, and from that time remained without fear, used  
what

what exercise we pleased, went a-hunting, pruned our vines, gathered our fruit, and lived, in short, in every respect like men put together in a large prison, which there was no escaping from, but where they enjoy every thing they can wish for in ease and freedom; such was our way of life for a year and eight months.

On the fifteenth day of the ninth month, about the second opening of the whale's mouth (for this he did once every hour, and by that we calculated our time), we were surprised by a sudden noise, like the clash of oars; being greatly alarmed, we crept up into the whale's mouth, where standing between his teeth, we beheld one of the most astonishing spectacles that was ever seen; men of an immense size, each of them not less than half a stadium in length, sailing on islands like boats. I know what I am saying is incredible, I shall proceed, notwithstanding: these islands were long, but not very high, and about a hundred stadia in circumference; there were about eight and twenty of these men in each of them, besides the rowers on the sides, who rowed with large cypresses, with their branches and leaves on; in the stern stood a pilot, raised on an eminence, and guiding a brazen helm: on the fore-castle were forty immense creatures, resembling  
men,

men, except in their hair, which was all a flame of fire, so that they had no occasion for helmets, these were armed, and fought most furiously; the wind rushing in upon the wood, which was in every one of them, swelled it like a sail, and drove them on, according to the pilot's direction; and thus, like so many long ships, the islands, by the assistance of the oars, also moved with great velocity. At first we saw only two or three, but afterwards there appeared above six hundred of them, which immediately engaged; many were knocked to pieces by running against each other, and many sunk; others were wedged in close together, and not able to get asunder, fought desperately; those who were near the prows shewed the greatest alacrity, boarding each other's ships, and making terrible havock; none, however, were taken prisoners. For grappling-irons, they made use of large sharks chained together, who laid hold of the wood and kept the island from moving: they threw oysters at one another, one of which would have filled a waggon, and sponges of an acre long. *Æolocentaurus* was admiral of one of the fleets, and \* *Thalassopotes* of the

\* *Thalassopotes*.] *Maris potor*, the drinker up of the sea, *Æolocentaurus* and *Thalassopotes* were, I suppose, two Leviathans.

others:

other: they had quarrelled, it seems, about some booty; Thalassopotes, as it was reported, having driven away a large tribe of dolphins belonging to Æolocentaurus: this we picked up from their own discourse, when we heard them mention the names of their commanders. At length the forces of Æolocentaurus prevailed, and sunk about a hundred and fifty of the islands of the enemy, and taking three more with the men in them: the rest took to their oars and fled. The conquerors pursued them a little way, and in the evening returned to the wreck, seizing the remainder of the enemy's vessels, and getting back some of their own, for they had themselves lost no less than fourscore islands in the engagement. They erected a trophy for this victory, hanging one of the conquered islands on the head of the whale, which they fastened their hausers to, and casting anchor close to him, for they had anchors immensely large and strong, spent the night there: in the morning, after they had returned thanks, and sacrificed on the back of the whale, they buried their dead, sung their Io Pæans, and sailed off. Such was the battle of the islands.



THE  
TRUE HISTORY.

BOOK II.

**F**ROM this time our abode in the whale growing rather tedious and disagreeable, not able to bear it any longer, I began to think within myself how we might make our escape. My first scheme was to undermine the right-hand wall, and get out there; and accordingly we began to cut away, but after getting through about five stadia, and finding it was to no purpose, we left off digging, and determined to set fire to the wood, which we imagined would destroy the whale, and secure us a safe retreat; we began, therefore, by burning the parts near his tail: for seven days and nights he never felt the heat, but on the eighth we perceived he grew sick, for he opened his mouth very seldom, and when he did, shut it again immediately; on the tenth and the eleventh he declined visibly, and began to stink a little; on the twelfth it occurred to us, which we had never thought of before, that unless, whilst he was gaping, somebody could prop up his jaws, to prevent his closing them, we were in danger of being shut up in the carcase, and perishing there: we placed some large beams, therefore, in his mouth,

mouth, got our ship ready, and took in water, and every thing necessary : Scintharus was to be our pilot ; the next day the whale died ; we drew our vessel through the interstices of his teeth, and let her down from thence into the sea : then, getting on the whale's back, sacrificed to Neptune, near the spot where the trophy was erected. Here we staid three days, it being a dead calm, and on the fourth set sail ; we struck upon several bodies of the giants that had been slain in the sea-fight, and measured them with the greatest astonishment : for some days we had very mild and temperate weather, but the north-wind arising, it grew so extremely cold, that the whole sea was froze up, not on the surface only, but three or four hundred feet deep, so that we got out and walked on the ice. The frost being so intense that we could not bear it, we put in practice the following scheme, which Scintharus put us in the head of : we dug a cave in the ice, where we remained for thirty days, lighting a fire, and living upon the fish which we found in it ; but, our provisions failing, we were obliged to loosen our ship which was stuck fast in, and hoisting a sail, slid along through the ice with an ~~easy~~ pleasant motion ; on the fifth day from that time, it grew warm, the ice broke, and it was all water again.

After

After sailing about three hundred stadia, we fell in upon a little deserted island: here we took in water, for ours was almost gone, killed with our arrows two wild oxen, and departed. These oxen had horns not on their heads, but, as Momus seemed to wish, under their eyes. A little beyond this, we got into a sea, not of water, but of milk; and upon it we saw an island full of vines; this whole island was one compact well-made cheese, as we afterwards experienced by many a good meal, which we made upon it; and is in length five and twenty stadia. The vines have grapes upon them, which yield not wine, but milk. In the middle of the island was a temple to the Nereid \* Galatæa, as appeared by an inscription on it: as long as we staid there, the land afforded us victuals to eat, and the vines supplied us with milk to drink. † Tyro, the daughter of Salmoneus,

\* *Galatæa.*] One of the fifty Nereids, or Sea-Nymphs; so called, on account of the fairness of her skin: from γαλα gala, milk; of the milky island, therefore, she was naturally the presiding deity.

† *Tyro.*] Tyro, according to Homer, fell in love with the famous river Enipeus, and was always wandering on his banks, where Neptune found, covered her with his waves, and throwing her into a deep sleep, supplied the place of Enipeus. Lucian has made her amends, by bestowing one of his imaginary kingdoms upon her. His part of the story, however, is full as probable as the rest.

we were told, was queen of it, Neptune having, after her death, conferred that dignity upon her.

We stopped five days on this island, and on the sixth set sail with a small breeze, which gently agitated the waves, and on the eighth, changed our milky sea for a green and briny one; where we saw a great number of men running backwards and forwards, resembling ourselves in every part, except the feet, which are all of cork, whence, I suppose, they are called † *Phellopodes*. We were surprised to see them not sinking, but rising high above the waves, and making their way without the least fear or apprehension: they came up to, and addressed us in the Greek tongue, telling us they were going to Phello, their native country; they accompanied us a good way, and then taking their leave, wished us a good voyage. A little after we saw several islands, amongst which, to the left of us stood Phello, to which these men were going, a city built in the middle of a large round cork; towards the right hand, and at a considerable distance were many others, very large and high; on which, we saw a prodigious large fire: fronting the prow of our ship, we had a view of one very broad and flat, and

† *Phellopodes*.] *Suberipedes*, cork-footed.

which seemed to be about five hundred stadia off; as we approached near to it, a sweet and odoriferous air came round us, such as Herodotus tells us blows from Arabia Felix; from the rose, the narcissus, the hyacinth, the lily, the violet, the myrtle, the laurel, and the vine. Refreshed with these delightful odours, and in hopes of being at last rewarded for our long sufferings, we came close up to the island: here, we beheld several safe and spacious harbours, with clear transparent rivers rolling placidly into the sea; meadows, woods, and birds of all kinds, chanting melodiously on the shore; and, on the trees, the soft and sweet air fanning the branches on every side, which sent forth a soft harmonious sound, like the playing on a flute; at the same time we heard a noise, not of riot or tumult, but a kind of joyful and convivial sound, as of some playing on the lute or harp, with others joining in the chorus, and applauding them.

We cast anchor and landed, leaving our ship in the harbour, with Scyntharus, and two more of our companions. As we were walking through a meadow full of flowers, we met the guardians of the isle, who immediately chaining us with manacles of roses, for these are their only fetters, conducted us to their king:  
from

from these we learned on our journey that this place was called \* The Island of the Blessed, and was governed by Rhadamanthus. We were carried before him, and he was sitting that day as judge to try some causes; our's was the fourth in order: the first was that of † Ajax Telamonius, to determine whether he was to rank with the heroes or not. The accusation ran, that he was mad, and had made an end of himself; much was said on both sides; at length Rhadamanthus pronounced, that he should be consigned to the care of Hippocrates, and go through a course of hellbore, after which he might be admitted to the Symposium. The second was a love affair, to decide whether Theseus or Menelaus should possess Helen in these regions; and the decree of Rhadamanthus was, that she should live with Menelaus who had underwent so many difficulties and dangers for her: besides, that Theseus had other women, the Amazonian lady, and the

\* *The island.*] This description of the Pagan Elysium, or Island of the blessed, is well drawn, and abounds in fanciful and picturesque imagery, interspersed with strokes of humour and satire. The second book is, indeed, throughout, more entertaining, and better written than the first.

† *Ajax*] See the *Ajax Flagellifer* of Sophocles. Lucian humorously degrades him from the character of a hero, and gives him hellbore as a madman.

daughters of Minos. The third cause was a point of precedency, between Alexander the son of Philip, and Hannibal the Carthaginian, which was given in favour of Alexander, who was placed on a throne next to the elder Cyrus, the Persian. Our cause came on the last; the king asked us, how we dared to enter, alone as we were, into that sacred abode; we told him every thing that had happened; he commanded us to retire, and consulted with the assessors concerning us: there were many in council with him, and, amongst them Aristides, the just Athenian, and pursuant to his opinion, it was determined that we should suffer the punishment of our bold curiosity after our deaths, but at present might remain in the island for a certain limited time; associate with the heroes, and then depart: this indulgence was not to exceed seven months.

At this instant, our chains, if so they might be called, dropped off, and we were left at liberty to range over the city, and to partake of the feast of the blessed. The whole city was of \* gold, and the walls of emerald: the seven gates were all made out of one trunk of the cin-

. \* *Of gold.*] It is not improbable but that Voltaire's El Dorado, in his *Candide*, might have been suggested to him by this passage.

namon-

namon-tree: the pavement, within the walls, of ivory, the temples of the gods were of beryl, and the great altars, on which they offered the hecatombs, all of one large amethyst: round the city flowed a river of the most precious ointment, a hundred cubits in breadth, and deep enough to swim in; the baths are large houses of glass, perfumed with cinnamon, and instead of water filled with warm dew: for cloaths they wear spider's webs, very fine, and of a purple colour: they have no bodies, but only the appearance of them, insensible to the touch, and without flesh, yet they stand, taste, move, and speak; their souls seem to be naked, and separated from them, with only the external similitude of a body; and unless you attempt to touch, you can scarce believe but they have one: they are a kind of upright † shadows, only not black: in this place no body ever grows old, at whatever age they enter here, at that they always remain: they have no night, nor bright day, but a perpetual

† *Upright shadows.*] i. e. their appearance is exactly like that of shadows made by the sun at noon day, with this only difference, that one lies flat on the ground, the other is erect, and one is dark, the other light, or diaphanous. Our vulgar idea of ghosts, especially with regard to their not being tangible, corresponds with this of Lucian's.



twilight; one equal season reigns throughout the year; it is always spring with them, and no wind blows but Zephyrus; the whole region abounds in sweet flowers, and shrubs of every kind; their vines bear twelve times in the year, yielding fruit every month, their apples, pomegranates, and the rest of our autumnal produce, thirteen times, bearing twice in the month of Minos: instead of corn, the fields bring forth loaves of ready-made bread, like mushrooms: there are three hundred and sixty-five fountains of water round the city, as many of honey, and five hundred, rather smaller, of sweet-scented oil, besides seven rivers of milk, and eight of wine.

Their Symposia are held in a place without the city, which they call the Elysian Field; this is a most beautiful meadow, skirted by a large and thick wood, affording an agreeable shade to the guests, who repose on couches of flowers; the winds attend upon, and bring them every thing necessary, except wine, which is otherwise provided, for there are large trees on every side, made of the finest glass, the fruit of which are cups of various shapes and sizes; whoever comes to the entertainment gathers one or more of these cups, which immediately becomes full of wine, and so they drink of it, whilst

whilst the nightingales, and other birds of song, with their bills peck the flowers out of the neighbouring fields, and drop them on their heads; thus are they crowned with perpetual garlands; their manner of perfuming them is this; the clouds suck up the scented oils from the fountains and rivers, and the winds gently fanning them, distil it like soft dew on those who are assembled there; at supper they have music also, and singing, particularly the verses of Homer, who is himself generally at the feast, and sits next above Ulysses, with a chorus of youths and virgins: he is led in, accompanied by \* Eunomus the Locrian, Arion of Lesbos, Anacreon, and † Stesichorus, whom I saw there along with them, and who at length is reconciled to Helen: when they have finished their songs, another chorus begins of ‡ swans, swallows,

\* *Eunomus.*] A famous musician. Clemens Alexandrinus gives us a full account of him, to whom I refer the curious reader.

† *Stesichorus.*] This poet, we are told, wrote some severe verses on Helen, for which he was punished by Castor and Pollux with loss of sight; but on making his recantation in a palinodia, his eyes were graciously restored to him. Lucian has affronted her still more grossly, by making her run away with Cinyrus; but he, we are to suppose, being not over superstitious, defied the power of Castor and Pollux.

‡ *Swans.*] Nothing appears more ridiculous to a modern

swallows, and nightingales; and to these succeeds the sweet rustling of the Zephyrs, that whistle through the woods, and close the concert. What most contributes to their happiness is, that near the symposium are two fountains, the one of milk, the other of pleasure; from the first they drink at the beginning of the feast, there is nothing afterwards but joy and festivity.

I will now tell you what men of renown I met with there; and first, there were all the demigods, and all the heroes that fought at Troy, except † Ajax the Locrian, who alone it seems was condemned to suffer for his crimes in the habitations of the wicked; then there were of the Barbarians, both the Cyrus's, Anacharsis the Scythian, ‡ Zamolxis of Thrace, and \* Numa the Italian; besides these I met with

dern reader than the perpetual encomiums on the musical merit of swans and swallows, which we meet with in all the writers of antiquity. A proper account and explanation of this is, I think, amongst the desiderata of literature. There is an entertaining tract on this subject in the Hist. de l'Acad. tom. v. by M. Morin.

† *Ajax the Locrian.*] Who ravished Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, and priestess of Minerva, who sent a tempest, dispersed the Grecian navy in their return home, and sunk Ajax with a thunder-bolt.

‡ *Zamolxis.*] A scholar of Pythagoras.

\* *Numa.*] The second king of Rome,

Lycur.

Lycurgus the Spartan, Phocion and Tellus of Athens, and all the wise men, except \* Periander. I saw also Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus, prating with Nestor and Palamedes; near him were Hyacinthus of Sparta, Narcissus the Thespian, Hylas, and several other || beauties; he seemed very fond of Hyacinthus; some things were laid to his charge; it was even reported that Rhadamanthus was very angry with him, and threatened to turn him out of the island, if he continued to play the fool, and would not leave off his irony and sarcasm: of all the philosophers, † Plato alone was not to be found there, but • it seems he lived in a republic of his own building, and which was governed by laws framed by himself. Aristippus and Epicurus were in the highest esteem here, as the most polite, benevolent,

\* *Periander.*] One of the seven sages, but excepted against by Lucian, because he was king of Corinth, and a tyrant.

|| *Beauties.*] A malevolent sneer at Socrates, who, if we credit our severe satirist, had other pleasures in the company of beautiful young men, besides that of instructing them: though this is, most probably, an aspersion on the character of that noble philosopher, which he never deserved.

† *Plato.*] See his Treatise de Republica. His quitting Elysiun, to live in his own republic, is a stroke of true humour.

and

and convivial of men. Even Æsop, the Phrygian, was here, whom they made use of by way of buffoon. Diogenes of Sinope had so wonderfully changed his manners in this place, that he married Lais, the harlot, danced and sung, got drunk, and played a thousand freaks. Not one Stoic did I see amongst them, they, it seems, were not yet got up to the top of the high \* hill of Virtue; and as to Chrysippus, we were told that he was not to enter the island till he had taken a fourth dose of hellebore. The Academicians, we heard, were very desirous of coming here, but they stood doubting and deliberating about it, neither were they quite certain whether there was such a place as Elysium or not; perhaps they were afraid of Rhadamanthus's † judgment on them, as decisive judgments are what they would never allow; many of them, it is reported, followed those who were coming to the island, but being too lazy to proceed, turned back when they were got half way.

Such were the principal persons whom I met with here. Achilles is had in the greatest honour among them, and next to him Theseus.

\* *Higb hill.*] Alluding to a passage in Hesiod, already quoted.

† *Judgment.*] Lucian laughs at the Sceptics, though he was himself one of them.

With

With regard to love-affairs, they think there is nothing † indecent in doing what they please before every body. As to the boys, Socrates swore he meant no harm; and yet, if we credit Narcissus and Hyacinthus, he forswore himself. The women are common to all; their love is only Platonic. \* \* \*

Two or three days after my arrival I met with the poet Homer, and both of us being quite at leisure, asked him several questions, and amongst the rest, where he was born, that, as I informed him, having been long a matter of dispute amongst us: we were very ignorant, indeed, he said, for some had made him a Chian, others a native of Smyrna, others of Colophon; but that, after all, he was a Babylonian, and amongst them was called Tigranes, though, after being a hostage in Greece, they had changed his name to Homer. I then asked him about those of his verses which are

† *Indecent.*] Entertaining, probably, the same notions, with regard to this point, as the inhabitants of Otaheite. See Hawksworth's Voyage. Lucian, indeed, speaks broadly out, and quite in the Otaheite style.—*Miscent corpora publice & in conspectu omnium, cum mulieribus pariter & cum maribus, & nequaquam malum hoc illis videtur.* The learned reader will see I have softened it a little in the translation.

rejected as spurious, and whether they were his or not. He said, they were all his own; which made me laugh at the nonsense of Zenodotus, and Aristarchus, the grammarians. I then asked him how he came to begin his Iliad with the wrath of Achilles; he said, it was all by chance. I desired likewise to know whether, as it was generally reported, he wrote the Odyssey before the Iliad? He said no. It is commonly said he was blind, but I soon found he was not so: for he made use of his eyes, and looked at me, so that I had no reason to ask him that question: whenever I found him disengaged, I took the opportunity of conversing with him, and he very readily entered into discourse with me, especially after the victory which he obtained over Therfites, who had accused him of turning him into ridicule in some of his verses; the cause was heard before Rhadamanthus, and Homer came off victorious. Ulysses pleaded for him.

I met also Pythagoras the Samian, who arrived in these regions after his soul had gone a long round in the bodies of several animals; having been changed seven times. All his right side was of gold, and there was some dispute whether he should be called Pythagoras or Euphorbus. Empedocles came likewise, who  
looked

looked soddan and roasted all over : he desired admittance ; but though he begged hard for it, was rejected.

A little time after, the games came on, which they call here † *Thanatusia*. Achilles presided for the fifth time, and Theseus for the seventh. A narrative of the whole would be tedious, I shall only, therefore, recount a few of the principal circumstances in the wrestling match ; Carus, a descendant of Hercules, conquered Ulysses at the boxing match. Areus the Ægyptian, who was buried at Corinth, and Epeus contended, but neither got the victory. The *Pan-cratia* was not proposed amongst them. In the race I do not remember who had the superiority. In poetry Homer was far beyond them all ; Hesiod, however, got a prize. The reward to all was a garland of peacock's feathers.

When the games were over, word was brought that the prisoners in Tartarus had broke loose, overcome the guard, and were proceeding to take possession of the island under the command of ‡ *Phalaris* the Agrigentine,  
Busiris

† *Thanatusia*.] Death-games, or, games after death, in imitation of wedding-games, funeral-games, &c.

‡ *Phalaris*.] The famous tyrant of Agrigentum, renowned for his ingenious contrivance of roasting his enemies in a brazen bull, and not less memorable for some excellent Epistles, which set a wit and scholar together by the ears  
con-



\* *Busiris of Ægypt*, † *Diomedes the Thracian*, ‡ *Scyron*, and *Pityocampes*. As soon as *Rhadamanthus* heard of it, he dispatched the heroes to the shore, conducted by *Theseus*, *Achilles*, and *Ajax Telamonius*, who was now returned to his senses. A battle ensued, wherein the heroes were victorious, owing principally to the valour of *Achilles*. *Socrates*, who was placed in the right wing, behaved much better than he had done at § *Delius* in his life-time, for when the enemy approached he never fled, nor so much as turned his face about; he had a very extraordinary present made him, as the reward of his courage, no less than a fine spacious garden near the city; here he summoned his friends and disputed, calling the place by

concerning the genuineness of them. See the famous contest between *Bentley* and *Boyle*.

\* *Busiris*.] Who sacrificed to *Jupiter* all the strangers that came into his kingdom—*hospites violabat*, says *Seneca*, *ut eorum sanguine pluviam eliceret, cujus penuria Ægyptus novem annis laboraverat*.—A most ingenious contrivance.

† *Diomedes*.] A king of *Thrace*, who fed his horses with human flesh.

‡ *Scyron*.] *Scyron* and *Pityocampes* were two famous robbers, who used to seize on travellers, and commit the most horrid cruelties upon them. They were slain by *Theseus*. See *Plutarch's* life of *Theseus*.

§ *Delius*.] Where he ran away, but, as we are told, in very good company. See *Diog. Laert.* *Strabo*, &c.

the name of the Academy of the Dead. They then bound the prisoners, and sent them back to Tartarus, to suffer double punishment. Homer wrote an account of this battle, and gave it me to shew it to our people when I went back; but I lost it afterwards, together with a great many other things: it began thus,

Sing, Muse, the battles of the heroes dead —

The campaign thus happily finished, they made an entertainment to celebrate the victory, which, as is usual amongst them, was a bean-feast; Pythagoras alone absented himself on that day, and fasted, holding in abomination the wicked custom of eating beans.

Six months had now elapsed, when a new and extraordinary affair happened. Cinyrus, the son of Scyntharus, a tall, well-made, handsome youth, fell in love with Helen, and she no less desperately with him. They were often nodding and drinking to one another at the public feasts, and would frequently rise up and walk out together alone into the wood. The violence of his passion, joined to the impossibility of possessing her any other way, put Cinyrus on the resolution of running away with her. She imagined that they might easily get off to some of the adjacent islands, either to Phellus, or Tyroessa. He selected three of the bravest  
of

of our crew to accompany them; never mentioning the design to his father, who he knew would never consent to it; but, the first favourable opportunity, put it in execution, and one night, when I was not with them (for it happened that I staid late at the feast, and slept there), carried her off. Menelaus, rising in the middle of the night, and perceiving that his wife was not in bed with him, made a dreadful noise about it, and, taking his brother along with him, proceeded immediately to the king's palace. At break of day the guards informed him that they had seen a vessel, a good distance from land: he immediately put fifty heroes on board a ship, made out of one large piece of the asphodelus, with orders to pursue them. They made all the sail they possibly could, and about noon came up with, and seized on them, just as they were entering into the milky sea, close to Tyroessa; so near were they to making their escape: the pursuers threw a rosy chain over the vessel, and brought her home again. Helen began to weep, blushed, and hid her face. Rhadamanthus asked Cinyrus, and the rest of them, if they had any more accomplices: they told him, they had none; he then ordered them to be chained, whipped with mallows, and sent to Tartarus.

It was now determined that we should stay no longer on the island than the time limited; and the very next day was fixed for our departure: this gave me no little concern, and I wept to think I must leave so many good things, and be once more a wanderer. They endeavoured to administer consolation to me, by assuring me that in a few years I should return to them again; they even pointed out the seat that should be allotted to me, and which was near the best and worthiest inhabitants of these delightful mansions. I addressed myself to Rhadamanthus, and humbly intreated him to inform me of my future fate, and let me know, beforehand, whither I should travel: he told me, that after many toils and dangers, I should at last return in safety to my native country, but would not point out the time when: he then shewed me the neighbouring islands, five of which appeared near to me, and a sixth at a distance; those next to you, said he, where you see a great fire burning, are the habitations of the wicked; the sixth is the city of dreams; behind that lies the island of Calypso, which you cannot see yet. When you get beyond these you will come to a large tract of land, inhabited by \* those who live on the  
side

\* *Those, &c.*] The antipodes. We never heard whether  
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sides of the earth directly opposite to you, there you will suffer many things, wander through several nations, and meet with some very savage and unfociable people, and at length get into another region.

Having said thus, he took a root of mallow out of the earth, and putting it into my hand, bade me remember, when I was in any danger, to call upon that; and added, moreover, that if, when I came to the Antipodes, I took care “never to stir the fire with a sword, never to eat lupines, or have any thing to do with a woman above two and twenty,” I might have hopes of returning to the Island of the Blessed.

I then got every thing ready for the voyage, supped with, and took my leave of them. Next day, meeting Homer, I begged him to make me a couple of verses for an inscription, which he did, and I fixed them on a little column of beryl, at the mouth of the harbour: the inscription was as follows,

Dear to the gods, and favourite of heav'n,  
Here Lucian liv'd: to him alone 'twas giv'n,  
Well-pleas'd these happy regions to explore,  
And back returning, seek his native shore.

After Lucian performed this voyage. D'Ablancourt, however, his French translator, in his continuation of the True History, has done it for him; not without some humour, though it is by no means equal to the original.

I staid

I staid that day, and the next set sail; the heroes attending to take their leaves of us; when Ulysses, unknown to Penelope, slipped a letter into my hand, for Calypso, at the island of Ogygia. Rhadamanthus was so obliging as to send with us Nauplius the pilot, that, if we stopped at the neighbouring islands, and they should lay hold on us, he might acquaint them, that we were only on our passage to another place.

As soon as we got out of the sweet-scented air, we came into another that smelt of asphaltus, pitch, and sulphur burning together, with a most intolerable stench, as of burned carcases; the whole element above us was dark and dismal, distilling a kind of pitchy dew upon our heads: we heard the sound of stripes, and the yellings of men in torment. We saw but one of these islands; that which we landed on I will give you some description of: every part of it was steep and filthy, abounding in rocks and rough mountains; we crept along, over precipices full of thorns and briars, and, passing through a most horrid country, came to the dungeon, and place of punishment, which we beheld with an admiration full of horror: the ground was strewed with swords and prongs, and close to us were three rivers, one of mire,

another of blood, and another of fire, immense and unpassable, that flowed in torrents, and rolled like waves in the sea : it had many fish in it, some like torches, others resembling live coals ; which they called *lychnisci*. There is but one entrance into the three rivers, and at the mouth of them stood, as porter, Timon of Athens. By the assistance, however, of our guide, Nauplius, we proceeded, and saw several \* punished, as well kings as private persons, and amongst these some of our old acquaintance : we saw † Cinyrus, hung up by a certain part, and roasting there. Our guides gave us the history of several of them, and told us what they were punished for : those, we observed, suffered most severely, who in their life-times had told lies, or written what was not true, amongst whom were Ctesias the Cnidian, Herodotus, and many others. When I saw these I began to conceive good hopes of hereafter, as I am not conscious of ever having told a story.

\* *Punished.*] Voltaire has improved on this passage, and given us a very humorous account of les Habitans de l'Enfer, in his Wicked Pucelle.

† *Cinyrus.*] Who, the reader will remember, had just before ran off with Helen, and was unfortunately caught in the fact.

Not able to bear any longer such melancholy spectacles, we took our leave of Nauplius, and returned to our ship. In a short time after we had a view, but confused and indistinct, of the Island of Dreams, which itself was not unlike a dream, for as we approached towards it, it seemed as it were to retire and fly from us. At last, however, we got up to it, and entered the harbour, which is called † Hypnus, near the ivory gates, where there is a harbour dedicated to the \* cock. We landed late in the evening, and saw several dreams of various kind. I propose, however, at present, to give you an account of the place itself, which no body has ever written about, except Homer, whose description is very imperfect.

Round the island is a very thick wood; the trees are all tall poppies, or ‡ mandragoræ, in which are a great number of bats; for these are

† *Hypnus.*] Greek, ὕπνος, sleep.

\* *The cock.*] As herald of the morn.

‡ *Mandragoræ.*] A root which infused is supposed to promote sleep, consequently very proper for the Island of Dreams.

— Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou owd'st yesterday.

See Shakspeare's Othello.



the only birds they have here : there is likewise a river which they call \* *Nyctiporus*, and round the gates two fountains ; the name of one is † *Negretos*, and of the other ‡ *Pannychia*. The city has a high wall, of all the colours of the rainbow. It has not two gates, as || *Homer* tells us, but four, two of which look upon the plain of Indolence, one made of iron, the other of brick : through these are said to pass all the dreams that are frightful, bloody, and melancholy ; the other two, fronting the sea and harbour, one of horn, the other, which we came through, of ivory : on the right hand, as you enter the city, is the temple of Night, who, together with the cock, is the principal object of worship amongst them. This is near the harbour ; on the left is the palace of Som-

\* *Nyctiporus*.] Night-wanderers.

† *Negretos*.] Gr. *νεγρητος*, inexperrectus; unwaked, or wakeful.

‡ *Pannychia*.] Gr. *παννυχια*, pernox, all night.

|| *Homer*.]

Two portals firm the various phantoms keep;  
Of ev'ry one; whence flit to mock the brain  
Of winged lies, a light phantastic train;  
The gate oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,  
And columns fair, incas'd with polish'd horn;  
Where images of truth for passage wait.

See Pope's *Homer's Odyssey*, B. xix. l. 637.

See also *Virgil* who has pretty closely imitated his master.

nus,

nus, for he is their fovereign, and under him are two viceroys, || Taraxion, the fon of Matæogenes, and \* Plutocles, the fon of Phantafion. In the middle of the market-place ftands a fountain, which they call † Careotis, and two temples of Truth and Falfehood : there is an oracle here, at which Antiphon prefides as high-priest; he is inventor of the dreams, an honourable employment, which Somnus beftowed upon him.

The dreams themfelves are of different kinds, fome long, beautiful, and pleafant, others little and ugly; there are likewise fome golden ones, others poor and mean; fome winged and of an immense fize, others tricked out as it were for pomps and ceremonies, for gods and kings; fome we met with that we had feen at home; thefe came up to and faluted us as their old acquaintance, whilft others putting us firft to fleep, treated us moft magnificently, and promifed that they would make us kings and noblemen; fome carried us into our own country,

|| *Taraxion.*] Gr. *ταραξιωνα του ματαιογενος*, terriculum vainpori; Fright, the fon of Vain-hope, or Difappointment.

\* *Plutocles.*] Gr. *πλευτοκλια του φαντασιωνος*, divitiglorium, the pride of riches; i. e. arifing from riches, fon of Phantafy, or Deceit.

† *Careotis.*] Gr. *καριωτιν*. gravi-somnem, heavy-fleep.

shewed us our friends and relations, and brought us back again the same day.

Thirty days and nights we remained in this place, being most luxuriously feasted, and fast asleep all the time, when we were suddenly awaked by a violent clap of thunder, and immediately ran to our ship, put in our stores, and set sail. In three days we reached the island of Ogygia. Before we landed, I broke open the letter, and read the contents, which were as follows :

#### U L Y S S E S   T O   C A L Y P S O.

“ This comes to inform you, that after my departure from your coasts in the vessel which you were so kind as to provide me with, I was ship-wrecked, and saved with the greatest difficulty by Leucothea, who conveyed me to the country of the Phæacians, and from thence I got home ; where I found a number of suitors about my wife, revelling there at my expence. I destroyed every one of them, and was afterwards slain myself by Telegonus, a son whom I had by Circe. I still lament the pleasures which I left behind at Ogygia, and the immortality which you promised me : if I can ever find an opportunity, I will certainly make my escape from hence, and come to you.”

This was the whole of the epistle, except, that at the end of it, he recommended us to her protection.

On our landing, at a little distance from the sea I found the cave, as described by Homer, and in it Calypso, spinning: she took the letter, put it in her bosom, and wept; then invited us to sit down, and treated us magnificently. She then asked us several questions about Ulysses, and enquired whether Penelope was handsome and as chaste as Ulysses had reported her to be? we answered her in such a manner as we thought would please her best; and then returning to our ship, slept on board close to the shore.

In the morning, a brisk gale springing up, we set sail. For two days we were tossed about in a storm; the third drove us on the pirates of Colocynthos. These are a kind of savages from the neighbouring islands, who commit depredations on all that sail that way. They have large ships made out of gourds, six cubits long; when the fruit is dry, they hollow and work it into this shape, using reeds for masts, and making their sails out of the leaves of the plant. They joined the crews of two ships and attacked us, wounding many of us with cucumber seeds, which they threw instead  
of

of stones. After fighting some time without any material advantage on either side, about noon we saw just behind them some of the \* *Caryonautæ*, whom we found to be avowed enemies to the † *Colocynthites*, who, on their coming up, immediately quitted us, and fell upon them. We hoisted our sail, and got off, leaving them to fight it out by themselves: the *Caryonautæ* were most probably the conquerors, as they were more in number, for they had five ships, which besides were stronger and better built than those of the enemy, being made of the shells of nuts cut in two, and hollowed, every half nut being fifty paces long. As soon as we got out of their fight, we took care of our wounded men, and from that time were obliged to be always armed and prepared in case of sudden attack. We had too much reason to fear; for scarce was the sun set, when we saw about twenty men from a desert island advancing towards us, each on the back of a large dolphin. These were pirates also: the dolphins carried them very safely, and seemed pleased with their burthen, neighing like horses. When they came up, they stood at a little distance, and threw dried cuttle-fish, and crabs-eyes at

\* *Caryonautæ*.] Nut-sailers; or, sailers in a nut-shell.

† *Colocynthites*.] Those who sailed in the gourds.

us; but we, in return, attacking them with our darts and arrows, many of them were wounded, and unable to stand it any longer, they retreated to the island.

In the middle of the night, the sea being quite calm, we unfortunately struck upon a halcyon's nest, of an immense size, being about sixty stadia in circumference: the halcyon was sitting upon it, and was herself not much less: as she flew off, she was very near over-setting our ship with the wind of her wings, and as she went, made a most hideous groaning. As soon as it was day, we took a view of the nest, which was like a great ship, and built of trees; in it were five hundred eggs, each of them longer than a hoghead of Chios. We could hear the young ones croaking within: so, with a hatchet we broke one of the eggs, and took the chicken out unfledged; it was bigger than twenty vulturs put together.

When we were got about two hundred stadia from the nest, we met with some surprising prodigies. A cheniscus came, and sitting on the prow of our ship, clapped his wings and made a noise. Our pilot Scintharus had been bald for many years, when on a sudden, his hair came again. But what was still more wonderful, the mast of our ship sprouted out, sent forth

forth several branches, and bore fruit at the top of it, large figs, and grapes not quite ripe. We were greatly astonished, as you may suppose, and prayed most devoutly to the gods, to avert the evil which was portended.

We had not gone above five hundred stadia farther, before we saw an immensely large and thick wood of pines and cypruses; we took it for a tract of land, but it was all a deep sea, planted with trees that had no root, which stood, however, unmoved, upright, and, as it were, swimming in it: approaching near to it, we began to consider what we could do best; there was no sailing between the trees, which were close together, nor did we know how to get back. I got upon one of the highest of them, to see how far they reached, and perceived that they continued for about fifty stadia or more, and beyond that it was all sea again: we resolved, therefore, to drag the ship up to the top-boughs, which were very thick, and so convey it along, which, by fixing a great rope to it, with no little toil and difficulty, we performed; got it up, spread our sails, and were driven on by the wind. It put me in mind of that verse of Antimachus the poet, where he says,

The ship sail'd smoothly through the sylvan sea.

We

We at length got over the wood, and, letting our ship down in the same manner, fell into smooth clear water, till we came to a horrid precipice hollow and deep, resembling the cavity made by an earthquake, we furled our sails, or should soon have been swallowed up in it. Stooping forward, and looking down, we beheld a gulph of at least a thousand stadia deep, a most dreadful and amazing sight, for the sea as it were was split in two. Looking towards our right hand, however, we saw a small bridge of water that joined the two seas, and flowed from one into the other; we got the ship in here, and with great labour rowed her over, which we never expected.

From thence we passed into a smooth and calm sea, wherein was a small island with a good landing-place, and which was inhabited by the Bucephali; a savage race of men, with bulls heads and horns, as they paint the minotaur. As soon as we got on shore we went in search of water and provision, for we had none left; water we found soon, but nothing else: we heard, indeed, a kind of lowing at a distance, and expected to find a herd of oxen, but, advancing a little farther, perceived that it came from the men. As soon as they saw us, they ran after and took two of our companions,

the



the rest of us got back to the ship as fast as we could. We then got our arms, and, determined to revenge our friends, attacked them as they were dividing the flesh of our poor companions : they were soon thrown into confusion and totally routed ; we slew about fifty of them, and took two prisoners, whom we returned with. All this time we could get no provision : some were for putting the captives to death : but not approving of this, I kept them bound, till the enemy should send ambassadors to redeem them, which they did ; for we soon heard them lowing in a melancholy tone, and most humbly beseeching us to release their friends. The ransom agreed on, was a quantity of cheeses, dried fish, and onions, together with four stags, each having three feet, two behind and one before. In consideration of this, we released the prisoners, staid one day there, and set sail.

We soon observed the fish swimming and the birds flying round about us, with other signs of our being near the land ; and in a very little time after, saw some men in the sea, who made use of a very uncommon method of sailing, being themselves both ships and passengers. I will tell you how they did it ; they laid themselves all along in the water, they fastened

fastened to their \* middle a sail, and holding the lower part of the rope in their hands, were carried along by the wind. Others, we saw, sitting on large casks, driving two dolphins who were yoked together, and drew the carriage after them : these did not run away from, nor attempt to do us any injury ; but rode round about us without fear, observing our vessel with great attention, and seeming greatly astonished at it.

It was now almost dark when we came in sight of a small island inhabited by women, as we imagined, for such they appeared to us, being all young and handsome, with long garments reaching to their feet ; they were gayly dressed, like so many harlots, and with great freedom came up to and embraced us : every one took her man home with her, to entertain him. The island was called † Cabalusa, and the city Hydamardia. I stopped a little, for my mind misgave me, and looking round, saw

\* *Their middle.*] Lucian says, ορθωσαντες τα αιδια, μεγαλα δὲ φερουσιν, ἐξ αὐτῶν ὀθονη πετασαντες, &c. which the learned reader, if he thinks proper, may interpret for himself.

† *Cabalusa*] and Hydamardia, are hard words which the commentators confess they can make nothing of. Various, however, are the derivations, and numerous the guesses made about them. The English reader may, if he pleases, call them not improperly, especially the first, Cabalistic.

several

several bones and skulls of men on the ground ; to make a noise, call my companions together, and take up arms, I thought would be imprudent. I pulled out my † mallow, therefore, and prayed most devoutly that I might escape the present evil ; and a little time afterwards, as one of the strangers was helping us to something, I perceived, instead of a woman's foot, the hoof of an ass : upon this, I drew my sword, seized on and bound her, and insisted on her telling me the truth with regard to every thing about them. She informed me, much against her will, “ that she and the rest of the inhabitants were women belonging to the sea, that they were called \* Onoscileas, and that they lived upon travellers who came that way. We make them drunk, said she, get them to bed, and when they are asleep, make an end of them.” As soon as she had told me this, I left her bound there, and getting upon the house, called out to my companions, brought them together, shewed them the bones, and led them in to her ; when on a sudden she dissolved away into water, and disappeared. I dipped my sword into it by way of experiment, and the water turned into blood.

† *My mallow.*] Which the reader will remember was given him by way of charm, on his departure from the happy island.

\* *Onoscileas.*] Gr. ονoσκηλας, asini-cruras, ass-legged.

We proceeded immediately to our vessel and departed. At break of day we had a view of that continent, which we suppose lies directly opposite to our own. Here, after performing our religious rites, and putting up our prayers, we consulted together about what was to be done next. Some were of opinion, that after making a little descent on the coast, we should turn back again; others were for leaving the ship there, and marching up into the heart of the country, to explore the inhabitants. Whilst we were thus disputing, a violent storm arose, and driving our ship towards the land, split it in pieces. We picked up our arms, and what little things we could lay hold on, and with difficulty swam ashore.

Such were the adventures which befel us during our voyage, at sea, in the islands, in the air, in the whale, amongst the heroes, in the land of dreams; and lastly, amongst the Bucephali, and the Onoscileæ; what we met with on the other side of the world, shall be related † in the ensuing books.

† *In the ensuing books* ] The ensuing books never appeared. The true history like

The bear and fiddle,

Begins, but breaks off in the middle.

D'Ablancourt, as I observed above, has carried it on a little farther. There is still room for any ingenious modern to take the plan from Lucian, and improve upon it.

# THE TYRANT-KILLER.

*This Piece is ascribed to LUCIAN, and to be met with, I believe, in every Edition of his Works, though the Reader will not find a Grain of the Sal Atticum, or Lucianicum, in any Part of it. It seems, indeed, to be nothing but a juvenile Exercise, like the Declamations now written and spoke by our Young Men at both Universities. In which Case, it may possibly have been penned by LUCIAN for one of his Pupils. As considered in this Light, and in this only, we may receive it as his, without Injury to his Character. An affected Subtilty of Argument, and Tinsel Eloquence, runs through the whole, which smells strongly of the Schools, and points out the False Taste which began to prevail in the Age when LUCIAN lived, and which, soon after, overspread the World of Science and Literature. ERASMUS has taken the Trouble to write an Answer to the Tyrant-Killer, longer than LUCIAN's, and, to say the Truth, almost as dull and uninteresting.*

**I**N one day, O reverend judges, I have slain two tyrants, one advanced in years, the other in the flower of youth, and prepared  
to

to commit more injuries; and for this I now appear before you, soliciting but one reward. The only tyrant-killer who ever destroyed two wicked men at one blow. The son fell by my sword, the father by his paternal affection for him. The tyrant suffered the punishment he deserved, by seeing his son slain before him, and was afterwards, wonderful to relate, forced to be his own tyrant-killer. The son perished by my hand, and, when dead himself, was the instrument of another murder: in his life, the partner of his father's crimes, and after death, his father's murderer. I alone have put an end to the tyranny, it is my sword alone which has done all. I have reversed the common method of slaying the base and wicked, I have slain the strongest and most powerful with my own hand, and left the weak old man to the sword alone. For deeds like these, I expect from you a double reward, and that I should have been paid for as many as I have slain. As I not only saved you from the present, but delivered you from the fear of future evils; made your liberty secure, and left no heir to perpetuate the same crimes hereafter. In the mean time, I find myself in danger of losing the reward of all my services; and I alone shall suffer by those laws, which I myself was the

preserver of. My adversary opposes me, not from his love of public justice, but because it should seem, he is concerned for those who are slain, and would revenge their death on him who destroyed them.

Permit me, reverend judges, to lay before you what you have yourselves experienced, the miseries of tyranny ; thus shall ye be more sensible of the benefits which I have procured for you, and of the weight of those evils from which you are delivered. We have not, like others, groaned beneath one tyranny alone, nor borne the insolence of one master only, but felt the lash of two cruel tyrants. The old man was, indeed, much the more tolerable, more easily appeased, more slow to punishment, and with more prudence restrained those appetites and passions which his age did not permit him to indulge : he was not himself of so arbitrary a disposition, but from the first was urged on by his son, to acts of cruelty and oppression : to him he yielded in all things, being remarkable for his paternal affection, as his death sufficiently evinced. His son was every thing to him, and him he obeyed. Whatever act of injustice the son commanded, the father performed ; when the son bade him, the father punished : the son, in short, tyrannized over the father,

and

and the father was no more than an officer under the son, to do his will and minister to his desires. The young man, indeed, out of respect to his age, did not take the title of king, though he was, in effect, at the head of every thing. He took care to preserve the power in his hands, at the same time he was the source of every injury. He issued out orders to the guards, he repaired the bulwarks, he terrified the conspirators, cut off the oppressed and rebellious subjects, deflowered virgins, and abused the marriage-bed; murders, banishments, seizing of goods, tortures, injuries of every kind were his constant practice. The old man connived at all he did, and approved of it: it became at length too horrible to be suffered by us. When the evil affections of men have the power of empire to support them, they know no bounds. What most afflicted us was, that we knew our slavery must be of long duration, or rather without end; and that we should be delivered down from one wicked tyrant to another: others might comfort themselves, and say, This must end soon, he will die, and we shall be free. But we had no such hopes, for the successor was ready and prepared to take the empire: yet none of all those, who thought as I did, would dare to strike a stroke; all



hopes of liberty were lost, and that tyranny was thought invincible, which had so many to support it.

These things, however, did not terrify me, the difficulty of the task did not prevail on me to lay it aside, nor did the sight of danger alarm me with fear : I alone attacked this complex tyranny, I alone with my good sword, slew the tyrant ; with death before my eyes, I determined with my own life to redeem the public freedom. When I came to the first strong tower, after slaying all the guards I met, and pushing through every obstacle, I made my way to the source of all our calamities, beheld the tyrant resisting with all his might, but, with many wounds, I at length overcame, and slew him.

My undertaking succeeded, and the tyranny was now at an end ; from that moment we all were free : the old man alone remained, unguarded, and unarmed ; his great defender now cut off, he was totally deserted, and was no longer worthy of a brave and powerful adversary. Thus, therefore, O judges, I said to myself, “ Every thing is now well, every thing is done, all is happily finished ; how is he to be punished who still survives ? he is unworthy of me, and of this hand ; it shall not, after so  
great

great and noble a deed, be disgraced : some more vulgar one shall be employed : nor shall he profit by this calamity : no, let him behold, and let him suffer ; let the sword lie by him ; to that I commit the rest." I determined on this, and left him : he acted as I thought he would, the tyrant slew himself, and thus crowned the deed.

I come, therefore, to you, with good tidings of joy and freedom, bidding you all to be of good cheer with me, who have established for you a democracy. Ye see the fruit of my labours, the city is freed from its wicked rulers ; none tyrannises now amongst you ; you may now bestow honours on whom you please, renew the course of justice, and dispute openly according to the laws. . All this is the work of my hands, the effect of my bravery, all owing to that death which the father could not survive ; for this I now solicit the reward that is due to me : not, that from mean and sordid avarice, not, that from the hopes of gain, I meant to serve my country ; but that by your bounties, you may confirm the merit of my actions, nor detract from the honour of it, by withholding that reward which it hath so amply deserved.

My adversary still denies that I have any right to ask this of you, that I am not the ty-

rant-killer. That I have not acted according to the law, and that something is still wanting to intitle me to the reward : but thus would I interrogate him : What more do you require of me ? was I not willing ? did I not go up ? did I not slay him ? did I not set you free ? who now reigns ? who now commands ? what master now threatens us ? hath any of the wicked doers escaped me ? none, you must say, none. Every thing is in peace, and the laws prevail. Freedom is uninterrupted, the democracy is established, marriage is unrepurchased, our children are fearless, our virgins are secure, and the whole city hath instituted public festivals to celebrate its common happiness. Who is the author of all this ? who put an end to our calamities, and produced this happiness ? if there be any more worthy of this honour than myself, to him I yield the reward : but I alone have done all this, I went through the danger ; I went up, I flew, I punished, I revenged myself on one, by the assistance of another. Wherefore dost thou thus abuse my noble deeds ? wherefore wouldest thou persuade the people to be ungrateful for me ?

But you did not (says one,) slay the tyrant himself, and the law decrees the reward to the tyrant-killer. And where, tell me, is the difference

ference between killing him one's self, or being the cause of his death? surely none. All that the legislator looked to, was the liberty and power of the people, and to free them from every injury; this claimed the honour, and this merited the reward: this which you cannot deny but I performed: for if I destroyed him, after whose death the other could not survive, I was doubtless the destroyer of the other also; the slaughter was mine, though by his own hand. Dispute no longer, therefore, on the manner of his death, nor how he fell; but ask whether he yet lives, or is no more? whether I gave him that which caused him to be no more? otherwise, you might as well dispute his title to the reward, who should kill the tyrant not with a sword, but with a stone, a club, or any thing else. What if I had starved him to death, would you then have objected that I did not kill him with my own hand; or say, that something still was wanting according to the law, though the criminal would then have died a more cruel death. Adhere, therefore, to this only, ask this question alone, be inquisitive about nothing but this, Which of the evil doers is still alive? what are we now afraid of? where is even the remembrance of our woes? if every thing is now pure, if every thing

is

is peaceable ; it is only the part of a calumniator, to make use of the mere manner of the action, only to prevent its deserved reward.

If, from the length of a continued slavery, I have not forgot the laws, it is there said, I think, that there are two causes of death : if a man kills a person with his own hand, or if he forces another to do it, and is the cause of his death, he is equally to be punished : and surely with the greatest justice, for the law considered the power given, equal to the fact itself. It is unnecessary, therefore, to enquire into the mode of doing it. The man who thus kills another, you acknowledge, should be punished, and would, by no means have him excused for it. Why, therefore, should not he for the same reason be rewarded, who has done, be the manner what it would, a public service ? neither can you say that I did it by chance, and that this event happened beyond my expectation. What had I to fear, when the stronger of the two, and he who alone could resist me, was already slain ? why did I leave the sword in his throat, if I had not foreseen what would happen ? unless you will say, perhaps, that he who thus perished was not really the tyrant, nor was so called, neither if he died, would you have given any more rewards. Would you there-

therefore, when the tyrant is slain, withhold the reward from him who slew him? what a ridiculous solicitude about nothing! why need you care how he died, if you enjoy your liberty? or, would you require any thing else of him, who has fixed the democracy for you? the law, as you acknowledge yourself, takes notice of the principal circumstance, and enquires concerning nothing else; why then should not he who has expelled the tyrant, receive the reward of a tyrant-killer? certainly he ought in justice to have it, for he substituted freedom in the room of slavery. There is no banishment here, no fear of future invasion. This action of mine has made a final destruction, cut off at once the whole race, and totally extirpated the evil.

And now enquire, I beseech you, whether I have omitted any one thing which the law prescribes, or if any thing be still wanting to fulfil it. First, and above all, it is necessary to have a brave and a daring soul, ready to go through every danger for the public good, and sacrifice its own safety to the honour of the state; have I in this been wanting, have I ever been softened or effeminate, did I lay aside the enterprize at the thoughts of difficulty or danger? Ye cannot say it; consider me, therefore,

as only making the resolution, even if my attempt had not succeeded, and say whether I ought not to demand the reward : would it have been unreasonable even if I could not have done it, and another had slain him afterwards ; if I had said, I, O fellow citizens, planned this enterprize, I pursued, and I attempted, I therefore merit the reward ; what answer would you make me ? But this I do not say ; I say that I ascended into the fort, that I incurred many dangers, and performed many brave actions before I killed this youth. It was no easy thing for any man to get through the watch, to overcome the guards, and put so many to flight : these were great and noble deeds, the killing the tyrant himself was not so difficult a task, as to get the better of all those who defend and support him ; when that is done the rest is easy ; but there was no getting at him without first conquering those who were about him. I will say no more, but rest my cause on this ; I gained the fort, I overcame the guards, I took away from the tyrant his support and defence, and left him naked and unarmed ; am not I for this worthy of the reward, or will you still demand of me his life ? Nor even if you should demand this, shall it be wanting ; I returned not bloodless, but made a great and noble slaughter,

slaughter, even a youth in the prime of life, one who was formidable to all, one to whom he trusted every thing; and who alone was a better defence than all his guards; and after such and so many deeds as these, shall I remain disgraced and unrewarded? What if I had slain but one guard, what if I had destroyed but one of the tyrant's slaves who was dear to him; would it not have appeared a great thing to you, if any man had got up into the tower, and in the midst of all his guards, had slain one of his friends? But behold he is slain himself, even the son of our great enemy, the most cruel tyrant, the most implacable master, the most inhuman punisher, the most violent oppressor of the two, and, what to us was most dreadful, his heir and successor; who alone could multiply and extend our calamities hereafter: supposing that this alone were done, and that the tyrant himself had escaped, and was still alive; even for this only I demand the reward. What say ye? will ye allow it me? were ye not in dread of him? was he not your lord and master? was he not hateful? was he not intolerable?

Consider, therefore, and determine the affair: what my adversary requires of me I have performed: I have slain the tyrant by another slaughter, not indeed at one blow, which would  
have



have been to him far more defireable, but after I had tortured him with grief, after I had placed before him all that he held dear, a beloved son in the flower of his age, killed, and weltering in his blood ; this was the worst of wounds a father could feel, this was a death worthy of the most cruel tyrant, this was a punishment suitable to such iniquity : to have died immediately, to have been deprived at once of sense and motion, without beholding such a spectacle, would have been a mercy which he did not deserve. Think not that I was ignorant, no man could be so, of his fond attachment to his son ; I well knew he could not long survive him : all parents have this affection for their children, and he above all, who considered him as the best prop and support of his power, as going through every danger for his father, and being, in short, his best security for the possession of his empire. I knew, if not from love and tenderness, from sorrow and despair he must soon perish, as well knowing that life could no longer be precious, when that power which his son alone could secure was taken from him. Every thing, therefore, pressed upon him, nature, grief, terror, despair, and the fear of that which was to come : these forces did I employ against him, and drove him to his last determination :  
he

he died miserably, deprived of his son, weeping, and afflicted, lamenting, indeed, but a short time, yet long enough to destroy a father, and, which was most dreadful, died by his own hand, the worst of all deaths, and infinitely more painful than if he had fallen by any other.

Where is my sword? who layeth claim to it? who carried it up into the tower? who laid it before the tyrant? O thou, my friend and partner in the noble deed, after all our dangers, how are we spurned and neglected! If for this sword, O citizens, I should ask the reward; if I should say, the tyrant left unarmed wished to die, and this my sword supplied him with the means, if this sword thus kindly assisted you in the restoration of your liberty, will you not think it worthy of honour and reward? Would you not recompence the master of so profitable an instrument, and inscribe his name in the list of those who had best deserved of the commonweal: would ye not hang up this sword in your temple, would you not worship it amongst your deities?

And now listen to me, whilst I tell you what most \* probably the tyrant did, and what he  
said

\* *What most probably.*] It is plain from this single passage that the whole is nothing but a feigned transaction, something

said before his death : when he beheld the wounds on every part of his son's body (for I wished to shock him as much as possible with the sight) he would cry out with agonies on the unhappy parent, who could only be a helpless spectator of his ruined family. For I, the principal actor in this tragedy, had left behind the scene the sword, and all that was necessary to fill up the melancholy catastrophe, when, beholding his expiring son, drenched in gore, with innumerable wounds, he cried out, " We die, my son, we perish, we are slain as tyrants : where is the murderer ? for what hath he reserved ? to whom hath he delivered me, slain as I am, my son, through thee ? Doth he despise thus an old man, and to punish me by slow degrees, thus extend my death, and prolong my torments ? Thus saying, he grasped the sword (for he was unarmed, relying on his son's protection), this I had left ready for him on purpose ; and, drawing it out of the wound, " before this (he cried), thou didst destroy, but now thou shalt assist me, now comfort a weeping father, and help this aged hand, slay a

thing only that might have happened : the orator tells you not what the tyrant did say, but what he might have said, which confirms me in the opinion that this piece is merely a school-boy declamation.

tyrant,

tyrant, and put an end to his miseries : O would to heaven I had lit sooner on thee, would I had fallen the first ! Only as a tyrant I then had died with the consolation that I had left behind me an avenger : but now I perish childless, and have not even left a murthrer to destroy me. How many wounds are here ! How many deaths ! What a variety of punishments, how many slaughters of tyrants !”

Ye have all seen the youth lying dead before you ; no little work, nor easily accomplished. Ye have seen the old man by him, their blood mingled together, a libation to Jove the Deliverer ; this is the work of my hand ; ye have seen the sword itself, the instrument of vengeance, boasting, as it were, that it was not unworthy of its master, but had faithfully performed the office to which I had assigned it. This deed done by me is hitherto unparalleled. I abolished the whole tyranny, though, as in a tragedy, the parts were divided ; I acted the first part, the son performed the second, the tyrant himself the third ; and lastly, the sword ministered unto all.

## DISINHERITED SON.

*A young Man is renounced and cast off (for such is the literal Interpretation of the Word αποκηρυττομενος), by his Father (we are not told why or wherefore); he goes abroad and studies Physic; on his Return home, he finds his Father raving mad, visits, and cures him; in consequence of which he is taken in again, and they are reconciled. The Mother-in-law, being seized with Madness, the young Physician, though intreated by the Father, refuses to prescribe any Thing for her; he is again cast off and banished: he then appeals to the Laws for Redress. This, according to LUCIAN's Commentators, and Title-Mongers, is the Subject of the Piece before us, which has as little Wit or Humour to recommend it as the Tyrant-Killer. LUCIAN, the supposed Author, was, we know, originally a Lawyer, though, for Reasons frequently hinted in his Works, he declined the Profession. He might, however, have been applied to by the young Man to draw up this Defence, which may thus, with some Degree of Probability be ascribed to him. After all, it is nothing more than a dry uninteresting Pleading before a Court of Judicature: we are not, therefore, to wonder at the Dullness of it.*

**I**N this prosecution of my father's, O reverend judges, there is nothing new or uncommon, nor is this the first time that he has been unreasonably incensed against me; he is always ready to appeal to the laws, and flies, as usual, to this tribunal: my misfortune is, indeed, singular and extraordinary, because, guiltless as I am myself, I must suffer for the imperfection of the art which I profess, if it doth not implicitly obey his commands. Can any thing be more absurd and ridiculous than to expect I can cure, not as far as my art will permit me, but as certainly, and as often as he desires me? Would to heaven I could boast of a medicine that could cure men, not only when they were mad, but when they were angry without a cause! then might I easily remove my father's disorder. His madness is undoubtedly gone off, but his passion is more furious, and, which is worst of all, he seems in his senses to every body else, and only rages against me, who had relieved him. You see how I am rewarded for it, by a second banishment from his house and family, as if I was only called back for a short time, to be doubly disgraced by another cruel rejection.

When I think I can be of service, I never wait to be sent for, I came therefore uncall-

ed to his assistance : but where there are no hopes of success I never chuse to act at all. With regard to this woman, I dare not interfere : if I had not succeeded, what must I have expected from him, when I am thus treated, only for not attempting it ! I am sincerely concerned at the disorder of my mother-in-law, because she is a good woman. I am concerned on account of my father, who is truly unhappy about her ; and, above all, I am concerned on my own account, because it appears as if I refused on purpose, though my reason of prescribing nothing to her is, in reality, because her distemper is so violent that it is not in the power of art to remove it.

For what reasons I was first banished is but too apparent from his present treatment of me. To his former accusations the life which I afterwards led is a sufficient answer, and what he now urges against me will be easily refuted by what I am going to mention. I, who was so intractable and refractory ; I, who brought shame and disgrace on my father and family, made no answer to all his violent exclamations against me ; when I left his house, I thought the best testimony in my favour would be my future life, and that it would appear how much I abhorred those crimes which he imputed to me,

me, when I employed myself in the most useful studies, and kept company with the best and wisest men. I even then foresaw what would happen, and that his mind would not long continue sound, who could be thus unjustly angry with his son, and accuse him of crimes which he never committed. Many others were likewise of opinion that the furious threats which he uttered, his unreasonable hatred, his bitter reproaches, his unjust condemnation of me, were preludes to the ensuing disorder, and marks of future insanity; and I then thought I should one day stand in need of the medical art to assist me in the cure of it.

I went abroad, therefore, and by consulting the ablest physicians in foreign countries, and pursuing my studies with indefatigable toil and assiduity, at length made myself master of the art: on my return home I found my father raving mad, and given over by all our own physicians, who had not gone to the bottom of things, nor entered into the nature of diseases with sufficient accuracy and attention. I performed the part of a good son, thought no more of the banishment I had suffered, nor did I wait till I was sent for by him. I did not even condemn his behaviour to me; I thought it could not properly be imputed to him, but



considered all to have been, as I before observed, the consequence of his disorder; I went, therefore, to him uncalled: I did not, indeed, undertake to cure him immediately, for that is not our custom, nor is it warranted by our art, which teaches us first to consider whether the disease is curable, or beyond the reach of medicine, and then if it is fit to be taken in hand, with all diligence we enter upon it, and endeavour to save the patient: but if, on the other hand, we perceive that the distemper has plainly got the better, and is insuperable, we never attempt any thing, observing the laws of the ancient masters in the science, who say, that we should never touch the fallen. Seeing, however, that there were still hopes of my father, and that his distemper was not yet beyond the limits of a possible cure, after the most diligent attention, I boldly poured in my medicines on him, though many who were present were very doubtful of their efficacy, found fault with my method of cure, and seemed ready enough to abuse me for it: my mother-in-law was present at the time, in great fears and despondency, not that she had any aversion to me, but that she was terrified, as well knowing how very ill he had been: she had been perpetually with him, and the disease

was

was as it were familiar to her. I was not, however, deterred; well assured that the symptoms I relied on could not fail, and that my art would not deceive me, I depended, therefore, on the cure from the first moment I undertook it: though many of my friends endeavoured to dissuade me from attempting it, suggesting that if I should not succeed, it would confirm the surmise, that I did it on purpose to be revenged on my father, and that I bore in mind the treatment which I had received from him. In fine, he recovered, came to his senses, and knew every thing as well as before; every body there was astonished; my mother-in-law was lavish in my praise, and seemed extremely rejoiced, both at my success, and his recovery. With regard to himself, I must do him the justice to acknowledge, that as soon as he had heard what passed from those about him, he immediately, of his own accord, recalled the banishment he had inflicted on me, and took me back again as his son, and called me his worthy deliverer, confessing that he had now experienced my goodness, and excusing every thing that was past. Many good men, who were present at this scene, rejoiced at it, though it gave no little uneasiness to others, who would rather see a son banished than restored: some of these changed

colour, seemed angry and disturbed, as is frequently the case where envy and hatred prevail. We, as you may suppose, embraced each other with mutual pleasure and satisfaction.

In a little time after, my mother-in-law fell ill of a most dreadful and unaccountable disorder, for such I observed it to be from the very beginning of it; it was not a common temporary madness, but an old, inveterate and fixed distemper of the mind, which broke out on a sudden: there were many symptoms attending it, which plainly shewed that it was incurable; one thing, indeed, very remarkable in this woman's madness was, that, whilst others were present, it was sometimes tolerably mild and calm, but if at any time she saw a physician, or even heard the name of one, the disorder was prodigiously increased, a certain sign, amongst many others, that it could never be conquered. I saw it with the greatest concern, and pitied the woman, as being, which she did not merit, peculiarly unfortunate. My father, notwithstanding, who, unskilful as he was, neither knew the foundation nor the danger of her disease, commanded me immediately to undertake the cure of her, and to administer the same remedy, concluding that it must be the same species of madness, and, consequently, required the same medicine to remove it. When  
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I informed him, which was the truth, that it was impossible to save her, and that she must be overcome by the disorder, he was angry, flew into a violent passion, and said that I withdrew my assistance on purpose, and sacrificed the woman; thus accusing me for the insufficiency of my art: but it is usual with the unhappy and distressed to be angry with those who tell them the truth. I will plead the cause, however, as well as I can, both for my own sake, and for that of the art which I profess.

To begin, therefore, with the law of banishment, and convince him that he hath not the same power over me as he had before: the legislature hath not permitted fathers to banish or disinherit all their children, nor as often as they please, nor for every cause; but as it hath given parents leave to be angry with their children, so hath it likewise provided that children shall not suffer without a sufficient reason assigned for it: it has not allowed the punishment to be inflicted without judgement being first given: it hath therefore established a tribunal, and appointed judges, who are to determine without favour or affection; for often, it knew, frivolous causes of anger were produced, credit often given to calumny and falsehood, to a common servant, or a malicious woman:

man : it hath therefore decreed, that every thing should be enquired into, that sons should not be condemned unheard ; but that all should be submitted to an equitable and candid examination.

Since, therefore, the accusation alone is in the power of the father, and it is in your's alone, O judges, to determine whether it be just and well-founded ; the subject of his present resentment you need not at present take into consideration, but first enquire whether he, who has already exercised the paternal authority, availed himself of the law, and condemned his son to banishment, can again exercise the same right, after he had taken off the banishment, and restored him to favour. I affirm that it would be the highest injustice thus to multiply children's punishments, perpetuate their fears, and repeat their condemnation, that the law should thus first coincide with the father's resentment, a little afterwards be totally relaxed, and then again take place, turning every thing backwards and forwards at different times, just as the parents should think proper. It is certainly right and equitable that a power of punishing should be lodged in the father ; but when he has exercised that power according to the law, when he has satisfied his  
resent-

resentment, when, after that, he has changed his opinion of the offender, and received him back as good and worthy, in this opinion he should remain, not revoking his sentence, nor retracting his judgment. It is impossible to say whether a child will turn out good or bad; it is proper, therefore, that those who bring them up should have the power of expelling such as act in a manner unbecoming their birth and family, but when not compelled by necessity, but of his own accord, a father shall receive a son, whose conduct he approves, how can he afterwards reverse his opinions, or what more power can the law allow him? for thus would the legislator argue with you, “if he behaved ill, and deserved banishment, why did you recall, why did you take him into your house again? why did you abrogate the law? You were free, and at liberty to do it or not as you thought proper. You are not to mould the laws according to your pleasure, or to make equity and justice change with your opinion; to expect that the laws shall take place one moment, and be abrogated the next, or that the judges shall sit only as witnesses, or rather ministers of your will, now punishing, and now forgiving, just as you please to direct them; at one time alone you brought your children into the

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the world, once you educated them, once, and once only, you have the power of repudiating them, provided it be done justly ; but to do it often, to do it inconsiderately, and to do it perpetually, is going beyond the paternal authority."

Do not, therefore, I beseech you, reverend judges, permit him, after he hath of his own accord received me back, cancelled his resentment, and annulled the former judgment, again to inflict the same punishment on me, to recur once more to that paternal authority which is now spent and consumed. You very well know, that in courts of judicature, where the judges are appointed by lot, if any man thinks himself injured by the sentence passed, the law permits him to appeal to another tribunal ; but when men appoint their own judges, and refer the cause to them, there can be no farther appeal, and if of your own accord you chuse those very persons whose judgment you did not before consent to abide by, with their determination you must remain contented. In like manner you also, my father,\* whom you should not have received back, if he seemed unworthy of being admitted into your family, him, whom, notwithstanding you so well approved as to take home again, you cannot now send into banish-

banishment : you have yourself borne witness that he hath not deserved this of you, you have acknowledged his merit and virtue. It is therefore indispensibly necessary that you confirm the reconciliation, and own that the reception you have given him can no more be repented of, after the repeated determination of two tribunals ; one when you cast me out from you, and the other, when having changed your opinion, you reversed the sentence, rescinded your former decree, and adhered to your last resolution. Remain therefore in that opinion, defend and preserve your own judgment ; be indeed a father : this determination was agreeable to you, this you have approved of, this you have ratified.

Nor do I think, that if I had not been your real, but only your adopted son, you were at liberty to banish and disinherit me. What is once done, can never be undone. Him, therefore, who was by nature intitled to your house and inheritance, and whose right you, moreover, confirmed by your own will, and your own act ; how can you expel, how can you deprive him again and again of the same privileges ? Suppose I had been a slave, and thinking me guilty of some crime, you had bound and imprisoned me ; that afterwards changing  
your



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your opinion, and convinced of my innocence, you had unbound and made me free; could you ever, if again angry with, have made a slave of me? by no means: the law, you know, in these cases, makes the freedom perpetual. I could add much more to prove, that when the banished person is once restored, he cannot be banished again. But I have done with this point.

You will now consider who and what I am, the man who is to be thus banished; I will not say that I was then ignorant and unskilful, but am now a physician, nor was my art then of any service to me: that I was then a youth, and am now of riper years, and would not rashly do an injury, for this also is of little consequence. At the time when he turned me out of his house, though I did him no injury, yet had I done him no great service; but now, after I had so lately preserved, and merited every thing from him, after this could any thing be more ungrateful, after such a danger got over by him, and such a service performed by me, thus to reward me for it, to take no notice of his cure, but utterly to forget, and drive into solitude and obscurity, the man, who, instead of calling to mind the injuries received, not only  
buried

buried them in oblivion, but bestowed health and happiness on his oppressor?

Nor was it a small or inconsiderable favour which I conferred on him, on him who would thus repay me for it; but though he seems ignorant of it, ye are not: ye well know what he did and what he suffered, in what a miserable condition he was, when I took him under my care, when all the other physicians had given him over, when his friends shunned, and were afraid to come near him; then did I restore him, then did I enable him to appear thus here against me, and dispute the power and sense of the legislature. To you rather, O father, let me shew this picture; such you then were, as my mother now is, and I restored you to your perfect mind. It is most unjust, therefore, thus to reward me for it, to shew that perfect mind against me alone, when even your accusation manifests how great a benefit I have bestowed on you: instead of this, hating me because I cannot cure her who is incurable; should you not rather, beyond measure, love and esteem him who freed you from the like calamity, and sincerely thank me for it? whilst you, which is to the last degree ungrateful, are no sooner cured, than you drag your preserver to the tribunal; call back the remembrance of  
past

past offences, and appeal to the same law. A noble acknowledgement indeed, to the art that saved you, a fit reward for the remedy, thus to employ your senses against the physician who restored them !

Will ye then suffer him to persecute his benefactor, to banish his preserver, to abhor the man who restored him, to depress the friend who raised him ? ye cannot do it, if ye have any regard to justice. Even if I had now been guilty of the greatest crimes against him, he should have called to mind the benefit I had formerly conferred upon him, and looking back on past favours, have forgiven the present injury, especially when one is so much greater than the other. This is doubtless the case with regard to him who must acknowlege it is owing to me that he lives, thinks, and understands ; and all this, moreover, performed at a time when every body else had entirely given him over, and owned that they were unequal to the cure of such a disorder.

At this time it may be added, I could not be considered as his son, nor under any obligation to take the cure upon me ; I was an alien, a stranger, and entirely free : yet did I not neglect him, but of my own accord, and uncalled for, flew to his assistance ; I raised, cured,

cured, and preserved him, by my diligence and attention, I appeased his anger, by my filial piety, I cancelled the law against me, purchased my return, redeemed my honour, shewed my attachment to him at the most dangerous crisis, by means of my art adopted myself, as it were, into his family, and proved myself his true and legitimate son. What did I not go through for him, what pains did I take in administering the medicines to him, in watching the proper times and seasons, sometimes giving way to the distemper, and at others, when it remitted a little, throwing in the assistance of physic to oppose it! The care of such men is the most dangerous part of our practice: even the attendance on them is extremely hazardous; for in the height of their phrenzy, they frequently vent their rage on those who are near them. Under all this, notwithstanding, I never lost my patience, never was terrified or dismayed; but struggled by every possible method against the disease, and at length, by the power of medicine, overcame it.

It is very easy, perhaps, you will say, to give physic; but much, let me tell you, must be done before this; the way must be prepared for it, the body must be rendered fit to receive it, its habit altered, by purging, by sweating,

sometimes, where it is necessary, by nourishment, by exercise, by procuring rest and sleep. These things may be, perhaps, easily done in other disorders, but madmen, from the wild state of their mind, are more difficult to be led or governed; they are more dangerous, therefore, to the physician, and scarce ever to be cured: for it often happens, when we flatter ourselves we are got to the end of this distemper, some little symptom occurs, that overturns every thing we have done, gives it new strength, stops the cure, and mocks the power of art.

Will you then suffer him who has gone through all this, who has struggled thus with the most obstinate of disorders, who has conquered the most unconquerable of them, to be thus treated; will you permit the restored patient to interpret the laws at his own will and pleasure, and to fight against nature? I, O judges, obeyed her dictates, and preserved my father, even though he had injured me. But if he, in obedience to the laws, as he calls it, destroys the son who saved him, and deprives him of his birth-right; he surely may be called the children-hater, I the father-lover: I embrace nature, he despises her, and tramples on her commands. Unhappy father, so unjust to hate;  
more

more unhappy son, so undeservedly to love ! Thus persecuted, I accuse myself for loving him more than duty bids me, and more than I ought ; for nature commands parents to love their children, more than it requires children to love their parents : but he contemns the laws which always preserves the birth-right for those sons who are innocent, and nature also, which plants strong affection in parents towards their children. But, as he has yet stronger reasons to be kindly affectionate to me from the services I have done him, he ought certainly to be still more fond of me, at least to imitate my conduct, and emulate my attachment to him : but alas ! instead of this, he censures him who hath so loved, injures him who hath so obliged, banisheth him who hath embraced him ; and hath so distorted the laws, as to make those which are favourable to children, to the last degree prejudicial to them. How, alas ! my father, dost thou contend both with the laws, and with nature ; alas ! it is not, my father, as you would have it to be ; you misinterpret the best constituted laws, which always co-operate with nature, in support of benevolence ; they never contradict but follow each other, and unite to repel every injury. You treat reproachfully one who hath deserved

well of you, and therefore are injurious to nature. Why abuse the laws also? good and just as they are towards us, you will not permit them to be so, but stir them up against one son, as against many, to inflict punishment on those who never deserved it. The laws condemn him, for ingratitude, who doth not return thanks for benefits received. But what can exceed the injury committed by him, who not only doth not return the benefit, but punisheth his benefactor for it! If these things are so, I think I have sufficiently demonstrated, that he hath no right to banish and disinherit a second time, who hath already exercised the paternal authority, and appealed to the laws; and that neither could it ever be just and right, to expel and drive from his father and family, one who had deserved so much better of them.

And now let us proceed to examine what the crime is which I stand accused of: and here we must again recur to the intention of the legislature. Supposing therefore, for a while, that you have a right to banish as often as you please, even one who has conferred benefits on you; yet you have not a right to do this for any cause you shall think proper to assign. The legislator doth not say, whenever a father accuses, let the son be banished; it sufficeth that  
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he wills it, and that he can prove the fact alleged : where then would be the necessity of a trial ? But, on the other hand, he commands you, judges, to try and determine whether the father is justly incensed or not ; this must be the subject of our inquiry.

I shall begin, therefore, with what happened immediately after the madness. The first thing which my father did when he came to himself, was to rescind the sentence against me ; then I was his benefactor, his preserver, every thing in short, to him : in this certainly there could be no crime. With regard to what followed, what does he accuse me of ? what duty, what action required of a son, did I omit ? when did I stay out all night ? what unseasonable revels or debauches was I ever guilty of ? what pimp did I ever abuse or quarrel with ? who hath ever appeared against me ? not one. These are the things which the laws allow, as fit and sufficient causes of banishment.

But my mother-in-law was taken ill ; and what of that ? Was I therefore to blame, was I answerable for her disorder ? no, you say ; what then ? why, because, you say, you were commanded to cure her and would not ; you refused to obey your father, and therefore you ought to be disinherited. I shall not at pre-



sent dwell on the reasons why I did not comply with commands which it was not in my power to obey; but, first, beg leave simply to observe, that neither doth the law permit him to enjoin every thing, nor deems it necessary that I should obey in every thing. There are some commands which I am not obliged to comply with; and others, which, if not complied with, subject the offender to punishment. These, doubtless, may be reasonable causes of resentment; but there are others in our own power to comply with or not, such, for instance, as depend on the arts, and our employment of them. If the son be a painter, and the father says, son, paint this, and not that; if he is a musician, strike that string, and not the other; if he is a smith, work me this thing, and not that: must the son be banished for not doing as his father bade him? by no means, I should imagine. But the art of medicine is still nobler and more useful, and should doubtless be more free also, with regard to the professors of it. This, above all, should have its own just prerogative; a thing so sacred, the gift of heaven, bestowed by the gods; the study of the wisest of men is not to be forced, is not to be commanded; not subjected to the slavery of the laws, to fear or punishment, to the suffrage  
of

of judges, to the threats of a father, or to the anger and resentment of the unskilful and illiterate: infomuch, that I would openly and boldly say to you, "I will not act; I do not like it; I will keep my art for myself and my father alone; for others I chuse to know nothing." What tyrant is there so arbitrary as to force any man to exercise his art whether he will or not? Such things are to be obtained, not by laws, not by resentment, not by courts of judicature, but by prayers and supplications: the physician must be overcome, not by command, but by persuasion: he may be prevailed on, but he will not be terrified, he will not be compelled to give his assistance, but will come with pleasure of his own accord. This art should be free from paternal authority, seeing that every city bestows on physicians many public honours, immunities, prerogatives, and precedence.

This I might have urged in defence of my art, even if you had taken care to teach it me, and had paid for my learning it, and I had refused to undertake this cure alone, when it was in my power. But only reflect within yourself, how unreasonable it is to forbid my making use of that which is my own. I learned this art when I was no longer your son, nor

subject to your commands, yet for your sake I learned it : you received the first fruits of it, though I had no support or assistance from you : what master did you hire for me ? what medicines did you pay for ? none at all. I was poor and destitute, and the masters instructed me out of charity. All that my father provided me with, was poverty, solitude, and wretchedness ; the hatred of all my family, the disgust and contempt of all my relations : in return for this, you expect that I should practise my art ; you would be lord of all those things which I was supplied with ; you, who have no right to be master of them, rest satisfied, that I did you a favour when I had no obligations to you, and which you could have no right or title to : nor would it be just, that my former kindness should lay me under the necessity of conferring future benefits on you, or because I was willing to assist you then, I should be forced to do it now. I know of no law which says, that when you have once cured any man, you shall be obliged to cure all those whom he shall recommend to you ; that would be to make our patients masters over us, which surely were of all things the most unjust : because I raised you from a most dangerous and dreadful malady, do you therefore think you have a right to all the benefits  
and

and good effects of my art? This I might have alleged in my own defence, even if he had commanded me to do what it was in my power to perform; even then I should have been under no necessity of obeying him in every thing. But let us now proceed to consider what his commands were: "You cured me, says he, when I was mad; my wife is now mad also, she labours under the same disease, (for so he thinks it,) and in the same manner is given over by other physicians; you can do every thing as you have plainly shewn, cure her, therefore, and free her from her disorder." All this may seem very rational to the unlearned, and such as know nothing of physic; but, if you will permit me to plead for the art, I will convince you, that every thing is not in our power; that the natures of the disorders are different, and the cure also, nor will the same medicines be successful in every case: it will then appear, that not to be willing, and not to be able, are things very distant from each other. Permit me to philosophize a little on this head, and do not condemn what I have to say upon it as ridiculous, unseasonable, and not belonging to the matter in hand.

In the first place, then, the natures and temperaments of all bodies are not the same,  
though

though consisting of similar principles, of which some have more and some less. I speak at present only of the bodies of men, which all differ in their texture and disposition, and consequently the distempers which they are liable to must also differ. With regard to the nature and virulency of them, some are easily cured or removed, whilst others are quickly caught, but desperate and incurable : to imagine, therefore, that all fevers, consumptions, inflammations of the lungs, or madneſſes, are alike and of the ſame kind in every body, is not to judge like rational men, who have ſearched into the cauſes, and explored the nature of theſe things ; for the ſame diſorder is often eaſily cured in one and not in another. In like manner, as corn ſown in different fields will appear different, what comes up in a deep, well-watered, and funny ſoil, which is well tilled, and open to the wind, will be full, fine, and yield many-fold ; whilst that which is ſcattered in the mountainous, ſtoney earth, at the foot of hills, ſhall be juſt the contrary. All in ſhort, will be different, according to the difference of place. And thus it is with diſtempers, according to the bodies they are lodged in, they thrive and increaſe, or diminish and go away. But all this, my father, having never inquired into it,

paſſes

passes over, and expects that madness in every body should be the same; and consequently, that the same methods must be made use of in the cure of it.

It is easy, moreover, to prove, that the bodies of women are very different from those of men, both with regard to the distemper itself, and to the ease or difficulty of removing it. The bodies of males are robust, finewy, inured to labour, and exercised in all weathers: those of females soft and lax, used to shade and retirement, pale from the want of blood, deficient in natural heat, and abounding in humours, more obnoxious to diseases than men, and remarkably subject to insanity; for, as women have much levity, and warmth of disposition, and are, moreover, more inclined to anger and resentment, with bodies weak and infirm, they frequently fall into this disorder. It would be unreasonable, therefore, to expect from physicians, the same method of cure which they practise with men, when they are convinced how different they are in all their employments, and studies, and their whole way of life, in which they are separated from us, even at the earliest period of it. When you say, therefore, she is mad, you should add also, that a woman is mad, and not confound two different things under

der one name, but separate them, as nature hath, and consider what is proper to be done in both. First, therefore, as I observed in the beginning of my discourse, we must inquire into the nature and temperament of the body, whether it be cold or hot, of ripe age or advancing into years, large or small, fat or lean, and so forth : whoever enquires carefully into these things may be trusted, and will then be able to say, whether the case be desperate, or there are any hopes of success.

Of madness itself, there are various kinds, from various causes, and with different appellations ; nor is it the same thing to be foolish, to rave, to be furious, to be melancholy ; these are all different names of the disease in its different states : the causes, likewise, are different in men from what they are in women, in old men and in young ; in the latter, for instance, the disorder proceeds from a great quantity of bile and acrid humours, in the latter from an overflow of intemperate anger, and unreasonable resentment, which generally breaks out on those of their own family ; the first agitates and disturbs, and by degrees, drives them to madness. Many things throw women into this distemper, particularly a violent hatred against any one, the envy of a happy rival, or any  
grief

grief or passion. These lying hid under the ashes, as it were, for a long time, at length break forth into open insanity.

Thus, my father, it happened to your wife : some misfortune was, perhaps, the cause of her disorder ; she hated no body : she was seized, however, with it, nor can she be cured by any medical art or skill. If any body else will ever pretend to this, or ever free her from it, then hate and abhor me as the author of all. Nor even, if her case was not so desperate, and there were some hopes of her recovery, would I venture to prescribe any thing for her, for fear of being reflected on if I did not succeed. It is universally received, that step-mothers have an invincible hatred of their sons-in-law, how good soever they may be ; they all rage, as it were, with one common female fury. If it turns out ill, therefore, and the medicine is not powerful enough, people may suspect that there was something unfair and malevolent in the application of it. Such is the condition of your wife, that were she to take a thousand potions, she would be never the better for them ; it is to no purpose, therefore, to administer any thing to her, nor would you advise me to it, unless with a view, if I fail, of drawing infamy upon me. Let me, I beseech you, still be the object  
of



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of envy amongst my brethren : if, in short, after all, you should again banish me, and I should be deserted by all, I will not curse you. If your distemper should return, which heaven forbid ! but these disorders, when irritated, are too apt to return, how should I then act ? I will then, you may depend on it, again most certainly cure you : for never will I forget that duty which nature has enjoined, nor be unmindful of my family ; and if I should again restore you, doubtless you would again receive me. Whilst, therefore, you are doing these things, and thus prosecuting me, you invite the disease, and, as it were, anticipate the evil. Recovered but three days since from that dreadful calamity, you again cry out, are again enraged against me, and again appeal to the laws. Alas ! my father, such were the fore-runners of your former insanity.

T H E  
O R A T I O N  
O F T H E  
AMBASSADORS OF PHALARIS  
T O T H E  
P R I E S T S O F D E L P H O S.

*This Oration, as well as that which succeeds it, seems to be merely declamatory, written by LUCIAN, like some other of his Pieces, as I have before observed, in his Character of a Rhetorician, or public Orator, containing rather what might have been, than any Thing that actually was said in favour of the famous Tyrant of Agrigentum. Considered as a laboured and argumentative Oration, it is not without Merit. LUCIAN pleads the Cause with Warmth and Energy, and supports the Character of his Hero as well as such a Character can be supported.*

**P**HALARIS, our sovereign, hath sent us to you, O Delphians, to present this \* bull to

\* *Bull.*] Phalaris is here supposed to have dedicated his famous brazen bull to Apollo, after having taken out Perilaus alive, a circumstance rather improbable, and for the truth of which we have no good authority. The whole story of this embassy is, indeed, most probably a fiction of Lucian's,

to Apollo, and at the same time to acquaint you with some necessary truths, both in regard to himself, and the gift he offers. This is the business which brought us hither, and this the message which we here deliver to you, in obedience to his commands. That all Greece, saith Phalaris, should know me to be what I am, and not such a one as the lying report of the envious hath represented me to the ignorant world, is an honour I would gladly purchase, at the expence of every thing I am possessed of; and, above all, that I might thus appear to the sacred counsellors of Apollo; those, who are, as it were, the friends and companions of the deity; for I am convinced, if I can clear myself in your opinion from the imputation of cruelty, so falsely laid to my charge, I shall stand acquitted before all mankind. To the truth of what I assert I call god to witness, whom no falsehood can impose on, or man deceive. Mortals may be deluded; but from god, and above all, from our god, no secret can lie hid.

Sprung from one of the noblest families in Agrigentum, liberally educated, and versed in an's, and contrary to the generally received account of Phalaris, as related in the epistles generally attributed to him. See the Preface to my translation of the Epistles of Phalaris, printed in 1749.

all

all the politer arts of Greece, I soon became popular in the city, and in the administration of public affairs behaved with the utmost equity and moderation towards my partners in the government; nor in the early part of my life was I ever accused of cruelty or oppression, of a reproachful, or obstinate disposition. But when I perceived that those, who differed from me in their sentiments of public affairs, were plotting against, and endeavouring by all the means in their power to destroy me, and, in consequence of this, a dissension arose amongst the citizens, I found that the only method of providing for the security, both of myself and the commonwealth, was to put a stop to the conspiracy by force, and reduce the whole body to submission: a design which many of the most eminent citizens, who had the good of the republic at heart, approved, when they were convinced of the necessity of such a resolution. With these to assist me, I could not fail of success. They raised no more disturbance, and I possessed myself of the supreme power. All complaints were immediately silenced; but no banishments, slaughters, or proscriptions were ever exercised, even on the conspirators, though such necessary exertions of authority are generally made use of in the

first establishment of a tyranny. But I had reason to hope that by acts of mercy and generosity, and an equal distribution of rewards, I should, with more than ordinary facility, bring them to obedience; and therefore, mutual pledges being given on each side, I laid by all animosities with my enemies, and even made use of most of them as my friends and counsellors.

By the negligence of the magistrates the city was almost ruined; the public treasury openly plundered. I adorned it with magnificent buildings, secured it with walls, repaired the aqueducts, and encreased those revenues which still remained to the state. The young men I took under my inspection, supplied the necessities of the old, and attached the people to my interests by public shews, feasts, and largesses. The corruption of our youth, the deflowering of virgins, the carrying away other men's wives, the sending soldiers into private houses, the insolence of imperious masters, and the like, I ever looked upon with the utmost abhorrence. At length I resolved with myself to lay down the tyranny, and employed my thoughts wholly on the properest method of procuring ease and retirement during the rest of my life; for to hold the supreme  
power,

power, and take the whole burthen of affairs on myself was, I found by experience, a cruel task, which could only subject me to envy, labour, and anxiety. I even endeavoured to establish a commonwealth, and to free the city, for the future, from that arbitrary power, which I had myself possessed. Whilst I was deliberating on this, those very men, whom I had before pardoned, entered into a new conspiracy against me; consulted privately about the execution of it, raised arms and money; begged the assistance of the neighbouring states; and even sent embassies into Greece to the Athenians and Lacedæmonians, proclaiming openly, at the same time, those tortures which they had reserved for me, in case I fell into their hands, and that they would compel me to be my own executioner; but I escaped their rage, and defeated their designs; thanks to the gracious god, and above all to Apollo, who forewarned me by dreams, and informed me secretly of all that passed. Had you yourselves, O Delphians, been in the same situation, and under the same dreadful apprehensions, I doubt not but you would have acted in the same manner. Transport yourselves in thought, I beseech you, with me to Agrigentum; view their preparations,

hear their menaces, and tell me what I ought to have done: should I again pardon, and tamely bear every thing they would inflict on me; yield myself up to slavery, and see all I held dear in the world perishing before my face? or, on the other hand, esteeming this the part of a fool, and that it better became a manly mind to resent the injury, should I not secure my future safety, by revenging myself on my enemies? This, doubtless, is the advice you would have given me; and how did I behave? I summoned the criminals before me, produced the articles laid to their charge, and on the fullest examination, when they were not able to deny their guilt, I punished them deservedly; not so much on account of their conspiracy against my life, as because they had, by that means, put it out of my power ever to execute the design I had proposed. From that time I have been always obliged to surround myself with guards, and to punish with the utmost rigour every attempt against me; and therefore am I styled cruel by such as do not consider the necessity of this behaviour; such as exclaim against the punishment of the offenders, without reflecting on their crimes; which is just as equitable, as if a person, who should see a sacrilegious

legious

legious wretch thrown from the rock, by your orders, should accuse you of cruelty for thus punishing a Grecian, in a place so near the temple; never, at the same time, remembering his guilt, or calling to mind that he had, perhaps, entered the temple by night, stolen your offerings, or even laid impious hands on the statue of your god. Were a man, I say, thus ridiculously to asperse you, you would yourselves smile at the accusation, and all men applaud your justice. In reality, the populace, who never weigh the merit of him who governs, hate the name of a tyrant; and, just or unjust, they are at all events resolved to destroy him, even though he were an Æacus, a Minos, or a Rhadamanthus. The evil actions of the bad are ever before their eyes, nor are the good (as the appellation of Tyrant is common to them both), less subject to their hatred and ill treatment. I have heard of many wise and virtuous men, who, though they bore the name of tyrants, even in the worst sense in which it is most generally received, have behaved with the greatest mildness and humanity; some of whose moral and sententious maxims are now repositied in your temple. Lawgivers have ever looked on punishments as absolutely necessary in a state;



### 433 ORATION OF PHALARIS

being persuaded, that without the fear of them, affairs could not possibly be carried on; and, I am satisfied, to tyrants they are still more useful, as we rule by force alone, and are perpetually obnoxious to such as hate and conspire against us; so that terrors of a lighter kind are of no effect. It is the fable of the Hydra; the more we punish, the more occasions of punishment present themselves; one head is no sooner cut off, but another springs up to supply its place; and we are forced, like Iolaus, to burn, if we expect to conquer. He, whose hard fate it is to be engaged in such an undertaking, must be equal to it, or, by sparing others, destroy himself. After all, what man can you suppose of so cruel and inhuman disposition, as to hear the groans, and see the stripes of another, unless he had the greatest cause to inflict them on him? How often have I wept, when others were beaten? How often have I lamented my own ill fortune, who bare thus myself the heavier affliction? For surely, to a man by nature good, and only cruel through necessity, it was much harder to inflict, than to suffer punishment; and I declare, were it my choice, either unjustly to torment others, or to die myself, I would (which you, I trust, believe also), prefer

fer the latter; and should any one even say, wouldst thou, O Phalaris, rather die thyself unjustly, or unjustly preserve a traitor? None, I believe, is so mad as not rather to live, than, by saving his enemy, to fall himself a sacrifice to him; and yet how many have I pardoned, even of those who fought my life! amongst whom were Acanthus, Timocrates, and his brother Leogoras, the last of whom I spared, from a tender regard to that friendship in which we had formerly lived. But if you would know the true character of Phalaris, ask them, whether I have not behaved as I ought to all, who ever touched here on their travels; whether I have not always appointed proper persons to attend on the coasts, and enquire of strangers who they were, and whence they came, that I might treat them all according to their respective merit. Many great and eminent men have even come on purpose to see and converse with me; who, on their return, have done justice to my character, which had been so basely misrepresented to them. And can you believe, a man, whose behaviour to strangers was so humane and generous, would ever injure his fellow-citizens, unless, provoked to it by their most flagrant and repeated insults? This is the sum of what

I have to urge in my own defence; which is but truth and justice, and will therefore, I persuade myself, rather merit your approbation, than incur your displeasure. In regard to the present (which it is now time I should say something of); it may be proper to inform you whence it came, and by what means I was possessed of it: and first, I never myself employed any artist to make it by my directions, as I could never be foolish enough to wish for any thing of this kind. But one Perilaus, the most ingenious artificer, as well as the worst of men, and a stranger to the disposition of Phalaris, thought he could not confer a more acceptable favour on me, than by the invention of some new method of punishment; being thoroughly satisfied of my desire of revenge on my enemies, by all the means I could devise. Full of this opinion, he framed and brought me this bull; \* a piece of art most beautiful to behold, and formed so exactly in the resemblance of a real one, that nothing but sound and motion were wanting to make it thought so. The moment I saw it I cried out, behold a gift truly worthy of Apollo. I will instantly send it to him. And how much, said Perilaus, would your amazement increase, did you see the wonderful art by which it is contrived,

trived, and for what use; and immediately opening the back, if, says he, you would punish any one in an extraordinary manner, cast him into this bull, and when he is shut up close within it, order some pipes to be fastened to the nostrils, and fire to be kindled beneath; the wretch within will then roar out through incessant pain, sending forth a mournful dirge of lamentable bellowings through the pipes; and, during his tortures, you will be entertained by the music of them. Shocked at the invention of such a machine, I could not but detest the contriver of it; and resolved to punish him as he deserved. Perilaus, said I, to verify the truth of what you have asserted, enter first yourself, and satisfy us whether there be, in reality, that harmony in the instrument, which you have so much boasted of; receive the just reward of thy ingenuity, and let the master of the music give us the first song. He obeyed; and being shut up, the fire was kindled, and thus was his industry repaid. But, lest by dying there he should pollute so noble a work, I ordered him to be taken out yet alive, thrown down from the rock, and his body left unburied.

The bull, after expiation, I sent hither, as an offering to your god; commanding the whole

whole history to be wrought upon it; viz. my own name, that of the artist, his advice, my justice, and the proper punishment inflicted on him; with an account of the horrid cries of the cruel inventor, and the experiment he made of his own music. You will act therefore, O Delphians, as becomes the priests of Apollo, if you will dedicate the bull to him in your temple, and sacrifice for me; that all men may know how I act towards the wicked, and in what manner I avenge myself of their cruelty. By this have I sufficiently shewn my natural temper. Perilaus was put to death, and the bull offered to Apollo; not reserved to torture others; nor did it ever bellow forth the cries of any but the detestable inventor of it, on whom alone I tried it, and put an end at once to such barbarous and inhuman music. This is all which I can now present to you. Hereafter, when by the assistance of that god, to whom this is dedicated, I shall have no more enemies to punish, I will bring other, and much larger gifts. This, O Delphians, we were authorised to deliver to you, from our master Phalaris; which we have done, with the strictest regard to truth and justice. We are worthy to be believed, as you can yourselves bear witness of our

our

our veracity; and we have, on our parts, no reason to delude, or impose on you; but if, notwithstanding, we must petition you in behalf of a man, falsely accused, and driven, against his will, to acts of seeming cruelty, we Grecians, men of Agrigentum, and descended from the Dorians, do, in the most solemn manner, here supplicate and beseech you, that you would kindly embrace one, who earnestly seeks your favour, and hath studied, both in public and private, to deserve it. Receive, therefore, this bull; dedicate it; pray for the prosperity of Phalaris, and Agrigentum; and do not permit us to return unsuccessful in our embassy; lest you at the same time affront our sovereign, and deprive your god of the noblest offering.

T H E  
O R A T I O N  
OF ONE OF THE  
P R I E S T S OF DELPHOS  
I N  
F A V O U R OF PHALARIS.

*This seems to be meant by LUCIAN as a kind of satirical Invektive against the Avarice and Selfishness of those who presided over the Business of the Oracle.*

**A**S I never, in a public capacity, received any obligations from the people of Agrigentum, or, in a private one, from Phalaris himself; it cannot be supposed that my interest biassed me in their behalf, or the hopes of his future friendship prejudiced me in his favour. But having heard the ambassadors, who, in the name of their sovereign, ask that of you, which I cannot but think entirely just and reasonable; from a sincere regard, therefore, to piety and the public good, and, above all, as becomes a priest of Delphos,

phos, I rose up with a design to exhort you, in the strongest manner I am able, by no means to condemn the piety of the prince, or to alienate a gift designed as an offering to Apollo; and especially as it will be an everlasting testimony of these three things, the wickedness of the inventor, the incomparable excellency of his art, and the justice of his punishment. Your doubts concerning the manner in which you should proceed, and the proposal, made by the magistrates, to deliberate whether the offering should be received or sent back, I look upon as impious; or rather, in truth, as the height of impiety; little less, in effect, than sacrilege itself, the most heinous of all crimes: for to deny those, who are willing to offer up gifts, the power of doing it, is the same thing as to rob the temple of such as are already offered. Let me, therefore, who, as I am myself a Delphian, have an equal share with you in the public honour, if preserved; and equal loss and infamy, if it be forfeited; beseech you not thus to drive the good and pious from our doors, and lay open our city to the calumnies of ill men, who will not fail to report, that whatever gifts are brought must be subjected to our judgment.



ment and inspection; and who will offer presents, when they are assured that nothing will be accepted by Apollo, unless it be first examined into, and approved of by the Delphians? But, in regard to the gift before us, our god hath, I think, himself sufficiently testified his approbation of it; for had he detested the tyrant, and abhorred his present, how easy had it been for him to have sunk it in the Ionian sea! But he, on the other hand (as they do themselves bear witness), granted them a serene sky, and conducted them safe to Cyrra; whence it evidently appears, that the piety of Phalaris was acceptable to him, in obedience to whom you should now receive, and add this to the ornaments of the temple; and surely it were most absurd that he, who had sent so noble a gift, should be driven away with contempt, and have no other reward of his piety, than to be judged unworthy to offer any thing to Apollo. But my adversary hath, it seems, talked to you, in a tragical and melancholy strain, of certain cruel rapines, and inhuman slaughters, the tyrant hath been guilty of, which he affirms with as much confidence as if he had been an eye-witness of them, and were this instant arrived  
from

from Agrigentum, though, we all know, he was never yet beyond our own harbour: but even those, who pretend to have suffered, would not be sufficient evidence, as it would still be doubtful whether they told truth; and we are not to condemn any man for crimes, of which we cannot prove him guilty. But supposing that these things were done in society, it is by no means necessary for the Delphians to be so solicitous about them; unless we intend, for the future, to act in the character not of priests, but of judges; and whilst our duty consists only in worship and sacrifice to our god, and offering up to him those gifts, which are sent to us, rather chuse to sit deliberating among ourselves, whether those, who live beyond the Ionian sea, are well or ill governed. Let the affairs of others, I beseech you, go on as they will, it is, in my opinion, our business to mind our own; to know our former and our present condition, and in what manner to act most agreeable to our interest. We need not a Homer to tell us that we live amongst rocks and precipices; and, as much plenty as there is in the world, we should be perhaps left of all people the most destitute, were it not that our temple, our god, and those

pious

pious men, who sacrifice to him, supply our necessities. These are our fields; this is our revenue; to this we are indebted for all our provision and all our abundance; as the \* poet says, every thing comes to us without ploughing, and without culture, by the labour of god, who is our husbandman; who not only blesses us as much as any other nation, but even bestows on us every thing which Phrygia, Lydia, Assyria, or Phœnicia, the people of Italy, or the inhabitants of the northern climates enjoy. We abound in riches and in happiness, and are revered by all, next to our God; this has been our glorious lot even to this day, and may it ever remain so. No one, I believe, can call to mind a time when any man was by us prohibited the offering up sacrifices or gifts; to which it is doubtless owing that the wealth of our temple hath so wonderfully increased. Neither at present,

\* *The Poet* ] Homer. See *Odyssæy*, b. ix. in his description of the fortunate islands. The following passage in scripture, has something similar to this. "I have given you a land for which you did not labour, and cities which ye built not, and ye dwell in them: of the vineyards and olives which ye planted not, do ye eat." *Josh. v. 13.*

there-

therefore, should any innovation be made, or any law enacted, contrary to the wisdom of our ancestors; nor are the gifts offered to be so nicely examined, or inquiry made whence and from whom they come, but immediately received and consecrated; that so we may pay our duty to our god, and his pious worshippers. In these circumstances therefore, O Delphians, you will, I think, act most prudently, by giving a serious attention to the great importance of this business. No less than our god himself, his temple, and his sacrifices, our ancient rites and customs, the glory of the oracle, our future praise or infamy, and lastly, the interest of the whole city, and of every individual in it, are now under consideration; which you cannot but own, on reflection, to be of the utmost consequence. Our debate is not upon the tyrant Phalaris only, or this bull; but upon all those kings and great men, who reverence this sacred temple; all the gold, silver, and other precious things, which shall at any time hereafter be dedicated. If we are to determine according to the will of Apollo, why should we not act in the same manner we have always done; without setting aside our ancient constitution, through a fondness for novelty; and a desire of introducing a ridiculous practice,

of subjecting those, who offer up gifts, to our scrutiny and inspection; a practice utterly unknown to this city since the foundation of it, since the Pythian first gave oracles, the Tripod spoke, or the priests were inspired? You perceive how our temple is enriched; that every one gives something, and many even beyond what they can afford: whereas, if you set up yourselves as censurers and enquirers into the merit of every gift, I much fear our posterity will not have many offerings to boast of; and no one would make himself appear guilty, or put himself to a considerable expence, with the hazard of being condemned, and brought into the greatest danger; for who indeed could bear even life itself under the ignominy of being publicly adjudged unworthy to offer up a present to Apollo?

T O  
THE REV<sup>D</sup>. DR. DOUGLAS,  
CANON RESIDENTIARY OF ST. PAUL'S,  
THE DETECTOR OF MODERN \* IMPOSTORS;  
THE FOLLOWING PIECE IS INSCRIBED BY  
THE TRANSLATOR.

A L E X A N D E R:  
O R,  
THE F A L S E P R O P H E T.

*Though this is not the most humorous or witty, it is perhaps one of the most entertaining Pieces of LUCIAN; containing an exact and probably true Account of a most extraordinary Character who figured in his Time, and of whose astonishing Frauds and Impostures he was an Eye-witness. We cannot read it without wondering at the Credulity of Mankind in the days of Paganism: nor, at the same time, without reflecting, that as glaring Frauds, and as impudent Impositions, have been practised by the Church of Rome, even in the enlightened Æra of Christianity.*

\* Lauder and Bower.

YOU thought, perhaps, my dear Celsus, the task a very light and easy one, when you commanded me to write the history of Alexander of † Abonotichos; his various schemes, tricks, and enterprizes: I assure you, to relate them all with accuracy and precision, is as difficult as to describe the actions of the great ‡ son of Philip. One was as remarkable for his knavery, as the other for his virtues. If, nevertheless, you will pardon my errors, and supply my deficiencies, I will endeavour to cleanse this Augæan stable: not that I propose sweeping the whole, but only to bring you a few baskets, by which you may be able to judge what an immense dunghill that must be, which three thousand oxen were so many years in making.

I blush, indeed, both for you and myself on this occasion; for you, who have thus requested me to employ my pen about so execrable a fellow, and for myself, who have thus engaged to write the history of a man, who doth not desire the regard and attention of the learned and polite, but is rather fit to be given up to the populace, and torn to pieces by apes and foxes.

† *Abonotichos*.] A town of Paphlagonia, on the Euxine.

‡ *Son of Philip*.] His name-fake, Alexander the Great.

If,

If, however, I am blamed for the undertaking, there is an example to excuse me : Arrian, the disciple of Epictetus, a man of the first character in Rome, and who spent his whole life in literary pursuits, will plead in my defence by the similitude which he bore to me, for he condescended to write the life of \* Tilliborus the robber. We, on our parts, shall bear record of a much more cruel and barbarous one, who did not rob in woods and mountains, but plundered whole cities ; did not commit his depredations only on Ida, Minyas, and the deserts of Asia, but almost throughout the whole Roman empire,

I will first describe to you his external appearance, and draw as good a likeness of him as I can, though I am no great painter. His body was large and beautiful to look on, and, to say the truth, had something noble and majestic in it ; his skin clear, his chin not too rough ; with his own hair were mixed some false locks, so well imitated that few could discern the difference between them, his eyes so bright and sparkling as to appear more than human, his voice to the last degree sweet and clear ; up-

\* *Tilliborus.*] No such work of Arrian's is now extant, nor has Vossius mentioned it in the catalogue of his works.



on the whole, there was nothing disagreeable or defective in him.

Such was his external form ; but for his mind and heart, O Jupiter, Hercules, and ye the sons of Jove, averters of every evil, send us rather amongst our enemies than curse us with such a companion ! In understanding, in subtilty, and smartness, he was excelled by none, and had withal a most extraordinary readiness in learning, an inquisitive disposition, a genius capable of every thing, and a tenacious memory ; all these he possessed in a most wonderful degree, and made use of them to the worst of purposes : for, with all these instruments of good, he was one of the most wicked of men, even beyond the † Cercopes, Eurybatus, Phrynonidas, Aristodemus, or Sostratus. He wrote once to his brother-in-law Rutilianus, and modestly compared himself to Pythagoras. Pythagoras, heaven shield me ! was a wise man, and full of the divinity ; but had he lived when Alexander did, he would have been a boy to him. I do not mean, I swear by the Graces, by this to reflect on Pythagoras, or to compare them together with regard to their actions. But, if we

† *Cercopes, &c.*] All famous rascals of antiquity. Some of them are mentioned by Æschines. See his oration against Ctesiphon.

were to put together every thing which calumny has suggested against Pythagoras, and which I give no credit to, it would not amount to half the craft and iniquity which was to be found in Alexander. Imagine to yourself a disposition of mind perpetually shifting, made up of falsehood, lying, perjury, and every evil art; active, bold, despising danger, indefatigable; so plausible and persuasive, as even to force belief upon you, always putting on the appearance of good, and seeming the direct contrary to what he really was; no man, after the first interview with him, could help looking on him as one of the best and worthiest, and withal, as one of the most plain and simple men, without art or disguise. There was, moreover, a kind of magnificence in him, which prevented him from ever attending to any thing low or little, but always urged him to the pursuit of what was great.

When a boy, being extremely handsome, (for by the stubble one might see what the corn had been,) he was very debauched, and used to let himself out for hire. Amongst the rest of his lovers was an old juggler, one of those who practise magic arts and incantations, love-potions, philters, and charms to find hidden treasures, subdue enemies, and get estates. This

fellow finding him an ingenious lad, and fit for any kind of mischief, instructed him, and took him into his service. He was himself by profession a physician also, and, like the \* wife of Thoon the Ægyptian, could,

Of † good and evil mix'd the drugs prepare ;  
to all which Alexander was afterwards heir and successor. He was likewise well acquainted with ‡ Apollonius Tyaneus, whose whole story he was no stranger to. You see what an excellent school our ~~help~~ was brought up in.

Alexander ~~being~~ now grown up to man's estate, his beauty gone off, and his master dead, found himself but indifferently provided for, and began to consider what extraordinary way of life he should turn to ; and meeting by chance with a chronicle-writer of Byzantium, a fellow of an infamous character, whose name I think was Cocconas, they travelled about together as jugglers, § shaving the FAT HEADS, (for  
so

\* *Wife of Thoon*] or Thoni. She is said to have been the inventress of physic amongst the Ægyptians. Milton speaks of that Nepenthe, which the wife of Thoon,

In Ægypt gave to Jove born Helena.

† *Of good, &c.*] See Homer's *Odyssey*, b. iv. l. 232.

‡ *Apollonius*] Tyaneus. See a long account of this extraordinary personage in Philostratus.

§ *Shaving.*] Gr. *αποκρίπτεις*, the expression is remarkable,

so the wise men used to call the ignorant multitude.) In their journey they met with a Macedonian woman very rich, one who was a little advanced in years, but would fain appear lovely and desirable ; out of her they got what they wanted, and followed her from Bithynia into Macedonia : for she came from † Pella, which in the time of the kings of Macedon had been a famous city, but could now boast of few, and those very poor inhabitants. Here they met with some serpents of a prodigious size, but quite tame and gentle, so that women fed, and children slept by them ; they would be trod upon without turning, and sucked milk like infants. They have many of them, it seems, in this place ; (hence probably the fable of Olympias took its rise, and some such serpent corresponded with her when she was with child of Alexander the Great.)

One of the most beautiful of these they purchased for a few oboli : and this, as Thucyditable, answering exactly to our own, as we call a cunning fellow, a close shaver. As does also that of *παχὺς τῶν ἀνθρώπων*, fat-headed fellows, for the ignorant and vulgar. The analogy is more extraordinary, as the Greek expression is not a common one.

† *Pella*.] A district of Macedonia, famous for being the birth-place of Philip, who enlarged it, and afterwards of Alexander the Great.

des says, was the source of the battle. For when these two infamous enterprizing villains, who stuck at nothing, got together, they soon discovered that this life is entirely governed by the two passions hope and fear, and that he who makes a proper use of them on every occasion, will quickly grow rich : and with regard to both these, the knowlege of futurity, they perceived, was of all things the most necessary, and the most desirable. This it was that made † Delphos, Delus, Claros, and the Branchidæ, so famous and so opulent ; men continually flocking to them, (urged by those same tyrants which I just now mentioned, hope and fear,) to enquire into future events ; for which they offered up hecatombs, and wedges of gold. Revolving these things in their minds, and consulting together, they resolved, therefore, to set up an oracle : this, they imagined, if it succeeded, would soon make them rich and happy ; and which, indeed, turned out even far beyond all their hopes. They then considered on what spot, and in what manner they should begin their enterprize. Cocconas was of opinion, that

† *Delphos*, &c.] Places all famous for the oracles established in them. If my readers have any curiosity on this subject, I refer them to Plutarch, and Fontenelle's *Hist. des Oracles*.

Chalcedon would be the fittest situation, as it was a place of great trade, adjoining both to Thrace and Bithynia, and withal, not far distant from Asia, Gallo-Græcia, and the neighbouring nations. Alexander, on the other hand, preferred his own country, observing, (which is certainly true,) that the first attempt in things of this kind, should always be made amongst the most ignorant and stupid, such as the Paphlagonians are said to be, a foolish and superstitious set of people, who, if a fidler, or a player on the tabor, or cymbal, comes among them, one who, as the saying is, can but prophecy with a \* sieve, will run with open mouth, and gape and stare at him, as if he were a god.

After some dispute on this point, Alexander prevailed : and proceeding to Chalcedon, (for

\* *A sieve.*] Koskinomancy, or divination by the sieve. Alluding probably to that passage in the 3d. Idyl. of Theocritus, where the shepherd speaking of a cunning woman, or fortune teller, says,

She turn'd the sieve, and sheers, and told me true,  
That I should love, and not be lov'd by you.

This kind of divination was generally practised to discover thieves, or others suspected of any crime, in this manner : they tied a thread to the sieve, by which it was upheld, then prayed to the gods to direct and assist them : after which, they repeated the names of the persons suspected, and he, at whose name the sieve whirled round, or moved, was thought to have committed the fact.

they

they thought to find something there which would be of service to them,) in the ancient temple of Apollo they dug up some brass tablets, on which it was inscribed, that in a very short time Æsculapius, with Apollo his father, would come into Pontus, and inhabit the wall of Abonus. These tablets, contrived for the occasion, most effectually spread the report through Pontus and Bithynia, and particularly about the wall of Abonus. They immediately determined to build a temple there, and had laid the foundation of it, when Cocconas being left behind at Chalcedon, composed some ambiguous and perplexing oracles, and not long after died, being bit, I believe, by a viper.

Alexander, however, proceeded, and made his appearance with long flowing hair, and cloathed in a fine purple robe with white stripes, and a surplice over it, with a scythe in his hand like the figure of Perseus, from whom, according to his own account, he was descended. The rashly Paphlagonians, though they very well knew that his parents were mean and ignoble, gave full credit to the oracle, which thus declared,

From Perseus sprung, and to Apollo dear,  
Great Alexander comes, the godlike son  
Of Podalirius. —

Podalirius

Podalirius must have been mad after women indeed, to have come from Tricca quite to Paphlagonia, to meet Alexander's mother. Another oracle was likewise produced, as from one of the Sibyls, which said,

Near to Sinope, on the Euxine shore  
Of Pontus, at th' Ausonian tow'rs, shall rise  
A famous prophet, and deliverer ;  
Whose \* name one, thirty, five, and twenty more,  
Thrice number'd will explain. —

With a great deal of this kind of † theatrical buffoonery ; after much parade, Alexander at length made his entrance into his own country, where, in a short time he became very con-

\* *Name.*] A mysterious kind of hocus pocus which the false prophet's friends made use of to express the first four letters of his name, by the letters in the Greek alphabet being numerical, as thus :

A — 1

Λ — 30

E — 5

Ξ — 60

If the reader will take the trouble properly to divide and multiply the numbers, he will find that the letters together form ΑΛΞ, Alex. This sufficiently points out the meaning of the passage : any farther explanation would be unnecessary.

† *Theatrical.*] Gr. *Τόιαυτης τραγωδίας*, the word *τραγωδία* tragedia, is frequently used by Lucian, to signify not tragedy, but every thing theatrical, or belonging to the stage. A little after, we meet with *Συτραγωδησων*, which I have therefore (I think not improperly,) rendered, “to carry on the farce.”

spicuous,



spicuous, pretending often to be mad, and foam at the mouth, which he easily contrived, by chewing the root of fuller's herb : the foam it produced appeared to them something divine and astonishing. They had before prepared the head of a serpent made of linen, with something like a human form, extremely well painted, and opening and shutting its mouth by means of a horse hair, which likewise moved about a black forked tongue. This Pellæan serpent they had by them for some time ready to be produced on the first proper occasion, to carry on the farce, or rather to be the principal actor in it.

As the shew was now to begin, he hit on the following project. He went by night to the foundations of the temple, which had been lately dug up, and which were full of water, either from the adjacent places, or by the rains, and there lodged a goose's egg that had been made hollow, and filled up with a young serpent : after sticking this in the mud, he returned home ; and the next day appeared naked in the market-place, with only a girdle of gold round his middle, and shaking his dishevelled locks, like the worshippers of Cybele, with his scythe in his hand, and getting upon a high altar, harangued the populace, congratulating them on the near approach of the divinity which

was soon to appear amongst them. The multitude, for almost all the city was got together, old men, women, and children, were astonished, and began to pray to and worship him. He muttered something obscure and unintelligible, like the Hebrews and Phœnicians, and struck them wonderfully, though they could make nothing of it, only that he talked about Apollo and Æsculapius. He then ran to the temple, and getting into the ditch that had been dug, and near the fountain of the oracle which he had prepared; he stood in the water, and with a loud voice sung hymns to Apollo and Æsculapius, invoking the god to come with happy omens into the city. He then asked for a cup, which being given him, he easily placed it under, and brought up, together with water and mud, the egg in which he had hid his divinity: the aperture being artfully closed up with wax and white lead; and then taking it into his hand, he cried out that he had got Æsculapius. The people, after expressing their astonishment at seeing an egg found in the water, kept their eyes fixed on him to mark what would follow, when, breaking the egg, he received the young serpent into the hollow of his hand, and seeing it twine about his fingers, they cried out, and hailed the god; congratulating

lating their happy city on the event, and all running with open mouths to pray to him for riches, good fortune, health, every thing, in short, that every body wished for. He ran home as fast as he could, carrying with him his infant *Æsculapius*, not born once only as other men are, but twice born; and hatched, not from a \* crow, by heaven, but from a goose.

The people followed him, seeming, as it were, inspired, and filled with a religious phrenzy, beyond all conception. He stayed at home some days, flattering himself that, as it afterwards proved, the report of this would draw the Paphlagonians to him in great numbers; and accordingly, when the city was as full as it could hold, of creatures without heads or hearts, who resembled men only in their form, and in every thing else were more like sheep, he sat himself down in a little house on a bed, cloathed in a most magnificent habit, as became a god; and there took in his lap the great beautiful Pelæan *Æsculapius* which I mentioned some time ago, and lapping it quite round his neck, the tail sticking out at bottom, (for it was so large, that part of it might lay in his bosom, and

\* *A crow.*] Gr. *Κορωνίς*, *Coronis*, this is nothing but a pun on the word *coronis*, (which in the Greek signifies also a crow,) who was the mother of *Æsculapius*.

the other part drag on the ground,) hid only the head under his arm-pits, when at length the linen one peeped out from beneath his garment, as if it belonged to the serpent.

Imagine to yourself a house of no great note, with scarce room to let the light in, crouded with people already amazed and almost out of their senses with strong hopes and expectations, to whom, not without reason, the affair must have seemed wonderful ; with what astonishment did they behold this serpent to all appearance grown to such a size in a few days, quite tame and gentle, and with a head like a man's ! before they had half seen it, driven out and pressed by the croud of new admirers coming in upon them, for there was another door on the opposite side, like that which the Macedonians made, as they tell us, when Alexander the Great was sick, and every body crouded in to see and take their last leave of him. This shew the rogue exhibited very often, and especially when any rich strangers came into the city.

To say the truth, my dear Celsus, the people of Pontus and Paphlagonia, a stupid and illiterate race of men, are very excusable, if, after touching the serpent, (which Alexander per-

mitted them to do,) and seeing it by a faint and glimmering light open and shut its mouth in that manner, they were deceived. The trick indeed required a Democrates, an Epicurus, or a Metrodorus, some man of a firm and penetrating mind, who, after casting about how it could be done, would at last, if he could not find out the method, conclude that it must be nothing but an arrant falsehood, and utterly impracticable.

In a short time, all Bithynia, Thrace, and Gallo-Græcia flocked in to this spectacle; every one asserting, as you may suppose, that he had seen the god born, and touched him; that he had grown immensely in a few days; and that he had a face like a man. They made, moreover, pictures, statues, and models of him; some of brass, and others of silver, with the name of the god inscribed upon them; for he was called Glycon, from an oracular verse which Alexander had taken care to publish; which said,

Behold, the third from Jove, great Glycon comes  
The light of men.

When the time was now come to bring on the great affair for which the whole was contrived, he began to think of setting up the  
oracle,

oracle, after the manner of Amphiloehus; who, after the death of his father Amphiaras, at Thebes, banished from his native country, and driven into Cilicia, made a good fortune there, by prophesying to the inhabitants; taking two oboli of them for every oracle. Alexander, † taking the cue from him, gave out that the god would deliver oracles on such a day: he then ordered every body to write down in a book what they wanted to know, tie it down with thread, and fasten it with wax or clay. He then retired into the sanctuary, (for the temple was now built, and the scene of action prepared,) summoned them together by a cryer, had his high-priest by his side, as if the god had now done all his business, and read what they had written; returned every one his book, sealed up as at first; with the answer to every question in verse.

The trick was such as you, or I, if I may say it without vanity, might very easily find out, though to the ignorant and foolish, it might

\* *Amphilochus*] Succeeded his father Amphiaras in the business of divination by dreams, for which both the oracles were famous. For an account of the latter, see Potter's *Antiq.* vol. i. p. 393.

† *Taking the cue.*] Gr. Το ενδοσιμον λαβων, cantus initio accepto. An allusion to music when one singer takes up the words from another, as in catches.

seem impracticable. For knowing how, of which there are various methods, to loosen the seals, he read all the questions, and gave what answers he thought proper to them ; then rolling up and re-sealing, gave them back to the several persons, who received them with astonishment, frequently crying out, “ How could he possibly discover this which I gave him myself, inclosed fast under seals which could not be forged, unless he were indeed a god, and knew every thing ? ”

How, you will perhaps say, could this be done ? I will tell you : in the first place then, my dear Celsus, he \* heated a needle in the fire, and putting it under the wax, lifted up the seal, and read the book ; then by means of the needle melting the wax again, easily fastened down both that which was under the thread, and that which was round the seal. There is, likewise, another method, when you make use of what they call the collyrium ; this is composed of Brythian pitch, asphaltus, and transparent stone, mixed with wax and mastic ;

\* *Heated, &c.*] The same ingenious methods of opening letters, or at least something very similar to them, are, I believe, practised to this day. But for farther information on the subject, I refer my readers to the clerks of the Post-office.

which

which he first warms at the fire and wets with spittle, then applies it to the seal, and takes off the impression ; the collyrium hardens, he easily reads the contents of the paper, then putting the wax on again, claps on the new seal exactly resembling the original, and as perfect as if it had been taken on a gem. There is yet a third way of doing it, which I will acquaint you with : he would put lime mixed with the glue you make use of for books, make it into a kind of wax, and place it wet on the seal, then taking it off, (for it soon dries and grows harder than horn, nay even than iron,) gets an impression of it. There are besides these, several other methods, all of which it would be ridiculous to enumerate ; especially as you have mentioned them, with a great many other things in your book against the magicians, which is excellently written, and conveys the most useful instructions to the reader.

Thus did he institute his oracle, and pour forth his divine knowlege, acting at the same time with the greatest prudence and discretion, and always adhering to probability ; giving perplexed and ambiguous answers, sometimes totally obscure and unintelligible, which in all oracles, he held, was most necessary and indispensable. Some he would dissuade and turn



away from their purposes as he thought most convenient ; to others he would prescribe a manner of living, and advise the use of particular medicines : for, as I observed to you before, he had by him some excellent receipts, particularly the cytmides ; a new name which he had given to an ointment famous for curing pains and bruises, made of bears fat. The questions about future good fortune, treasures, and estates in expectance, he always deferred giving answers to, and took care to add, “ these things shall come to pass if I please, and if my prophet Alexander asks it of me, and puts up his prayer for you.”

The stated price for every answer from the oracle was one \* drachma and two oboli. Do not imagine, my friend, that this was a small consideration, for he took seventy or eighty thousand every year, giving the same people sometimes ten or fifteen answers, such was their insatiable desire of searching into futurity. The profit indeed, was not entirely his own, nor did he store it all up ; but as he had many assistants,

\* *One drachma, &c.*] About nine pence half-penny. Few of our fortune-tellers are so reasonable in their demands. The number of customers, however, according to Lucian, made ample amends for the smallness of the present,

under-workmen, spies, writers, and keepers of the oracles, interpreters, sealers, &c. he divided to every one his portion, according to their merits.

Besides these, he sent emissaries into foreign countries, to support the reputation of his oracle, and give out how it could detect fugitives, convict thieves and robbers, discover hidden treasures, heal the sick, and even sometimes call the dead to life again. This made them croud to him from every part: hence arose gifts, and sacrifices, and a double fee to him as prophet and disciple, or favourite of the deity; for this decree had been carefully dispersed abroad, as from the god,

Remember, ye my minister obey,  
To him respect and due obedience pay,  
Nor fame, nor riches, my affections share,  
My faithful prophet is my only care.

At length, several men of sense and understanding, recovered as it were from their drunken fit, made a stand against him, the principal of whom were followers of † Epicurus, who by degrees

† *Of Epicurus.*] The Epicureans were always, (which, by the bye, was a mark of their good sense,) the avowed enemies of oracles and divinations; and even in the times of their greatest influence and power, frequently and openly derided them. With these, Lucian tells us, the Christians

H h joined,

degrees found out the whole apparatus, and discovered all his tricks. These he opposed, by throwing out a terrible menace, and saying that Pontus was full of atheists and Christians, who had dared to spread evil reports concerning him : whom, therefore, he commanded the people to stone and drive out of the city, if they ever expected the deity would be propitious to them. With regard to Epicurus, he delivered the following oracle : being asked what he did in the shades below, he answered, that he wore leaden fetters there, and stuck in the \* mud. Can you wonder at the success of the oracle, which gave such shrewd and sensible answers ? with Epicurus and his followers, indeed, he waged perpetual war ; they were irreconcilable enemies, and with very good reason ; for whom must an impostor like him, the lover of prodigies, and the foe of truth, more justly abhor and detest, than that philosopher who so well understood

joined, as it might naturally be supposed they would, as it became the opposers of error, fraud, and chicanery. These gross impositions on the credulity of mankind were now on the decline. It is not improbable, but that this little narrative of Lucian's, contributed in some measure towards their total overthrow.

\* *The mud.*] Alluding to the loose manners of the Epicureans wallowing in sensual pleasures. Agreeable to Horace's *Epicuri de grege porci*.

the

the nature of things, and alone discovered what was true and genuine in them. With the Platonics, Stoics, and Pythagoreans, it was all profound peace; but the inflexible Epicurus, for so he always called him, was his most bitter adversary, constantly laughing at, and turning all his frauds and tricks to ridicule. Of all the cities in Pontus, he most hated Amastris, on account of Lepidus, and some others of the same turn and disposition of mind, who lived there; nor would ever vouchsafe an answer to any of the inhabitants. Once, indeed, at the request of a senator's brother, he attempted it; but whether it was that he could not think of a proper one himself, or could not get any body to make one for him, he came off very ridiculously; for the patient complaining of a disorder in his bowels, he prescribed swine's feet with mallows: the verse ran,

In sacred vase, with swine's flesh mallows pound.

He would often, as I before observed, shew the serpent to such as begged to see it; not the whole indeed, but only the tail and the rest of the body, keeping the head in his bosom, where it was concealed. But, having now a mind to strike the multitude with something more than ordinary, he told them the god would speak himself,

himself, and deliver his oracles by word of mouth, without the assistance of his prophet. This was easily done, by means of the wind-pipes of cranes so fastened to the sham head, as by a voice placed without, to convey the sound through the linen mouth of *Æsculapius*. These were called *Autophoni*, or the vocal oracles, and were not delivered every day, or to every body, but only to such as were well-dressed, very rich, and could pay well for them.

Of this kind was the answer given to *Severian*, on his entrance into *Armenia*, when, exhorting him to the enterprize, the oracle spake thus :

*Armenia* low beneath thy conqu'ring spear,  
And *Parthia* fall'n, to *Tiber's* limpid stream,  
And happy *Rome*, with rays of laurel crown'd  
Shalt thou return.

And when the foolish *Gaul* was thus prevailed on to make the invasion, and failed in the attempt, being slain together with all his forces by *Othryades* ; he erased that oracle from the records, and substituted in its place the following verses :

Against *Armenia* lead not forth thy pow'rs,  
Left from a foe in female garb array'd  
A fatal arrow sent, deprive thee soon  
Of light and life.

For

For it was one of his most excellent contrivances to make oracles after the event, to save the credit of those that had miscarried. He would often promise health, and if the person died, another oracle was soon ready, that said,

Seek not a cure, for know thy fate is nigh,  
Nor can'st thou 'scape it.

Well knowing that the Clarians, Mallians, and Didymæans were famous for the same art of prophesying; he made friends of them, sending away many of those who came to him with appeals to them: to one he said,

To Claros haste, and hear my father's voice.

To another,

Go to the Branchidæ, and there consult  
The oracle

And to a third,

To Mallos hence, and hear \* Amphilochus.

Such was the state of the affair near home, in Ionia, Cilicia, Paphlagonia, and Gallo-Græcia; but when the fame of the oracle had reached as far as Italy and Rome, they crowded as fast

\* *Amphilochus.*] The oracle of Amphilochus was one of the longest-lived religious impostors of antiquity. Dion C. speaks of it as in a flourishing state, even so late as in the reign of Constantius, the father of Constantine the Great.

as possible one upon another ; some came themselves, some sent messengers to him, particularly the great men, and those who were possessed of the highest honours and dignities : the first, or as one may say, the head of these, was Rutilianus, a man in every other respect of good character and reputation, and who had acquitted himself in several public employments ; but in religious matters superstitious, and even as it were, disordered in his mind, entertaining the wildest opinions concerning them, who, if he found but a stone in his way, anointed or crowned with a garland, would fall down in adoration, and ask some favour of it. This man, as soon as he heard of the oracle, was with difficulty restrained from leaving his business, and making a visit to the wall of Abonus. He sent, however, several messengers, one after another ; these, being most of them ignorant servants, were easily deceived ; and when they came back, reported what they had seen and heard, with some improvements of their own ; which they added to recommend themselves the better to their master. This excited the poor old man's curiosity, and drove him almost to madness. As he was acquainted with most of the great men of the city, he ran about, and told them every thing he had heard from the  
servants ;

servants ; to which he likewise made some additions. In this manner he raised the attention of the whole city, and set them all in motion, persuading several of the courtiers to apply immediately to him, and enquire about their own affairs. Our hero not only received them with the greatest hospitality, but sent them back loaded with presents, insomuch, that not content with publishing his answers, they sounded forth the praises of the deity; and related a thousand miraculous stories, concerning both the oracle and the prophet.

Our thrice renowned rascal now thought on another scheme, which was by no means an impolitic one, but truly worthy of an illustrious robber : and this was to open and look into all the books which were sent, and if he found any thing in them bold or of a dangerous tendency, those he would keep without sending back any answer ; by which means, he made the authors entirely subservient to him, and kept them in perpetual fear, as well knowing of what nature their questions were. One may easily guess, indeed, with regard to the rich and great, what would most probably be the subject of them.

But I must tell you some of the oracles which he delivered to Rutilianus. This wise senator,  
asking



asking him one day, whom he should appoint for a tutor to his son by a former wife, who was now arrived at an age fit for instruction, his answer was,

Pythagoras, and the war-describing bard.

The boy unfortunately dying a few days after, he was sadly at a loss how to excuse the oracle, which this event so flatly contradicted; but Rutilianus, like a good creature, took the defence upon himself, and averred that the god had prophesied the very thing which happened, by thus recommending to him no living preceptor, but Homer and Pythagoras, who were dead, and with whom the boy probably now was in the shades below. Now who, my friend, can blame Alexander, when he had to do with such wiseacres as these?

Another time he asked him what body he had formerly appeared in, to which the oracle thus replied,

First thou Achilles wert, and next Menander,  
Now Rutilianus,—thou shalt live on earth  
One hundred fourscore years, and after shine  
A sun-beam in the heav'ns —

He died, notwithstanding, at seventy years of age, of a bilious colic, without waiting for the completion of the oracle.

I will

I will tell you another of his vocal answers. The same Rutilianus asking him one day whom he should marry, he replied in plain terms,

Wed thou a woman sprung from Alexander,  
And from the Moon.

For he had spread a report, it seems, that he had a daughter by the Moon, who had fallen in love with him, as it is her \* custom to do with pretty fellows, in his sleep: the prudent old man made no delay, but immediately sent for her, and commenced a bridegroom at three-score, having first propitiated his mother-in-law, the Moon, with whole hecatombs, expecting, no doubt, that he should soon be himself ranked amongst the deities.

When he had once got footing in Italy he became more bold and confident, sending forth his oracles throughout the whole Roman empire, foretelling plagues, fires, and earthquakes in every city, and at the same time promising his powerful assistance against them. One vocal prediction, in particular, he dispersed about, concerning the plague, in the following verse,

The beardless god, Apollo, shall dispel  
This pestilential cloud —

This was inscribed on almost every door, by way of antidote; the event, however, proved

\* *Custom.*] Alluding to the story of Endymion.  
rather

rather contradictory, for those houses were peculiarly unfortunate, more dying in them than in any others, wherever the verses were put up. I do not say, this was the cause of their deaths, but so it fell out; for the common people, depending upon the oracle, took no care about their diet and manner of living, nor would they join their own endeavours with it to combat the disease, having those infallible words to fight for them, and well assured that the “beardless god, with his darts, would drive away the pestilence.”

He had, moreover, set spies over every part of Rome, whom he chose out of his own accomplices, who were to get out of the people the questions they meant to ask, and what they were most desirous of; letting him know all beforehand, that he might be ready with his answers, even before they sent for them.

Thus he went on in Italy; and now he began to institute certain mysteries, with sacred rites, priests, torches, and a festival for three days. On the first, it was given out, as at Athens, in this form,—“If any wicked person, Christian, or Epicurean, approaches to pry into the mysteries, let him be expelled, but let the faithful believers be initiated with propitious omens:” then began the scrutiny, and first they

they cried, " Away with the Christians," and the whole multitude subjoined, " Away with the Epicureans ;" then was represented the child-birth of Latona, the nativity of Apollo, the nuptials of Coronis, and the birth of *Æsculapius* : and on the next day the wonderful production of the god Glycon. On the third came the marriage of Podalirius, with Alexander's mother ; that day was called the \* *Dadæ*, when they lit all the torches : and last of all was the representation of the loves of Alexander and the Moon, with the birth of Rutilianus's wife, wherein Alexander led the procession, with a torch in his hand, like another *Endymion* ; laying asleep in the middle of the room, whilst a beautiful creature, whose name was Rutilia, the wife of one belonging to Cæsar's household, personating the Moon, came down from the cieling, as if just descended from heaven, and, in the face of the poor husband, most cordially embraced the prophet (for they were known to be fond of each other), and, if it had not been for the number of torches, might probably have been still more familiar with him : a little while after he came in again with great pomp, clad as high-priest, and commanding

*Dadæ.*] From *δαδαις*, torches.

silence, cried out, Hail Glycon! and at the same time some fellows from Paphlagonia, with clouted shoes, who stunk horribly of garlick, acted the \* Eumolpidæ and Ceryces, and roared out, Hail Alexander!

In the mystic dances, by torch-light, he would frequently, and on purpose, shew his naked thigh, which appeared like gold, and which, probably, he had contrived by means of some skin put over it that was gilded, and by help of the lights shone very bright: a dispute arose one day upon this between two sage philosophers, "Whether Alexander had not the soul of Pythagoras, as well as his golden thigh, or another which nearly resembled it;" and referring the question to Alexander himself, the royal Glycon decided it immediately by this oracle,

Pythagoras oft dies, and oft to life  
Again returns; not so the prophet's soul,  
Which sprang from Jove, by his almighty fire  
Commission'd to relieve the just and good,

\* *Eumolpids.*] Chief priests of Ceres, a dignity which they enjoyed by hereditary right, conferred on them by the Athenians, as descendants of Eumolpus: as the mock mysteries of Alexander were designed by him as an imitation of the great Eleusinian rites, it was very proper he should be furnished with all necessary appurtenances for the performance of them.

He came on earth, and when the lightning's blast  
 Shall hurl him hence, he must to Jove † return,

\* \* \* \*

To such a height of pride and debauchery did he at last arrive, that scarce any woman whom he admired could escape him: the husbands thought it an honour if he would condescend to kiss their wives, and looked upon it as a piece of good fortune if he would admit them into his house; many even boasted of having had children by him, and their spouses complaisantly bore witness to the truth of it.

And now I will repeat to you a dialogue between Glycon and a priest of Tios; how sensible a one he was, you will perceive by his questions. I read it in his own house, written in letters of gold.

Tell me, great Glycon, who are you?—I am *Æsculapius the Younger*, not the same as the first.—How can that be?—That you must not enquire into.—How many years do you intend to stay with us, and give oracles?—One thousand and three years.—And where do you go to then?—To *Bactria*, and the regions round about; for it is fitting that the Barbarians also

† *Return.*] Here follow a few curious lines relating to his pæderasty, which I have purposely omitted in the translation.

should enjoy the blessings of my presence.—Have the other oracles, those of Claros, Didymos, and Delphos, Apollo for their father and inspirer, or are they only false and lying prophets?—That also enquire not of, for it is not lawful to reveal.—What shall I be, after this life?—A camel, after that a horse, and after that a wise man, and a prophet, not inferior to Alexander—

Such was the conversation of the priest and Glycon, which he concluded with an oracle in verse, knowing him to be a friend of Lepidus,—

Trust not to Lepidus, for him a sure  
And dreadful death awaits —

The prophet, as I before observed to you, had an utter aversion to Epicurus, as most able to oppose his schemes, and detect his villany. One of his followers, who was bold enough to attack the impostor, got into no small trouble by it. You, Alexander, said this man, persuaded the president of Gallo-Græcia to accuse his servants of a capital crime, and assert that they had slain his son, who was one of your disciples, though the young man is now alive, having returned safe home after the conviction of the servants, who were devoured by wild beasts on your accusation. The fact was this; the young man, who had been sailing, and driven

ven†

ven by the rapidity of the stream a good way up into Ægypt, was persuaded to go on to India, and not returning, the unfortunate servants imagined he must have perished on the Nile, or had been seized by robbers, of which there was great abundance in those parts: they went back, therefore, and reported that he was lost; then followed the oracle and the condemnation, after which the youth returned and gave an account of his voyage. Alexander, enraged at this speech, and knowing it was but too true, ordered those who were present to stone him, threatening, if they did not, to inflict the same punishment on them, as accomplices with him; they accordingly began to execute his commands, when one Demostratus, a stranger, just arrived in Pontus, sheltered the poor man, and saved his life, even at the hazard of his own, foolishly enough indeed; for what business had he to be wise amongst so many fools, and to pay for the madness of the Paphlagonians! Such was the poor man's fate.

When the names of those who had sent in their questions was called over (which was always done the day before they were to be answered), the crier asked whether the oracle would speak to such a man; and if the voice within replied, "Away with him to the crows,"



from that time forth nobody would receive him into their house, nor give him fire nor water : he was obliged to wander about the earth from place to place, and looked upon as a profane person, an impious man, and an Epicurean, which was the worst of all reproaches.

One thing Alexander did, which was truly ridiculous ; meeting one day with a book, which contained the principal tenets and opinions of Epicurus, he brought it into the middle of the market-place, and burned it, signifying how willing he would have been to serve the author himself in the same manner : he then threw the ashes into the sea, in consequence of an oracle delivered on this occasion, which said,

'Tis my command, that strait ye burn the works  
Of the blind dotard —

He knew not, wretch as he was, what profitable instruction that book conveyed, what liberty it inspired, what peace and tranquillity of mind it produced, how it freed men from idle fears and apprehensions, from vain hopes and extravagant desires, instilling truth and wisdom ; purifying their minds, not with links, or torches, or any such idle superstitions, but with right reason, truth, and freedom.

I must

I must now relate to you one of the most impudent things which this rascal ever did. Having free access to the court of the emperor, by means of Rutilianus, who was then in great favour, in the middle of the war between Marcus Aurelius and the Quadi and Marcomanni, he delivered an oracle, commanding that two lions should be thrown alive into the Ister, with a number of spices, and a magnificent sacrifice : but I had better give you the oracle itself, which was as follows :

In Ister's sacred stream 'tis my command,  
Ye plunge two mountain lions, like to those  
Who draw the car of Cybele, with flowers,  
And fragrant herbs, that scent the Indian air ;  
This leads to glory, victory, and peace.

This being done, according to his command, the lions swam on shore in the enemies country, and were killed with staves by the Barbarians, like dogs, or foreign wolves ; soon after we received a desperate \* wound, scarce less than twenty thousand of our forces being cut off ; then followed also, what happened at Aquileia, when the city was very near being taken. Alexander, in order to palliate the event, had recourse to the old Delphic defence, and very coolly applied the oracle of Croesus, saying, that

\* *Wound.*] See Justin.

the god had, indeed, foretold a victory, but did not declare whether it would fall to the Romans or to their enemies.

Numbers at length flocking into the city, on account of the oracle, it became so full that the people were in want of necessaries ; at this time it was that he set up what he called the night-oracles ; for, receiving the books over night, he slept upon them, and gave his answers in the morning, as if revealed to him by the god in a dream : these were not plain and clear, but most of them obscure and unintelligible ; especially if he observed that the book was sealed up with more than ordinary care : for not venturing to open it, he wrote in answer just what came into his head, as thinking this was best suited to the nature of oracles ; to explain these, certain interpreters were appointed, who received no small reward for it from those to whom the oracle was explained : their office, however was tributary, for every one of them paid Alexander an Attic talent.

Sometimes, when nobody either came or sent to him, he would pour forth oracles of his own accord, merely to surprise and astonish the multitude : of this nature was the following,

Would'st thou discover him who hath defiled  
Thy nuptial bed ?—It is Protogenes,

Thy

Thy servant, he in whom thou dost confide :  
 Thou gav'st him all, and thus doth he return  
 The obligation : that thou may'st not see  
 Or hear the inj'ry, they for thee prepare  
 The deadly poison ; thou wilt find it hid,  
 Close to the wall beneath thy bed.—Thy maid,  
 Calista, knows it all.

Would not this nice and accurate description of names and places puzzle a Democritus, and yet when he had found out the trick, how would he laugh at the contents ?

He would often answer the Barbarians, who asked him questions in Celtic or Syriac, in their own language, though sometimes he found it difficult, not having people near to interpret them for him : but then he always took care there should be time enough between the delivery of the books, and the oracle to be given, that he might have leisure to open and procure persons to explain them.

Of this kind was one given to a Scythian, which ran thus,

Morphi Ebargulis Chnenchichranche should die.

This also he wrote in prose to Nobody,

Return—for he who sent thee was this day slain by his neighbour Diocles, Mangus, Celer, and Bubulus, the robbers, coming upon him, who were taken and bound.

Now

Now listen to a few, which he delivered to me; my question was, whether Alexander was bald; this I sealed up very curiously; the answer was,

\* *Malach Attis* was different from *Sabardalachus*.

Another time, when in two separate books, and under two different names, I asked the same question,—viz. Of what country Homer the poet was? To one them he answered,

With † *cytmis* I command thee to anoint,  
And fair ‡ *Latona's dew* —

This was owing to his being deceived by my boy, whom he asked what he came for, to

• *Malach, &c.*] Here Lucian does not sufficiently explain the fact, so as to make it intelligible to his readers. Some servant sent to Alexander, had probably proposed this question to him, viz. Were *Malach Attis* and *Sabardalachus*, (two obscure kings of some distant region, one and the same person? Alexander mistaking this question for Lucian's, gives him this answer, which, by the bye, does not prove what Lucian would insinuate, that Alexander said any thing that came uppermost; but only that he frequently sent answers to one question, which properly belonged to another. A circumstance that might happen to any man in the hurry of business; just the same mistake is made with regard to his question about Homer.

† *Cytmis.*] Bear's grease.

‡ *Latona's dew.*] *Latona*<sup>id</sup> is put for *Diana*, or the moon; the dew must be gathered whilst the moon shines. This superstition gives it an air of solemnity.

which

which he replied, to be cured of a pain in his side : the other answer which he gave, took its rise from a question that was proposed to him, “ Whether it was better to go by sea to Italy or on foot ? ” This made him say to me—(which had nothing to do with Homer),

Go not by sea, but take thy way on foot.

I played him several tricks of this kind : for instance, I proposed one question only, and wrote it in a book as usual, and with it sent eight drachmas, as if I had paid for so many oracles : he was deceived by this, and to that single question, which, by the by, was, When that rogue Alexander should be detected, sent me eight answers, \* belonging, as they say, neither to heaven nor earth, totally nonsensical and unintelligible. When he afterwards found out the trick that had been played him, he was very angry, and hated me as you may suppose, as his bitterest enemy, especially as I had, moreover, endeavoured to dissuade Rutilianus from the marriage, and cautioned him not to put too much trust in the prophecy : and accordingly, when he asked some questions concerning me, his answer was,

\* *Belonging.*] i. e. quite foreign to the purpose.

In † midnight revels, and incestuous beds,  
That man delights.

The truth was, he did most cordially hate me, as well indeed he might : as soon, however, as he heard that I was come into the city, and knew I was that very Lucian who had so har-  
rassed him, (I had luckily, you must know, brought two soldiers with me, sent by my friend the governor of Cappadocia, to conduct me to the sea,) he received me with the greatest appearance of politeness and civility. I went to him with my guard, who by good fortune had accompanied me thither. He put forth his hand to me to kiss, as his custom was with the common people ; upon which, stooping down as if to salute his hand, I gave him such a ‡ bite as almost lamed him. The attendants began to fall upon and beat me, as a profane sacrilegious wretch, being already not a little provoked that I had styled him plain Alexander, and not the prophet. He bore it, however, very patiently ; called off the attendants, and

† *In midnight.*] If this was Lucian's general character (which is not impossible,) however candid it may be deemed, it was surely not altogether prudent thus to let posterity into the secret.

‡ *A bite.*] This was rather a childish trick of my friend Lucian's, and which we find he had like to have paid dear for.

promised

promised he would soon find the means of reconciling me to him, and would shew me the power of Glycon, who could make the bitterest enemies friends to each other. Then commanding all that were present to retire, he began to expostulate with me, saying, he knew me very well, and what I had said to Rutilianus about him: And why, added he, would you act thus, when you know how it is in my power to advance you by his means? Knowing the dangerous situation I was in, I thanked him for his civility, and withdrew. And so we parted friends, to the no small astonishment of many who wondered to see me come off so well.

Soon after this, when I was going to set sail, (for only Xenophon and myself were left behind, my father and family being gone before to Amastris,) he sent me several presents, and even went so far as to offer me a ship and rowers to carry me over. I thought he meant me fair in all this, but when we were got half way, observing the pilot in tears, and quarrelling with the sailors, I began to suspect something wrong. Alexander, it seems, had given orders that they should seize and throw us all over-board, which, indeed had they performed, it would soon have put an end to our difference. He persuaded them, however, by tears and supplications,



plications, not to do us any injury. "I, said he to me, as you see, am threescore years of age, and have hitherto lived a good and irreproachable life, and have a wife and children, and will not after all, dip my hands in blood." He then told us Alexander's commands, and what he was to have done with us.

When they had landed us at *Ægiale*, celebrated by the noble \* *Homer*, they returned home. Here I met with some Bosphoran ambassadors, who had been sent by king Eupator into Bithynia to receive the annual tribute, and told them the danger we had been in; they treated us kindly, took us into their ship; and thus I got safe to *Amastris*, after our narrow escape. From this time I strained every nerve to be revenged on that rascal, whom, before the vile snare which he laid for me, I always abominated, on account of his infamous character. I now determined on a public accusation of him, in which I was supported by many, and more especially by those philosophers who were disciples of *Timocrates* the *Heracliot*. But this was put a stop to by the king of Pontus and Bithynia, who almost on his knees intreated us to go no farther; assuring us, that on account

\* *Homer*.] See *Iliad*, book vi. l. 855.

of his particular regard for Rutilianus, he could not punish him, even if he had been found guilty of the greatest enormities. I was obliged therefore, of necessity to desist, as it would have been madness to accuse him before a judge so predetermined.

Amongst other instances of his audacity, what think you of his asking the emperor to change the name of the wall of Abonus, and to call it \* Ionopolis; and striking money with the representation of Glycon on one side, and himself on the other; with the crown of his grandfather Æsculapius, and the scythe of Perseus, his progenitor by the mother's side?

He had published an oracle which foretold that he should live to the age of a hundred and fifty, and then be † struck dead with lightning: but after all made a most miserable end, dying before he was quite seventy, as became the son of Podalirius; his foot and lower parts mortifying up to the groin: besides that, he was almost eaten up with worms. At the time of his

\* *Ionopolis.*] There are medals yet extant of Antoninus Pius, with the serpent and Glyco upon them; and others of L. Aurel. Verus, with this inscription ΓΛΥΚΩΝ ΤΩΝ ΟΠΟΛΙΤΩΝ. —an unanswerable confirmation of the truth of Lucian's narrative.

† *Struck dead.*] Alluding to his own prophecy concerning himself, in verse.

death,

death, they discovered that he was † bald, the pain obliging him to lay open his head to the physicians to pour something upon it, which they could not do without taking off his || peruke.

Such was the catastrophe of the tragedy of Alexander : one would suppose it to have been the work of providence, though it might possibly so fall out by mere chance. Very fitting it was, that the ceremonies after his death should correspond with those of his life, and that a contention should ensue for the oracle. His brethren and accomplices, therefore, petitioned Rutilianus to determine which of them should be preferred to it, and adorned with the sacerdotal robe, and prophetic crown. Amongst them was Pætus the physician, an old man, and grey-headed ; little did it become his grey hairs, or his profession, to appear in such an affair. Rutilianus, however, who was to decide it, sent them all away uncrowned, reserving the prophet's place for him, at some more convenient opportunity.

† *Bald* ] A circumstance which Lucian, we find by the question proposed to him a little before, had come to the knowledge of.

|| *Peruke*.] Greek, *φρακίδα* fictitio capillamento.

I have

I have selected, my dear friend, these few remarks by way of essay, partly to oblige you, my old acquaintance and companion; whom I admire, as well for your wisdom and love of truth, as for that softness and sweetness of manners, that equity and justice, and all those several qualities which so eminently distinguish you. And partly, I must own also, and which I know you will approve, to vindicate the honour of Epicurus, that truly good and pious man, endowed with most divine knowledge, who alone was acquainted with the beauty of truth, and taught it to others, blessing all those with freedom and happiness who attended to him. The book will, withal, I flatter myself, be profitable to the reader, as it may serve to refute some falsehoods, and confirm the truth of some things worthy to be remembered.



